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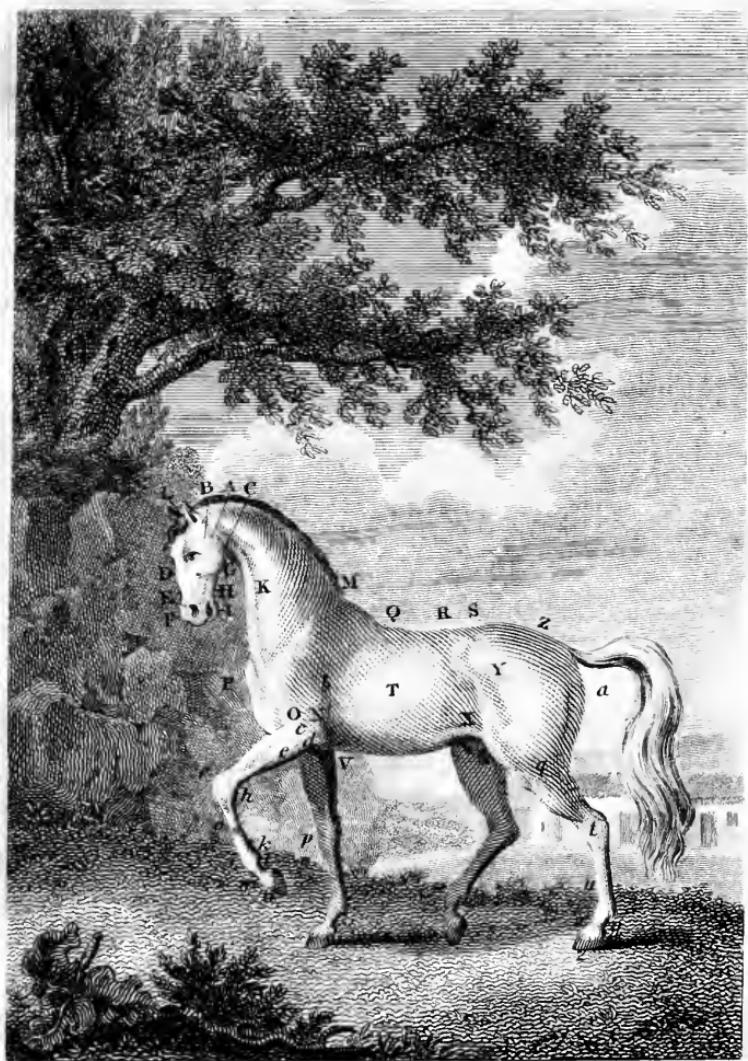
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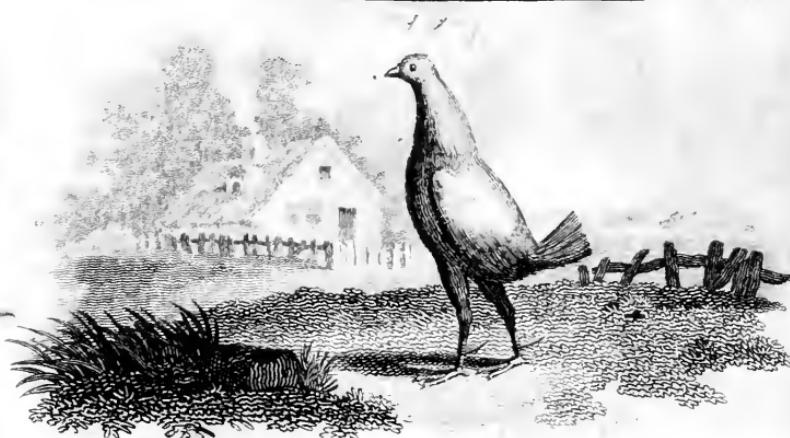
THE HORSE FROM BUFFON.

Published Oct'r 1797, by J. Wheble Warwick Court.

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THE
Sporting Magazine
OR
MONTHLY CALENDAR
of the
Transactions of
THE TURF, THE CHACE,
and every other diversion
Interesting to the
Man of Pleasure Enterprize & Spirit.

VOLUME THE TENTH.



LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR, and sold by J. WHEBLE,
118, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane near St. Pauls.

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THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE,
ENTERPRISE and SPIRIT,

For APRIL 1797.

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Embellished with an excellent Quarto-sized Plate of the well-known Cock-pit Royal, after the original Engravings, by Hogarth.

LONDON :

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

On the Commencement of the Tenth Volume of THE SPORTING MAGAZINE, the EDITOR is changed.

When Captain Snug will favour us with such Performances as he knows will answer our purpose, we shall most readily insert them, and be thankful for his Communications.

If W. M. of Liverpool will favour us with the Engraving of Bandy, and some particulars of the Horse, they shall have place in our Miscellany.

Due Attention will be paid to Correspondents' Favours.

☞ From page 359, beginning with *A Treatise on Farriery* continued, to the end of page 426, ending with an *Anecdote of Mr. O'Burne*, is paged wrong: it should have begun with Folio 9, and Vol. X. at the foot of the page, instead of Folio 359, and Vol. IX. and have ended with Folio 56, instead of 426 as above.

Sporting Magazine,

For APRIL, 1797.

HUNTING.

LORD DERBY'S STAG HOUNDS.

THE season for this diversion is very nearly at an end. Lord Derby's hounds met on Thursday, April 6; for the last time, on Wallingham Common.—At ten o'clock the deer was turned out in the presence of about sixty horsemen; he had twenty minutes law, and stood before the hounds an hour and twenty-five minutes; he took over Worms Heath, turned and went through Sly Oaks, crossed Wallingham Hills, and turning to the right, reached Marcai Park—he passed through the plantations to Birch Wood, and crossing the opposite range of hills, he went away to Riddledown, making his point to Foxley—crossed Smithsam Bottom, and away to Beggar's Bush, at which spot the hounds viewed him, and ran him immediately to the waters of Biddington, from which he was no sooner recovered, than he took shelter in an outhouse belonging to Mr. Bonns of Biddington, where he was taken.

The season has not afforded a burst of greater severity; ran without a single check; only four of the company were near the hounds after the first fifteen minutes. His Lordship was not out.

KING'S STAG HOUNDS.

Easter Monday will long live in the recollection of the *ol:left* sports-

men in the field, nor will the *young-est* ever feel disposed to erase from the "tablet of memory," a day's sport, that, in all probability very few will see *equalled* or *excelled* in the course of their lives. The deer was turned out at New Lodge immediately upon his Majesty's arrival, precisely at half past ten, before a field of two hundred horsemen, and was the very deer that ran the chace of similar severity on the Easter Monday of last year. Upon being turned out he set at defiance every exertion of the huntsman and yeoman prickers, to keep him in the wished-for line of country, and he instantly headed by the multitude, passed near the hounds, through the whole of Cranbourne Wood and Winkfield Plain, to the back of Sunning Hill Park, where the *four* horsemen only who had laid by the hounds, headed and stopped them at the end of the first twenty-five minutes, when, incredible, as it may seem, the *teams* were two and three miles in length, and in all directions. Upon the *cavalcade's* getting a little together, the hounds were given a loose, and going off with a good scent, ran breast-high through Sunning Hill Park, and out at the bottom of Ascot Heath: here he led them by the Kennel to the Obelisk, which reaching, he inclined to the right, leaving Swinley Lodge to the left, skirted South Hill Park, and with a consciousness of his own *speed* and *bottom*, gallantly faced the tremendous hills and swamps of the Heath Country; bidding a long adieu to

his pursuers, he crossed Cæsar's Camp, Wickham Bushes, and on to Hannikin's Lodge, where they were stopped by the only *five*, who, during so *long* and so *sharp* a burst, had lain close in with the hounds. This was a moment of rapturous exultation to the five who had the hounds at bay, whilst horsemen were seen racing over the hills in all parts, at the distance of two, three, and four miles. From hence the chace was continued through the parishes of Wokingham, Barkham, and over the river Loddin, to Maiden Earley, Shinfield and Swallowfield, to the river Kennet, which running six miles by the side of, he left, and passing Mr. Blagrove's of Southcote, crossed the Bath road, and on to Tilehurst, three miles below Reading, where he was run into, and taken unhurt, after a chace of exactly *three hours and an half* of as hard running, and as great a scope of country covered within the time, as was ever remembered to have been seen by the oldest sportsmen in the field.

The severity of this chace was very early demonstrated amongst Horses of a *secondary* estimation; one (said to be the property of a gentleman at Windsor) fell quite exhausted, "to rise no more," at the expiration of the first two hours; and others remained in a *doubtful* state within a mile of where the deer was taken: incredible numbers of those who were at the commencement gradually fell off, while *fresh forces* were as constantly collecting, so as to give the whole more the appearance of a flying army than a stag chace. The inns at Reading were amply furnished with guests, and post-chaises taken in exchange for *tired* horses.

An unfortunate circumstance happened but a few minutes before the deer was taken: as four young women were standing near the parsonage, at Tilehurst, en-

joying a view of the company, the deer (having the body of hounds close at his haunches) came suddenly over a quickset-hedge of considerable height, and beating down one of the *piers*, fractured her leg, in the very moment of health and hilarity, when she certainly could not have apprehended the shadow of danger, from the imaginary safety of her situation.

The almost unprecedented severity of the above-mentioned chace, occasioned a very contracted appearance of holiday sportsmen on Thursday. The deer was turned out before his Majesty, at Ascot Heath, and going away boldly by the kennel, and over Winkfield Row, crossed Brock Hill, by Warfield Church, Jealous Hill, and Mr. Parry's of Warfield. Here he *swerved*, and covered a part of the *same* country, but finding himself repeatedly pressed by the hounds, (although the scent lay exceedingly ill) he soon relinquished the contest, after reaching Amen Corner, and the Coverts of Easthampstead, where he was taken after a very indifferent run of an hour and forty minutes.

At the same place of meeting on Saturday, reports from different quarters of the *effects* of Monday's Chace reached a *critical* point, when it appeared that the horse of Mr. W. Cooke, of Clewen, (rode by a Dr. Groven) and a horse of Mr. Edgar's were "*killed off*," as well as another at Taplow; the horse of Mr. Deane, of Windsor, was *not dead* as reported; he only took a salutary repose upon the body of his Master (both being generally believed *defunct*) when by the assistance of Sir John Lade, Mr. Mackeson, of Egham, *cum multis aliis*, they enjoyed a sporting resurrection. On Saturday, upon his Majesty's arrival, the deer was turned out in the bottom behind Sunning Hill Wells at half past ten,

ten, and most gallantly facing the Heath, reached the western road near Brumwell Stut, where turning to the right, he skirted Bagshot Park, made another turn in the Heath, and lay down in a ditch of Farmer Rapley's, where the hounds ran up to him in a stile beyond description. This produced a view of at least three miles over Bagshot Heath, Golden Farmer Hills, Cæsar's Camp, and Wickham Rushes, displaying in its progres a repetition of the scene of Monday, and upon the *precise spot*; or, in other words, *scores* of horsemen coming over the hills two and three miles *behind* the hounds. A *long stop*, however, near Wokingham, yielded them opportunity to *fan* themselves after their *hard riding*; the hardness of the fallows affording no probability of scent; the deer was hunted, or rather *followed* for some miles entirely by *report*; crossing however the turnpike-road, near Binfield, and going through Ashridge Wood, the hounds recovered and went on with the scent by the Warren House, and over Broad Common, to the hanging cover at Haines Hill, where running up to him in the Holly Wood, they brought him to *view*; and a most glorious scene ensued to Charity Farm, Waltham Common, and one continued *view* over Broad Common to Billingbear Park, where, with a variety of *racing efforts* from the emulative competitors, he was taken unhurt, after a tolerable fair chace of *three hours wanting five minutes*.

FOX CHACE.

One day this month, Mr. Roberts's hounds unkennelled a fox in Half-wood, near Much Marcle, in Herefordshire, which afforded a most excellent chace of four hours and twenty-three minutes without

a check. It is supposed that, during the chace, the hounds must have run full fifty miles. Mr. Roberts's horse dropped dead under him, in the last leap that he took over a hollow road into the ground where the fox was killed; and what renders this more extraordinary is, that Mr. Roberts's hounds, last year, unkennelled a fox in the same cover, which afforded almost a similar chace, when Mr. Roberts's horse fell dead under him, within half a mile of the place where the accident happened last week.

ANOTHER FOX CHACE.

On Wednesday April 12, a bag fox was turned out on Saltford-hill, near Bath, which afforded excellent sport before the Bath and Bradford hounds, when after a hard run of upwards of five hours, and making a most extensive circle, he was taken at Paulton alive. A more severe chace has never been remembered in this country; out of thirty-six horsemen, only nine were in at the conclusion. Several capital horses have since died in consequence of such violent exertions through an inclosed country.

ANOTHER.

On Thursday in Easter week, the Berkeley hounds threw off at Whittington Wood near Wycombe, unkennelled handsomely, ran fifty minutes, and killed gallantly. The Monday following they met at Mr. Clayton's at Startleyford, which it is expected will conclude the season. But in subscription packs, where every *member* is occasionally a *master*, we may sport a metaphor, and say, "Who shall decide when *Doctors* disagree?"

6 Account of the New Opera, called the Italian Villagers.

LEICESTERSHIRE HUNT.

The Leicestershire Hunt, which has already (with all its *mad* collaterals) ruined so many, has been very near its *own* annihilation by the preponderation of *extravagancies*, with which it abounds. *Pigeons*, however, having been *newly* fledged by the bequests of *blind* parents, and *infatuated* relations, it *promises* (*promises* being all the *fadion*) to recover by a regenerated subscription its *former* pre-eminence; a pre-eminence that has already fixed many a *devotee* "in durance vile," from which every subscriber may feelingly exclaim, "Good Lord deliver us!"

ITALIAN VILLAGERS.

COVENT GARDEN.

A New Comic Opera, in three Acts, called the Italian Villagers, written by Mr. Hoare, was performed on Tuesday night April 25, for the first time; the principal characters of which are as follow:

Duke of Urbino,	-	Mr. Murray
Ottavio,	-	Mr. Hull.
Lorenzo,	-	Mr. Ingleton.
Valentine,	-	Mr. Farwett.
Saveall,	-	Mr. Quick.
Jeremy Maythorn,	-	Mr. Munden.
Hilary,	-	Mr. Knight.
Premis,	-	Mr. Simmonds.
Isabel,	-	Mrs. Mountain.
Lucilla,	-	Mrs. Clandining.
Annetta,	-	Mrs. Martyr.
Rodriga,	-	Mrs. Henley.

FAELE.

Valentine, a favourite of the Duke of Urbino, secretly pays his addresses to Isabel, the daughter of Ottavio, a Nobleman banished from court, and residing in a village where the Duke is expected on a hunting party. Valentine, dreading a discovery of his attachment, enjoins Isabel not to let the

Duke see her; but, from anxiety for her brother, Lorenzo, Isabel disregards the injunction, and, being made known to the Duke, obtains the pardon of her family.—The Duke, to punish Valentine's distrust of him, in concealing his attachment, determines to make him jealous; while Valentine, more effectually to avoid suspicion, professes a passion for another woman in the village. Being pressed by the Duke to discover his mistress, he pretends to court Rodriga, an old peasant, whom he accidentally meets on her way to prosecute a plot formed to deliver Lucilla, the daughter of an old miser, from a forced marriage.—This plot is carried on by Lorenzo, Lucilla's lover, and Hilary, a pedlar, with the assistance of Rodriga, her daughter, Annetta, and other accomplices. Saveall, the old miser, is deceived into a belief, that his intended son-in-law, Jeremy Maythorn (who is a silly conceited coxcomb) has been guilty of theft, seduction, and murder, and is induced to fire a pistol in the night at a figure dressed up to represent Maythorn, whom he, by this means, suspects of an intention to plunder his house. Hilary and his accomplices frighten Saveall from home, and, while he flies to take refuge in a church, Lucilla escapes with her fortune.—The lovers, in their flight, meet Maythorn, and shut him into Saveall's house, to answer for the consequences of their tricks: Saveall returns, and, believing he had killed him, concludes him to be a ghost, and, during his terror, Maythorn leaves the house unmolested.—Lucilla's fortune is restored by the disinterestedness of her lover, and his title to her hand confirmed by the Duke. Rodriga, Isabel, and Valentine meeting in Saveall's house, Valentine's artifice is exposed, and the Duke reproves and pardons him. Valentine obtains

Account of the New Opera, called the Italian Villagers.

trains the hand of Isabel, Hilary and Annetta are admitted to the Duke's favour, and Saveall receives into his house again his daughter and his new son-in-law.

The subject is of considerable interest, and has on the whole been ably treated by Mr. Hoare. The dialogue is neat. Patriotic and impressive sentiments frequently occur, and, on the score of chaste *équivoque* and novel sprightliness, it has no slight claim to approbation. One of the scenes between Quick and Munden is highly comic, and irresistibly laughable, but many others are exceedingly tedious. On the first night's representation, and from which we write, the piece altogether is at least three quarters of an hour too long. Divested of its prolixity, and improved in some of its incidents, it will not fail to become an universal favourite.

The music bespeaks its master. Shield never was more successful than in the present instance. Most of the airs are truly delightful, and the whole is a composition of beauty and taste.

The performers did great justice to their respective characters. Incledon, Quick, Munden, Fawcett, Knight, and Murray, exerted their abilities with considerable effect. Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Cleindin-
ing were happy in the parts allotted to them, and the sprightly Martyr contributed in no small degree to the entertainment of a very numerous and splendid audience.

The Opera was announced for a second representation with general applause.

The following is a specimen of the songs :

AIR.—MR. INCLETON.

Thy baleon calm, oh Peace ! impart,
Give all my day's repose ;
And when from earth my soul shall part,
Thy hand my eye-lids close !

But if in danger's wild alarm,
Where fear and ruin grow,
My native soil demand an arm
To chace th' invading foe ;
Aloud, aloud,
Let battle sound !
Amid the th' ong holt I fly,
In arms to conquer or to die !

AIR.—MRS. MARTYR.

I've a little pretty heart ;
I have it to be sold ;
But with it when I part,
It will not be for gold.
I seek to exchange it and find
Another as soft and as kind ;
But danger attends on believing,
For men are sometimes so deceiving ;
You smile ; I'm afraid, Sir,
That women too *may* be so ;
So I've heard it often laid, Sir ;
I for my part nothing know.
I've a pretty little heart, &c.

AIR.—MR. QUICK.

I care not for doves,
Or thepherds or loves,
Or bees with their Hybla of honey ;
No, give me some found,
So clear and so round,
That sweetly reminds me of money !
Of hills tipp'd with gold,
I love to be told,
Of pearls, that *sparkle* the morning !
Of a rich gilder stream,
That flows tott as cream,
The meads and the vallies adorning !
Then tell me at night,
Of the Moon's *silver* light,
On my heart you its beauties imprint ;
Would I there were alone,
Like the man in the Moon,
And Master, good Lord of the Mint !
What coining and milling !
Paul, florin, and shilling !
How I'd pose astronomical scholars !
For shoud Jove, as of old,
Fly away with the gold,
I'd come down in a shower of dollars.

AIR.—MRS. MOUNTAIN.

A faith, as pure as Mountain snow,
A heart, as constant as the dove,
I bring to grace my bridal cow ;
My only dow'r my truth and love.
But could I fortune's smile command,
Could mine unbounded treasures prove,
They still should grace my plighted hand,
And swell the dow'r of truth and love.

NEW SOUTH WALES--ITS FRO-
PERITY.

THE settlement of Sydney professors, their last harvest having been most abundant. They have unexpectedly recovered a most valuable prize of live stock. A boat's crew having landed some time ago in a creek at a considerable distance from the Cove in search of fresh water, were surprised by a voice in English, directing them wheré they might find a spring. They found a convict man who had run away from the settlement five years before, and resided with the natives ever since. They took him back to the Cove; but he gave them the important information that a number of stray cattle herded in a valley near to where he was found. Five cows and two bulls had strayed from the settlement in 1788; and it was of the utmost consequence to recover them.

In consequence the Governor and a select party set out in search. After three day's march, when halting during the night, as they lay on the grafts, they heard the bellowing of cattle, and at the dawning of day, discovered a herd of bulls and cows, amounting to sixty-one in number, a wonderful increase in eight years.—They were extremely wild and vicious. They had taken possession of a most fertile valley, and they seemed determined to resist all invaders. A bull, fierce and of a great size, made an attack on the party with such obstinacy that they were obliged to shoot him. He took six balls through the body before they durst approach him; but in revenge they eat a beef-steak, cut from his rump, on the spot. The Governor would not suffer them to be removed from the place they had chosen for their habitation, as a few years will give them a wonderful increase, but in the mean time they are carefully watched.

A PRACTICAL FARRIER.

SOME men write themselves into repute; others gain it by good luck, or from being merely the successors of those who have acquired fame. There is also a sort of men who, by intrinsic merit, by genius and industry alone, that build their own characters and fortune. Of one answering this description, we have to name Mr. Jones, of the Curtain Road, Finsbury, whose late improvement in the castration of horses is particularly to be mentioned. Indeed so celebrated is Mr. Jones become in his profession, that we propose giving his portrait in our next Magazine, from a painting by an eminent master.

PORTSMOUTH VOLUNTEERS.

Portsmouth, April 21, 1797.

WHEREAS on Wednesday last, the 19th instant, in the afternoon, as the Portsmouth Volunteers were marching up High-street, under the command of Lieutenant William Deacon, they were insulted by an apple being thrown, and striking one of them, from the window of a room in the Fountain Inn, in which Lord Camelford and some of his friends were dining. Application being made by Lieutenant William Deacon to his Lordship for an explanation of the affair, both by letter and in person, and his Lordship having positively refused to say whether he, or any of his party actually threw the apple or not, a reward of Fifty Guineas is hereby offered to any person who will identify the offender, so that he may be convicted of the assault; the same to be paid on such conviction, by me,

R. CALLAWAY,
Solicitor to the Corps,
By Order of the Officers and
Gentlemen of the Corps.

A TREAS.



W. Robert Jones, —
PRACTICAL FARRIER,
Curtain-Road,
FINSBURY-SQUARE.

Published June 1st 1797 by J. Whibb, Warwick Court



**A TREATISE ON FARRIERY, with
ANATOMICAL PLATES.**
*(Continued from page 303.)***OF MOLTON GREASE.**

MOLTON grease is the voiding greasy matter with the dung, which sometimes happens to very fat horses that stand much in the stable. Horses of hot constitutions, which are apt to be costive, will sometimes void great quantities of slimy matter like corruption, and the balls of the dung will be covered with a pellicle or thin skin. This is a common symptom which attends the retention of the dung. Nor can either of these be referred to the melting of the grease properly so called. But however it is known that these symptoms are called by farriers molton grease.

When horses void a matter of the colour of brimstone, it is a symptom of the worms, and weak horses will often void a loose slimy dung; but neither of these are properly molton grease.

A fat horse may have his grease melted by hard usage, but seldom any other; and this must be done by hard riding or working in very hot weather; and then it is accompanied with a fever, restlessness, startings, tremblings, great sickness, shortness of breath, and sometimes with pleuretic symptoms. His dung will then be extremely greasy with scouring; his blood will have the signs of an inflammation, that is, a thick fat skin over it of a buff-colour. The red or coagulated part is generally exceeding slippery; and the serum is slippery and clammy. He soon loses his flesh, and if he recovers he becomes hidebound for a time, with a swelling of the legs. These, if not cured in time, will turn to the farcy or glanders, or an obstinate surfeit.

To prevent these consequences, the horse should bleed plentifully, to

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relieve the inflammatory symptoms, which should be repeated two or three days successively; or till the buff coloured pellicle goes off the blood. He may also have a rowel in the breast; and when the working of the flanks begins to abate, he may have another in the belly, and one on the inside of each thigh. Emollient clysters will be of great service to cool the interstices, such as have been already prescribed in other cases; taking care that no irritating ingredients enter therein. With this caution this will abate the inflammatory symptoms, and mitigate the fever, as well as bring away large quantities of greasy matter. Inwardly he must have the following infusion for a drink every other day, and the clyster every day:

Take of bay-berries bruised, camomile flowers and rue, of each an ounce; of saffron two drams; pour a quart of boiling water upon them, and let them stand twelve hours. Pour the water off, and dissolve therein two ounces of salt-petre and two ounces of Epsom salt. Last of all, put in two ounces of spirit of wine and camphire.

Let the horse have as much warm water, or water-gruel, as he will drink. When the horse has recovered his appetite, and the fever is gone off, he should have two or three gentle aloeetic purges, because this distemper generally leaves a swelling of the legs behind it.

Take of myrrh, bay-berries, round birthwort, and gentian, of each a dram; of succotrine aloes an ounce; of saffron two drams; of oil of amber a small spoonful. Make these into a ball with solutive syrup of roses. This may be repeated once in nine days, as long as any symptoms shall require it.

OF A BONE PAVIN

A Bone spavin is a hard swelling on the inside of the hock of a

3 A horse's

horse's leg, which is of the hardness of a bone.

That which begins on the lower part of the hock, is not so dangerous as that which appears higher between the two round processes of the leg bone. Likewise a spavin near the edge is not so bad as one that is more inward towards the middle, because it does not so much affect the bending of the hock. That which proceeds from a bruise, is a sort of a bastard spavin, and is not so bad as that which rises spontaneously. The spavins of colts are of a kinder nature than those of full-grown horses. In old horses they are scarce to be cured at all.

Whenever a fullness of the fore-part of an hock is discovered after hard riding, that is likely to turn to a spavin, you must endeavour by binding the cold charge round the part mentioned in *tumour, from accidents.* It must be renewed several times a day, and the disorder must be treated in all respects as is there shewn.

There are various methods, most of them very violent, for curing this disorder when confirmed, but none so good as the following composition:

Take an ounce of quicksilver and rub it with an ounce of Venice turpentine in a mortar till no part of the quicksilver can be seen; then mix it with four ounces of the green ointment of the shops; when they are well incorporated, put in a dram and a half of Spanish flies in powder, and a dram of corrosive sublimate, and two drams of oil of origanum.

This must be laid pretty thick upon the part, when the hair is cut off very close, and the horse must be tied up all day, and untied at night that he may lie down as usual. Then he must have a pitch plaster, or a sticking plaster over it, and bound on gently with a piece of tape or list.

When the blister has done running, and the scabs dry and peel off, the ointment may be applied again in the same manner as before. These two applications in colts and young horses, will make a perfect cure. But when the spavin has continued for some time, it must be renewed five or six times with greater distances between, to prevent a scar or baldness. Once a fortnight or three weeks will be sufficient.

The horse must have moderate exercise between whiles, and now and then a dose of laxative physic, as well as diureticks, with salt petre, and a decoction of *lignum vitæ* or *guaiacum raspings*, to promote perspiration. Their diet should be only oats and good sweet hay.

In an outward superficial spavin, the horse only grows stiff at first, and the spavin is plain and visible to the eye; but when it is more inward, and rises more superficial and flat, or when it puts out towards the hollow of the joint, and rises upwards, it is very obstinate and hard to cure. When it runs inward to the sinosities of the joints, it is generally incurable. In these cases the horse goes lame a considerable time, before the spavin appears outwardly.

This sort seems to require very violent measures, but the gentle ones will have the most happy event, therefore it will be best to try the method recommended above; but when the spavins lie deep, and run far into the hollow of the joint, a caustic ointment with sublimate of arsenic is the likeliest to succeed, because these things eat deep, destroy their substance, and procure a plentiful discharge, which perhaps will carry off all the remainder of the spavin. The same thing may be done by firing deep into the spavin. The iron should be in the shape of a fleam, but rounded on the face, that it may go deep,

deep, and thick on the back to retain the heat. There will probably be a large effusion of blood, but it may be stopt with a styptic, or rather with the agaric of the oak, called touchwood or spunk, or with a piece of puff-ball.

The wound in some cases may be half an inch deep, and an inch long, with two or three short strokes on each side, according to the largeness of the spavin. There will be no occasion to renew the applications to stop the blood, if the method is used which was last recommended. Sometimes a gleet of viscid water will distil from the wound, and the hock will swell, which may be removed with the fomentations mentioned in punctured wounds.

The first dressings may be turpentine spread on tow, which may be afterwards mixed with precipitate finely ground; that is, two drams of precipitate to an ounce of turpentine. The discharge may continue for two months, and yet afterwards come to a good colour and consistence, and then the wound will soon heal.

In an old horse, firing them round the hock is the most likely method to succeed, so as to render him fit for some sort of business, but a perfect cure is never to be expected.

OF THE CURB, OSSLET, JARDON AND RINGBONE.

A Curb is a hard callous swelling, not unlike the spavin for consistence: it rises from the joining of the bones of the hock, on the hind part, and forms a pretty large tumour from below the heel of the hock, and running a good way on the back part of the hind leg, covers the *epiphysis* of the instep bone, and in some gummy horses spreads on both sides the legs. It is attended with stiffness, and sometimes with pain and lameness.

The cure may generally be performed with the blistering ointment prescribed for the spavin. But if the curb is exceeding hard and obstinate, it will be necessary to fire it with a thin iron, which is the quickest way to get rid of it. You must make one line in the middle from the top to the bottom, and then cross-ways on each side like a feather. The lines must be pretty deep, and when they are made, a little mild blistering ointment must be laid over the part, and when it has done running, lay the strengthening plaster of the shops over the sore. If the horse is full of blood and humours, it will be proper to purge after the cure with some gentle physic.

Osslets are little hard substances among the bones on the inside of the knee. They grow out of the gummy substances, which fasten those bones together, when the horse is young, and before the joints are well knit. When they are taken notice of in time, a little oil of *origanum* rubbed on the part every other day will effect a cure; but if they are of long continuance, they must be removed by firing.

A *Jardon* is a swelling on the outside of the hock, proceeding from a kick or some such accident. It is not dangerous, because it does not affect the motion of the joint; and if taken in time, may be cured with the repeated application of vinegar. But if it is inveterate, and creates a deformity, the best way is to blister or fire; a mild blistering is generally sufficient, unless the jardon is hard and insensible.

A *Ringbone* is a hard swelling on the lower part of the pastern, which generally reaches half way round its fore part like a ring, whence its name is derived. It generally takes its rise from the joining of the great and little pastern bones, and causes a stiffness in the motion of the pastern and foot; and when it

grows hard and large, brings on a lameness, especially when it falls down to the coffin joint.

When a ringbone appears on the foot of a well-shaped slender horse, it is not so dangerous as to horses that have large bones and are fleshy in those parts. For as the swelling is removed in these, a stiffness often remains. When it remains distinct in its proper place, it is always more easily removed, than when it spreads downwards towards the coronet, on account of its affecting the coffin joint. Sometimes it may be derived from that joint originally; and then the cure is uncertain. When a callosity is found under the round ligament that covers the joint, it is impracticable. When it unites with the ligamentous substance that joins the hoof to the flesh, it is apt to turn to a quitor. When it continues on the pastern without running down to the coronet, it is easily cured, and in colts wears off spontaneously.

A genuine ringbone requires no other remedy besides blistering, unless it be very hard, and then it will require blistering and firing. When there is a swelling which proceeds from the tendons, it is hard to be distinguished from a ringbone, but by its being more painful; and to cure this, blistering alone is sufficient, which must be renewed two or three times if the urgency of the symptoms require it. When a swelling of the legs attends the ringbone, it will be necessary to give him two or three purges, and in some cases diuretics.

When the ringbone is hard and insensible like a piece of flint, there will be a necessity of firing it, because all other methods are too mild, which must be done with a thin instrument, and the lines must not be above a quarter of an inch asunder, and they must be crossed obliquely, with the same distances; then lay a mild blistering ointment

over it, which will be generally sufficient for a cure. When it has done running,

Take of the strengthening plaster eight ounces; yellow rosin and bees wax, of each three ounces: melt them together with a little oil, and make a charge to be spread over the pastern joint, covering the whole with flocks or the stuffing of an old saddle. The oil must be just so much as will keep the charge from being brittle.

In two or three days time, when the charge is settled to the part, it will be proper to turn the horse out to grass. This method is to be followed when the ring bone falls towards the coronet of the coffin-joint; for firing may be performed safely all over the coronet, as well as caustic applications may be laid thereon, without any danger. After which the charge must be applied, which prevents quitors and ulcerations under the hoof. Some draw out the foal by way of prevention, but it is seldom attended with success.

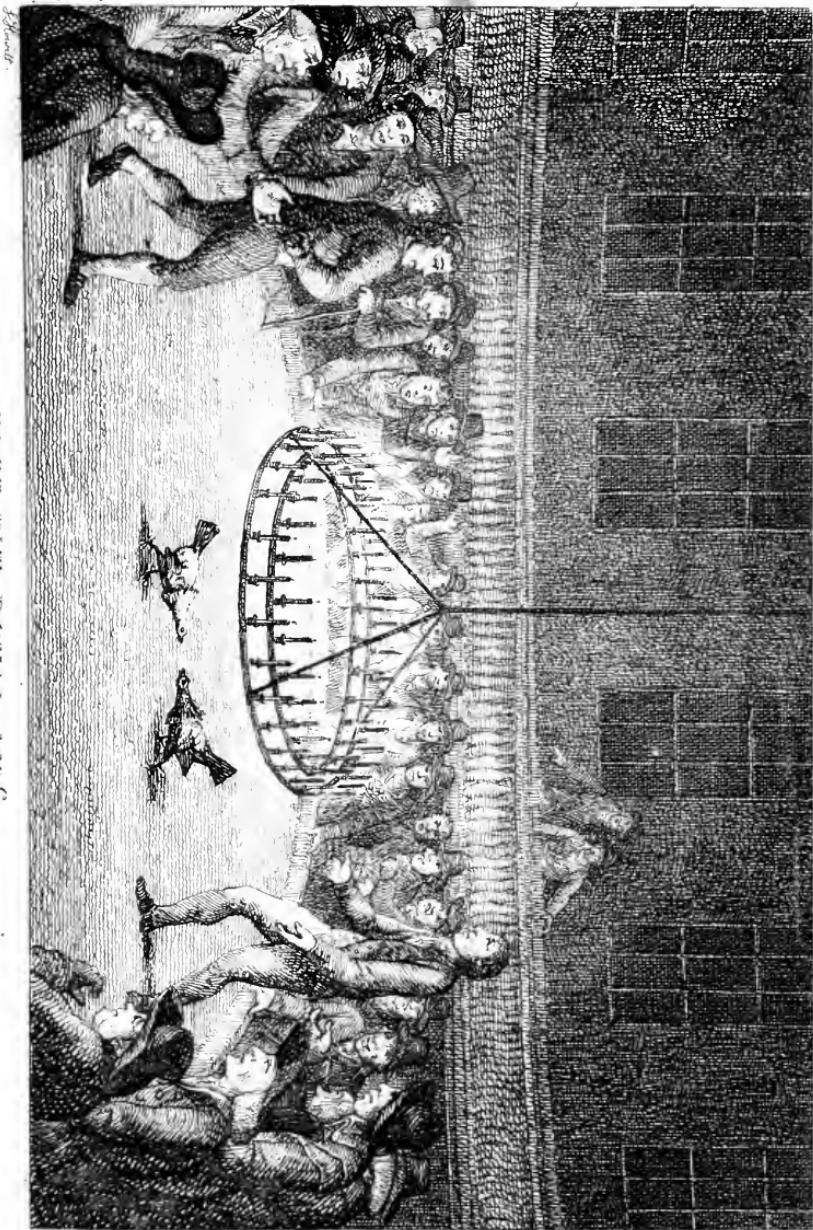
OF SPLENTS.

Splents are hard excrescences which grow out of the shank bone, of various shapes and sizes. Some are large and others small; some are round and others have a ridge. When one rises on one side of the bone, and another on the opposite side, some take them for one, and call it a *thorough Splent*. As also another that is fixed like a wedge between the back sinew and the hard part of the bone, reaching across from side to side.

Splents on the legs of colts and young horses, seldom want a remedy, because they will fall off themselves, in proportion as the parts acquire a firmness. On the other hand, when the substance of a splent is become quite bony, it will be in vain to meddle with it at all, especially



COCK L'EL' RONAL. 1796.



8 March.

especially when the skin is quite loose over it. Splents never cause lameness unless they arise near the bending of the joint, or are so placed as to press against the back sinew.

At the time when splents first appear, the best method of cure is to rub the small of the leg with vinegar or old verjuice, which generally stops their growth, and causes them to wear away insensibly. Some moist constitutions require purging and diuretics. When the splent is near the knee, it must be treated as a bone spavin, by blistering and firing all over.

The cure of a splent between the back-sinew and the bone is by boring it in several places with an iron that is not very hot, taking care not to hurt the back sinew, and avoiding the veins as much as possible; and then the horse must be fired all over the back part of the legs like a feather, making the lines pretty close together, but not deep. However, the best way is to try mild blisters, which bid fair for success, and will produce no deformity.

(To be continued.)

have therefore given a quarto sized plate of it in the present number, and which will doubtless be readily admitted in place of two smaller plates.

The following is the description of the Cock Pit Royal.

COCK PIT ROYAL.

Sherlock, in his Letters to a friend at Paris, familiarly says, " It is " worth your while to come to " England, were it only to see an " election and a cock-match. " There is a celestial spirit of anar- " chy and confusion, in these two " scenes, that words cannot paint, " and of which no countryman of " yours can form even an idea."

But, if neither of these scenes can be described by words, the Parisian who has never visited England, may, from our artist's engravings, form a tolerably correct idea of the *anarchy* of an election, and the *confusion* of a cock pit.

The scene of the cock-pit is supposed to be laid at Newmarket; and in this motley group of peers, pick-pockets, jockies, butchers, and gamblers of every denomination, Lord Albemarle Bertie, a lover and promoter of the diversion is entitled to precedence. His lordship was totally blind, and therefore his passion for amusements of this nature was thought extremely singular. We see him beset by seven steady friends, five of whom at the same instant offer to bet with him on the event of the battle. One of them, taking advantage of his blindness, endeavours to transfer a bank-note from his lordship's hat into his own pocket. A ragged boy and a butcher inform his lordship of the piratical attempt; but he is so much engaged in the arrangement of his bets, and so loud and vehement in the repetition of those important words, " Done ! done !

THE COCK-PIT ROYAL,

By William Hogarth.

THE original plates of this celebrated master having been worn to an useless state by the numerous impressions taken from them, and the ingenious Mr. Cook the engraver, having made some progress in publishing a new set of plates of the same size, after the manner of the original engravings, it has not only again brought Hogarth into fashion, but rendered the merit of his excellent performances the subject of general conversation. Amongst these curious engravings is the well known Cock Pit Royal, and surely the subject is not inapplicable to our Miscellany,—we

done! done! that the note will probably be negotiated.

The old nobleman, adorned with a ribbon, a star, and a pair of spectacles, is surrounded by a very curious group; the weight of a massy carpenter being laid upon his shoulder, forces him upon a man beneath, who falls upon a fourth; and the fourth, unable to support the accumulated pressure of the three, loses his balance, and breaks his head against the edge of the partition—his wig falls into the cock-pit.

A man adjoining enters into the genuine spirit of the battle—by his clasped hands and distorted countenance, we discover that his whole soul is engaged. A person at the left hand of the old peer perceiving the odds to be against him, vexation and disappointment are visible in his countenance. The chimney-sweeper, the sanctified quaker, and the fellow beneath, are admirably contrasted. A French marquis, on the other side, surprised that this should be called amusement, is exclaiming, *Sauvages! sauvages!*—At the same time carelessly opening his snuff-box, some of the contents fall into the eyes of a man below, who sneezes and swears most wonderfully.

Near him is an old cripple, with a trumpet at his ear, and a person roaring in the trumpet. The figure with a cock peeping out of a bag is said to be intended for Jackson, a jockey: his gravity, and the cool sedateness of a man registering the wagers, are well opposed to the grinning woman behind, and the fellow stripped to his shirt, offering to bet *Ginger* against *Pye* for a guinea.

The lower side contains only one tier of figures; an apothecary and a jockey, concluding a bet by striking together the handles of their whips. A votary of Bacchus is in danger of losing his half-emptied purse. We are not at a loss respect-

ing the profession of a gentleman who has a gibbet chalked upon his coat. An enraged barber lifts up his stick, denouncing vengeance against a loser who refuses payment. The philosopher, at the top, coolly smokes his pipe, unmoved by this crash of matter, and the wreck of property. Like the Gog and Magog of Guildhall, stand the two tremendous feeders.

The *Shadow* on the cock-pit is the reflection of a man drawn up to the ceiling in a basket, and there suspended as a punishment for having betted more money than he can pay *.

For theatrical decoration, we have the King's arms, and a portrait of *Nan Rawlins*, frequently called *Deptford Nan*, and sometimes the *Duchess of Deptford*, a very ugly old woman, and a famous cock-feeder, well known in Newmarket: she did the honours of the gentlemen's ordinary at Northampton, while a bachelor was deputed to preside at the table appropriated to the ladies.

In the margin, at the bottom of the print, is an oval, with a fighting cock, inscribed *ROYAL SPORT*, and underneath is written, *PIT TICKET*.

Though pleased with the whole of this extraordinary group, &c. we are more particularly so with the figure of the man sneezing;—we absolutely hear him.—And the fellow stealing a bank-note has all the outward and visible marks of a most accomplished pick-pocket.

* By the cock-pit laws, the man who cannot, or who will not pay his debts of honour, is liable to exaltation in a basket.

A Critical Essay on Somerville's Poem of the Chace, by J. Aikin, M. D.

(Continued from page 343.)

THE poem of Mr. Somerville, however, is much less a philosophical than it is a descriptive one.

one. The writer was a real, not a speculative, sportsman; and it was not 'till fixed to his elbow chair by infirmity, that he thought of writing on the *Chace*, instead of following it. Classically educated, but, as it appears, with a mind not remarkably opened by habits of investigation, or elevated by images of the fancy, he has produced a piece, the principal excellence of which consists in pictures drawn from the life, and animated by the warm genuine feelings of the painter. The language, the sentiments, the incidents, all display perfect acquaintance with the scenes described; and in hurrying from narration to narration, with little interpolation of digressive and fanciful matter, he seems rather borne directly onward by his ardour for a favourite subject, than bounded by incapacity for excursive flights. By his manner of writing he has certainly attained that which should be the principal aim of every writer, whether in verse or prose—he has deeply interested his reader in his descriptions, and has placed every thing before the imagination in the strong light and vivid colours of reality. But the merit of the work is not confined to truth and spirit alone. Its plan and arrangement are formed with competent skill; variety and contrast are studied with success; and the attempt, at least, to break the uniformity of description by the intermixture of sentiment and reflection has not been neglected.

To proceed to a more particular examination of the poem—After a dedicatory address to the Prince of Wales, in strains sufficiently adulatory, the writer gives a slight sketch of the origin of hunting in times of barbarism, and of its introduction in a more polished form into this island. The brevity with which he passes over these topics, certainly not unfertile of poetical

ideas, proves his impatience to quit speculation and conjecture for the realities of description. A short but spirited passage on the praises of Britain, next introduces the proposed subject of the work, declared in an address to the youth of hereditary landed property; and the poet feelingly alludes to his own situation, prevented by years and infirmities from joining in the pleasures of the *Chace*, but still recalling with delight his former triumphs, and pleased to point out to others the way to like renown.

The proper business of the book commences with a description of the dog kennel, in which he soon exhibits his talent for accurate and lively painting, by representations of the pack issuing forth in the morning, oppressed by the fervour of noon, bathing in the cool stream, sporting with each other, and engaging in broils and combats. A particular and beautiful description of the hare-hound or beagle succeeds, which is followed by a sketch of other kinds, adapted for different departments of the *Chace*. This introduces a digression concerning the blood-hounds which were formerly kept on the Scottish border, and employed in detecting robbers. The picture of one of these at work in pursuing by the scent and at last detecting the felon, is highly animated. Hence the poet is naturally led to some philosophical discussion on the nature and cause of those effluvia which exercise the admirable sagacity of the canine species; and he concludes the book with viewing the effects of atmospherical changes on the scenting power of dogs, and with some liberal sentiments concerning the advantages of a cultured mind in enabling a person to enjoy at home those days which are unfit for the diversions of the field.

The second book opens with a philosophical subject, which the poet,

poet, had he been so disposed, might not unsuitably have pursued to a greater extent. It is the power of instinct in modifying the actions and habits of the brute creation. He contents himself, however, with instancing its effects in two animals, the roebuck and the hare. In speaking of the latter, he slides into a fuller description of its manners and mode of life, preparatory to the first grand picture in his work, that of a hare hunt. A pleasing view of autumn, and a spirited sketch of the dawn of day, are the immediate preludes. The impatience of the fiery courser, and the ecstasy of the pack let loose from their kennel, and ready to begin the *Chace*, are finely painted. The ensuing description receives peculiar value from its circumstantial minuteness; which, displayed in natural and energetic language, intermixed with bursts of genuine feeling, gives wonderful force and truth to the whole scenery. If any one compares the finished picture of a *Chace* by Somerville, with the draughts by Thomson, formed upon general ideas, and interspersed with sentiment and reflection, he will be sensible of the great difference between writing upon a topic merely as belonging to a general subject, and indulging in a favourite theme, which dwells on the mind in the vivid colours of memory and affection. It would be scarce possible even in prose to describe the hunting of the hare with more exactness than is here done; yet the language throughout is sufficiently elevated, and some of the passages are truly poetical. Such is that, describing the *music of the Chace*, and its fascinating effect upon all the bears; well exemplifying the universality of that passion which urges men to partake of the hunter's pastime. Though there are touches in the representation which may call forth the emotions of pity

in a feeling mind, yet the poet has judiciously refrained from enforcing them by moral sentiment and reflection, which would act in contradiction to his purpose. The effect of the opposite conduct of Thomson, in converting a joyous scene into a melancholy one, is obvious.

This humble though animated English hunting-piece is succeeded by a contrast, representing the *Chace* in its utmost pomp and magnificence, with respect both to the persons engaged in it, and the objects. It is an eastern picture, copied from the relations of travellers; and to which, therefore, the writer has brought nothing but his acquired skill in poetical painting, with the enthusiasm inspired by a favourite subject. It is truly a grand and noble piece, abounding in rich images and striking incidents, and wrought with great force and distinctness of colouring. Its character being, as it were, historical, there is little scope for strokes of the fancy; yet the effect of the martial music and shouts of the surrounding hunters upon the enclosed wild beasts, is conceived with true poetic imagination;

tygers fell
Shrink at the noise; deep in his gloomy
den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchewed.
Drop from his trembling jaws.

And the mutual rage of the encircled savages against each other, with their sudden tameness at the approach of their human foe, are striking ideas. If any objection lies against this splendid picture, it is, that being introduced thus early, it has a tendency to flatten and diminish the subsequent scenes. We shall see, however, that the poet has made the best use of his personal knowledge, to throw an interest, by the force and clearness of circumstance, upon the home descriptions he afterwards introduces.

The

The third book commences with the fox-chace, a subject which he seems to have laboured more *en amore* than any other. It is, indeed, the capital scene of action to the English sportsman; for though the stag is a much nobler object of pursuit, the Chace of the fox abounds with greater variety of incident, and is a severer trial to the spirit of the hunters, and the perseverance of the dogs and horses. The brief account of the extirpation of the wolf, a kindred animal, from this island, forms an appropriate introduction. The casting off of the hounds, their working upon the scent, the unkennelling of the fox, his breaking away to the open country, and the full cry of the pack, are all highly animated pictures. In the pursuit, somewhat of the ludicrous is intermixed, together with some pathetic incidents, which last appear rather incongruous in a scene which is represented as inspiring "the madness of delight."

The notice taken of other modes of destroying this noxious animal, introduces a digression, in which are described the methods of taking the lion and the elephant in pitfalls, the curious manner of hunting the leopard by means of a mirror, and a wild-boar chace. All these pictures are copied from other authors, and of course are not enlivened with the spirit and circumstance of the British ones. Yet they afford an agreeable variety; and the draughts of the lion astonished by his fall into the pit, and of the elephant issuing majestically from his covert in the evening, are vigorously conceived.

The other capital picture of this book is that of a stag-hunt in Windsor-forest. Though vastly inferior in magnificence to that of the Indian hunting before described, it is, however, drawn in a dignified style, and made to par-

take of the polish and splendour of a court. Such being its character, it is no wonder that the ardour and animation congenial to the Chace when partaken of by equals, is somewhat kept down; and that a kind of awe and respect for the exalted personages who compose the principal figures takes place of the sportsman's rapture. This, too, is the only scene in which ladies are introduced as forming part of the group; whence gallantry has its share in the sentiments. But, much as we must admire the graceful form of the huntress, the *pensive* lover at her side makes rather an insipid figure. There is, however, considerable variety and interest in the events of the Chace; and much diligence is employed to render the descriptions full and poetical. It concludes with a compliment to the sovereign on a supposed exertion of mercy in saving the life of the hunted animal; but the occasion is too trivial to justify the pomp of the sentiment.

The fourth book commences with a strain of philosophising, the drift of which it is not easy to discover. If the purpose were, to establish the position, that unless a pack of hounds be recruited with a young brood it will fall to decay, less effort and solemnity would have sufficed; it serves, however, as an introduction to various didactic topics belonging to his general subject; such as, the mode of rearing a young progeny, the choice of those which are best worth preserving, and the discipline by which they are to be trained, all which are treated in an interesting manner. The character of the babbling and unsteady hound is well drawn; and the method of curing the propensity to worrying sheep forms a natural and humorous picture. Touching on the diseases of dogs, the poet is led

to a particular description of that dreadful malady, canine madness, in which the contrasted figures of melancholy and fury in the animal subject are sketched with great force. In describing the hydrophobia in the human subject he seems not equally successful; and more knowledge of fact would have enabled him to render the draught more striking, without any mixture of fabulous circumstances. All this part of the fourth book would seem more naturally attached to the first, which treats of introductory matter; but the writer probably reserved it for this place, in order to break that continuity of hunting-pieces, which might otherwise have proved tiresome. The last picture of this kind is well discriminated from the rest by a change of scene to another element. The *Chace* of the otter, though an animal rather mean and inconsiderable, affords some very lively and amusing description. The view of a rivulet, and the various tribes of fish by which it is peopled, is truly beautiful; and there are some very picturesque touches in the watery landscape of the otter's retreat. It may be remarked, that though every former *Chace* has contained full and rapturous descriptions of the "gallant chiding," the music of the hound and horn, the poet has been able in the present to repeat it with circumstances of novelty, that give it striking effect.

The poem concludes with an imitation of VIRGIL's well-known praise of a rural life, in the second Georgic. The application, however, is less happy than in the original; for the poem of SOMERVILLE being professedly addressed to the heirs of great families, as those best qualified to enjoy the pleasures of the *Chace*, there exists no real opposition between them, and the possessors of opulence and

splendour. It is true, he has, as much as possible, given it the turn of a contrast between town and country—between the ambitious courtier and the sportsman; but since, in fact, the fox-hunter in the country is often a politician in town, and hunting-matches are usually associated with party, the distinction is rather apparent than real. Further, the sports of the hunter are noisy, tumultuous, attended with parade, and generally ending in conviviality; they ill accord, therefore, with the calm, retired, reflective disposition of the lover of nature and votary of philosophy. If these tastes were united in Somerville, it is certain that they are rarely found to be so in his brother-sportsmen. In reality, it is not among them that the admirers even of a poem on the *Chace* are to be looked for. This work will chiefly be read by the readers of English poetry in general; and its chief merit will be to have afforded them a source of pleasing novelty;—to have placed in their view a set of lively pictures, which will strike with the appearance of truth even those who are not practical judges of their subjects.

From what has been above remarked, the poetical character of Somerville will be easily deduced. He is strictly and almost solely a *descriptive* poet; and his talent lies in delineating actual scenes with fidelity and spirit, adorning them with the beauties of diction, but leaving them to act upon the imagination by their own force, without aid from the creations of fancy. In classical allusion he is not deficient, but it is of the more common kind; and little occurs in his writings that indicates a mind inspired by that exalted enthusiasm which denotes the genius of superior rank. His versification is generally correct and well varied, and evidently

ently flows from a nice and practised ear. His language is well suited to his subjects, rising and sinking with them, and free from that stiffness and affectation so commonly attendant upon blank verse. It more resembles that of Armstrong, than of Thomson or Akenside. Some of his other poems shew him to have had a strong perception of the ludicrous; and in this, too, traits of humour are discernable. On the whole, Somerville occupies a respectable place among our native poets; and his *Chace* is probably the best performance upon that topic which any country has produced."

(To be continued.)

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

JOHN Kilburn, a person well known to many Gentlemen of the Turf, as a list-seller and attendant in the stables at most of the races in the kingdom, died lately at a public house at Water Newton, in Huntingdonshire. He had undergone various vicissitudes in life; had been a horse-dealer of some eminence, and in that line travelled into France, and other foreign parts; returning to England poor, he entered into several Militias, and was at one time a sergeant in the Huntingdonshire; but his predilection for horses and the Turf, occasioned him to quit that situation. At a town in Bedfordshire, some years ago, he was, according to the turf phrase, *quite broke down!* It was in harvest time. The week before Richmond Races, near which place he was born, and to reach there in time, he hit on the following expedient:—He applied to a blacksmith of his acquaintance to stamp on a padlock the words "*Richmond Gaol*," which, with a chain, was fixed to one of his legs,

and he composedly went into a corn field to sleep. As he expected, he was soon apprehended, and taken before a Magistrate, who, after some deliberation, ordered two constables to guard him in a carriage to Richmond, no time being to be lost, Kilburn saying he had not been tried, and hoped they would not let him lay till another assizes. The constables, on their arrival at the gaol, accosted the keeper with—"Sir, do you know this man?"—"Yes, very well; its Kilburn; I have known him many years."—"We suppose he has broke out of your gaol, as he has a chain and padlock on his leg with your mark; is not he a prisoner?"—"A prisoner! I never heard any harm of him in my life."—"Nor," says Kilburn, "have these gentlemen, Sir; they have been so good as to bring me home out of Bedfordshire, and now I will not give them any farther trouble; I've got the key of the padlock, and I'll not trouble them to unlock it. I thank them for their good usage."—The distance he thus travelled was about 170 miles.

A curious ANECDOTE in NATURAL HISTORY.

(From LYSON'S *Environs of London*,
Vol. IV.)

LITTLE Grove, in the parish of East Barnet, in Hertfordshire, was the seat of the late Mr. Justice Willes, who purchased it of Fane William Sharpe, Esq. Mr. Sharpe's father had at this place a Canada goose, which formed an extraordinary affection for a house dog. The story is extremely well attested, and furnishes a very curious anecdote in Natural History. It was drawn up by Mr. E. W. Sharpe, and inserted in his copy of Willoughby's *Ornithology*.

The following account of a Canada goose is so extraordinary, that, I am aware it would with difficulty gain credit, were not a whole parish able to vouch for the truth of it. The Canada geese are not fond of a poultry-yard, but, are rather of a rambling disposition: one of these birds was observed, however, to attach itself in the strongest and most affectionate manner, to the house dog; would never quit the kennel except for the purpose of feeding, when it would return again immediately. It always sat by the dog, but never presumed to go into the kennel, except in rainy weather. Whenever the dog barked, the goose would cackle, and run at the person the supposed the dog barked at, and try to bite him by the heels. Sometimes she would attempt to feed with the dog, but this the dog who treated his faithful companion rather with indifference, would not suffer. This bird would not go to roost with the others at night unless driven by main force; and when in the morning she was turned into the field, she would never stir from the yard gate, but sit there the whole day, in sight of the dog. At last orders were given she should no longer be molested, but suffered to accompany the dog as she liked: being thus left to herself, she ran about the yard with him all night, and what is particularly extraordinary, and can be attested by the whole parish, whenever the dog went out of the yard and ran into the village, the goose always accompanied him, contriving to keep up with him by the assistance of her wings, and in this way of running and flying followed him all over the parish. This extraordinary affection of the goose toward the dog, which continued to his death, two years after it was first observed, is supposed to have originated from his having accidentally saved her

from a fox in the very moment of distress.

While the dog was ill, the goose never quitted him day nor night, not even to feed; and it was apprehended that she would have been starved to death, had not orders been given for a pan of corn to be set every day close to the kennel. At this time the goose generally sat in the kennel, and would not suffer any one to approach it except the person who brought the dog's or her own food. The end of this faithful bird was melancholy; for when the dog died she would still keep possession of the kennel; and a new house-dog being introduced, which in size and colour resembled that lately lost, the poor goose was unhappily deceived, and going into the kennel as usual, the new inhabitant seized her by the throat and killed her.

Observations on BRITISH HORSES.

(Concluded from page 317.)

RACES appear to have been in vogue in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and to have been carried to such excess as to injure the fortunes of the nobility. The famous George, Earl of Cumberland, is recorded to have wasted more of his estate than any of his ancestors; and chiefly by his extreme love to horse-races, tiltings, and other expensive diversions. It is probable the parsimonious queen did not approve of it; for races are not among the diversions exhibited at Kenelworth by her favourite Leicester. In the following reign were places allotted for the sport, Croydon in the South, and Gartley in Yorkshire, were celebrated courses. Camden also says, that in 1607 there were races near York, and the prize was a little golden bell.

Not that we deny this diversion

to be known in these kingdoms in earlier times; we only assert a different mode of it,—gentlemen being their own jockies, and riding their own horses. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, enumerates it among the sports, that gallant philosopher thought unworthy of a man of honour. “The exercise,” says he, “I do not approve of, is running of horses, there being much cheating in that kind, neither do I see why a brave man should delight in a creature whose chief use is to help him to run away.”

The increase of our inhabitants, and the extent of our manufactures, together with the former neglect of internal navigation to convey those manufactures, multiplied the number of our horses: an excess of wealth before unknown in these islands, increased the luxury of carriages, and added to the necessity of an extraordinary culture of these animals; their high reputation abroad has also made them a branch of commerce, and proved another cause of their vast increase.

As no kingdom can boast of parallel circumstances, so none can vie with us in the number of these noble quadrupeds; it would be extremely difficult to guess at the exact amount of them, or to form a periodical account of their increase; the number seems very fluctuating: William Fitz-Stephen relates that in the reign of King Stephen, London alone poured out 20,000 horsemen in the wars of those times; yet we find in the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the whole kingdom could not supply 2000 horses to form our cavalry; and even in the year 1588, when the nation was in the most imminent danger from the Spanish invasion, all the cavalry which the nation could then furnish, amounted to only 3000; to account for this difference we must imagine, that the number of horses

which took the field in Stephen's reign, was no more than an undisciplined rabble: the few that appeared under the banners of Elizabeth, a corps well formed, and such as might be opposed to so formidable an enemy as was then expected; but such is their present increase, that in the late war, the number employed was 13,575, and such is our improvement in the breed of horses, that most of those which are used in our waggons and carriages of different kinds, might be applied to the same purpose: of those our capital alone employs near 22,000.

The learned M. de Buffon has almost exhausted the subject of the natural history of the horse, and the other domestic animals; and left very little for after-writers to add.

We may observe, that this most noble and useful quadruped, is endowed with every quality that may make it subservient to the uses of mankind, and those qualities appear in a more exalted or in a less degree, in proportion to our various necessities.

The Manners of Paris.

WE translate the following morsel, as it pretends to give us a picture of the gay world of Paris. It is a letter from one lady to another.

“I lament, my charming friend, that the death of your mother prevented you from assisting at the ball of Madame ***. Nothing else is talked of to-day: in fact nothing could be more gallant. Madame *** presented a bouquet to each lady as she entered: it was composed of artificial flowers, but adapted to every one's dress. At supper above an hundred beautiful women sat down at two parallel tables.

bles. Before each chair a Cupid supported a chandelier of two branches; in the centre was a tube, in which each lady placed her bouquet; and the tables thus presented a delicious parterre.

“ The supper was served on *Chaufres* (Richauds) with spirits of wine; but so contrived that the covers were placed ten inches above the *Chaufre*, so that the flame, which was highly perfumed, ascended among the tapers and flowers, and gave an incredible brilliancy to the diamonds with which we were decorated. The servants did not enter the supper-room, and the most amiable cavaliers disputed for the honour of waiting upon us.

“ Never did so much order reign amidst pleasures so exquisite; every thing was foreseen and arranged with a care so *recherché*, and so natural, that this ball has absolutely put Madame *** at the head of the fashion.

“ We danced till broad daylight, and our *soupe à loignon* was taken with *une gaiete folle**.

“ They played me a trick almost mortal. Two or three ladies spread the report that I was to give the next ball. All the young devils crowded round me, and I was caressed, flattered, and cajoled into a promise that will ruin me. *Mais n'importe*.

“ It was in vain for my husband to contend that he could not afford it. I agreed with all his objections, yielded to all his remonstrances, and carried my point. So that we are going to sell the delicious little spot which he bought

* The French editor thinks it necessary to inform his provincial readers, that it is now the ton, after dancing all night, to serve *onion soup*. Onion Soup has passed, he says, from the *guinguette* into the *faillon dore*. It is pretty well known, however, to every classical Bacchant, that there is no restorative after a debauch like onions.

during the time, for a morsel of bread, and for which we are now offered 25,000l.

“ As your mother lived out of town, I wonder that you should announce her death. It will deprive you of a fortnight of pleasure. But you must come to my ball. You must assist me to invent something new. I must outshine Madame ***. I have some celestial ideas to surprise you. Adieu, *mon cœur!*”

We will not frighten our polite readers with Greek quotations; it will be sufficient to refer to that master of the Art of Love Ovid, who gives onions a distinguished rank among his prescriptions.

*Bulbos, et ex horto quæ venit herba falax,
Ovaque fumantur, fumantur Hymettia mel-
la, &c.*

Art. Am. II. 422.

In his Remedy of Love he forbids the use of them, 797.

Et quicquid veneri corpora nostra parat.

A CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY of BOXING.

To the EDITOR of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following accurate and retrospective view of the principal performances in the gymnastic line, will be doubtless a gratification to many of your readers, as it may be looked upon as a compendious history of the Science. Should you deem it worthy of insertion in your much-read and justly esteemed miscellany, it will be a favour conferred on your

Occasional correspondent,
J. J. B.

Before

BEFORE we enter upon the history of the first school of Boxing, it may not be amiss to say something of the famous Fig.

He was the most successful prize-fighter of his time. His genius and his judgment was so great, that the first sporting characters applied to him for his advice, and when the weapons were dropt and boxing became the vogue, he was then in greater request than ever. No match was made without his advice and concurrence; he knew the men and their abilities, and always matched them to the satisfaction of the spectators.

Fig, who originally came from Thame in Oxfordshire, had a Theatre in Tottenham Court Road, where regular exhibitions of boxing were first displayed for the amusement of the public.

The principal champions of this period (1735) were Thomas Pipes and —— Gretting. Pipes was the neatest and best boxer of his time. He fought at the face most, and put in his blows with surprizing agility, time, and judgment. He maintained his battles for many years by his extraordinary skill against men of far superior strength.

Gretting was a strong antagonist to Pipes. They contended hard together for some time, and were alternately victors. Gretting was the most artful fighter of his time, stronger made than Pipes, and dealt the straightest projectile blow of all his competitors. But what made Pipes a match for him, was his rare bottom, which enabled him to bear a deal of beating, and with this Gretting was not so well furnished; for after he was beat twice together by Pipes, Hammer-smith Jack, a mere blundering boxer, beat him by dint of hard blows, and so did every one that fought him from that time.

Much about this time there was

one Whitaker, a very strong fellow, but a clumsy boxer. However, he had two qualifications that very much contributed to bring him through, where his deficiency in skill rendered him inferior to his antagonist, and which was a peculiar way of throwing, and contriving to pitch his weighty body upon the fallen man, by which he often put them out of wind. The other, that he was a hardy fellow, and could bear a deal of banging.

This was the man fixed upon to fight the famous Venetian Gondelier. The match was made at Slaughter's Coffee-house by a nobleman of an advanced station. Fig was employed to procure a proper man, and had particular charge given him, because it was for a large sum, and the Venetian was a man of extraordinary strength, and famous for breaking the jaw-bone in boxing. Fig replied in his rough manner, "I do not know, Master, but he may break one of his own countryman's jaw-bones with his fists, but I will bring him a man, and he shall not break his jaw-bone with a sledge-hammer in his hand." Until the man appeared, it was doubted, whether the Venetian's antagonist had not had the bone extracted after some former contest.

The battle was fought at Fig's Amphitheatre, before the politest company that ever was seen on the occasion. While the Gondelier was stripping, several English gentlemen particularly remarked the tremendous figure of the man. His arm took up all observation, it was surprisingly long, large and muscular. He advanced pitching himself forward with his right leg, and his arm full extended; and as Whitaker approached, gave him such a blow upon the side of the head, that knocked him off the stage over the railing, which was remarkable for its height. Whitaker's misfortune

tune in this fall was, that the company being very genteel, they would not permit any common people in, who there usually sat on the ground and lined the stage all round. It was then all clear, and Whitaker had nothing to stop him but the ground.

As he fell, there arose a general clamorous foreign huzza on the side of the Venetian, pronouncing the Englishman's downfall; but Whitaker took no more time than was necessary to get up again, when finding his fault, in standing out to the length of the others arm, he with a little stoop, ran boldly in beyond the heavy mallet, and with one English peg in the stomach, quite a new thing to the foreigner, threw him down upon his back-side. The Venetian got up again, and after scrambling with him about the stage for a few minutes, gave out.

So fine a house was too engaging to Fig not to wish to raise such another; he therefore, as soon as the battle was over, stepped up to the company, and told the gentlemen, that whatever they might think of the man he had fixed on to beat the Venetian, he was far from being the best man for the fist in London; and to convince them he was in earnest, he said, that if they would come that day sc'nnight, he would produce a man who should beat this Whitaker in ten minutes, by fair hitting. This brought as great a company as the week before. The man pitched upon was one Nat Peartree, who knowing the others mode of fighting, and his deadly way of flinging, took a most judicious way to beat him, and that was in closing his eyes. His judgment carried in his arm so well, that in about six minutes both Whitaker's eyes were close shut up, when he groping about awhile for his man, and not finding him, very prudently gave

out, saying, "Dammie, I'm not beat—but what signifies my fighting, when I cannot see my man."

It is difficult, where information depends upon the memory entirely, to be absolutely certain in the dates. What has been related, though in the remembrance of many, is yet so long ago, that it is not easy to ascertain the exact time; however, we now approach to times a little fresher, and of more recent remembrance.

(To be continued.)

For the SPORTING MAGAGINE.

The FARO MOUSE.

MR. EDITOR,

MANY conjectures have been made, who stole the Faro Bank? Give me leave to mention a circumstance that may point out the thief.

A certain lady was some time ago at a route, given by the late worthy Countess of Guildford. When coming away, this lady, by mistake, took another lady's cloak. When she came home she discovered, for the first time, that the lace on the cloak was of very extraordinary value, though the cloak itself was not; and without enquiring who was the rightful owner, she immediately ordered her servant to rip off the lace for the purpose of putting it on a new cloak in her possession. But unfortunately, while the servant was busy, a rap came to the door. The cloak was demanded, and my lady's rag presented. Here was a scene of confusion. There's nebody at home; call again, was the answer. The lace was sewed to its proper cloak, and the cloak was returned next day. Now, is it not probable, that the lady who took the cloak, by mistake, also stole the Faro Bank?

St. James's Square.

SQUEAK.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS from a Pamphlet entitled, A SHORT TREATISE ON THE GLANDERS AND FARCY. By a Lieutenant of Dragoons.

(Concluded from page 324.)

THE Farcy being so nearly connected with the Glanders, I have in addition to the treatment of the Glanders, annexed a mode of treatment for the Farcy also, immediately after, and as a sequel to the treatment of the Glanders.

As the Communicated Imperfect Glanders is more likely to produce the *perfect* disease, and in a much shorter space of time than the *native imperfect*, we cannot be too expeditious in the application of our practice for its removal; nor must our attention be lost for a moment, towards an horse, that in apparent perfect health, hath any enlarged glands about the throat, and under the jaws, (or to be more accurate, a swelled gland under the jaws); for in the *communicated* *glanders*, the infection seldom happens to take place, but on one side; nor doth any discharge in this case appear but at one nostril; and all farriers are well aware that those symptoms indicate the worst species of *glanders*.

In the *Native Imperfect Glanders* you may leave nature for some little time to her own operations, with the common assistance of hot bran-mashes, and warm clothing: for although I consider every disease of the glands, as a degree of *glanders*, and that every horse with a running at the nose, and enlarged glands, hath the glands *imperfectly*, yet I allow, as the disease at this period frequently discharges itself entirely, (and perfect health being restored by the aforementioned common care) that such horses may not be improperly described as having had only a simple cold; but whenever any discharge from the nostrils continues for a length of

time; and when the glands of the throat and under the jaws enlarge, and grow hard, recourse should be had immediately to all possible care and precaution to prevent the *perfect* disease, and medicinal assistance should be administered with the greatest industry and attention.

It appears necessary to examine an horse with enlarged glands very frequently, to be well assured that they do not assume a flat appearance: for whenever this is the case, and they feel the least knotty, the *perfect* *glanders* are not far off, particularly if pressing the part gives the animal any pain, and the glands have any tendency to adhere to the inside flat surface of the jaw-bone.

Admitting the disease of the glands to be what I have here described it, I am of opinion, that the following mode of treatment administered with care and attention, would in most instances (where the disease is not arrived at its most perfect state) prove effectual; that the neglect which hath too fatally, and too generally fallen to the lot of horses, supposed to be incurably glandered, would be done away; that motives of humanity, added to those of profit, would induce many people to make experiments; so that at last, this destructive malady may be reduced by system, and uniform practice, to a manageable disease.

The general mode of treatment, (from which I shall abstract the particular methods of practice to be observed, according to the different degrees and denominations, into which I have divided the disease) is to stimulate the glands of the insensible transpiration into an increased and active discharge, by warm clothing, and large doses of James's powders, so as to produce sweating to an excetive degree.

After the operation of the sweating hath subsided, and during the whole of the interval (prescribed)

to be observed between each dose of James's powders, recourse must be had to constant whisking with straw, brushing and rubbing with flannel; and in this part of the treatment, the greatest care and attention is requisite, for, not a particle of the mucus produced by the sweating must be suffered to dry on the horse, as the transpired matter may very justly be considered as diseased, and might probably produce farcy.

During the operation of the powders, endeavour to set the larger class of glands at liberty, by discharging their diseased contents by the application of mercurial ointment, administered by the rubbing it in at the pasterns, which will very speedily pass by the absorbents to the diseased glands, and counteract the progress of the infectious matter: keep the body open during this time, with small doses of calomel, and bran-mashes.

The whole glandular system being thus universally excited, its circulation increased, and all its morbid affections being in this manner purged from the diseased subject, I think it is but fair, to look for an happy and fortunate sequel to our labours, in having succeeded in the removal of a disease, which hath hitherto frustrated every other mode of practice.

The Rules and Observations to be particularly attended to, in the treatment of the different denominations of the glanders, and the methods of practice for each separate degree of the disease, I propose as follows:

1st. Native Perfect Glanders.

At this period of the disease, great care must be taken not to produce any increased transpiration or sweating, until the contents of the large glands are in some measure melio-

rated by the rubbing in of mercurial ointment at the pasterns for several days, at the rate of half an ounce each pastern; for any sweating without taking this precaution, would most probably produce farcy, by carrying the putrid contents of the larger glands too suddenly for transpiration, to the miliary glands, and by that means disease them to such a degree, as to cause them to swell, rupture, and slough away.

At the commencement of your practice, let your horse wear a common horse sheet, and after you have carefully rubbed in the mercurial ointment for five or six days, (during the whole of which time, you must feed with your usual allowance of oats with bran-mashes almost cold) give the following ball:

No. 1. Calomel, a drachm and an half.

Venice soap.

Best yellow rosin, 3 qrs. of an oz. Treacle or syrup sufficient to mix these ingredients to the consistence of a common horse ball.

Two days after you have given this ball, increase the heat of your bran-mashes to such a degree, that your horse must stand with his head in the steam for a long time before he can venture to eat it; at the same time increase your clothing to an additional sheet, quarter-cloths, and breast-plate; let him remain in this situation for two days, and then begin with James's powders in the following manner:

No 2. James's Powder, 3 drachms.

Liquorice Root in powder, one ounce and an half.

Syrup or Treacle sufficient to make a ball.

Let this ball be given at night, and immediately after it, a very hot bran mash; let your horse drink a moderate quantity of warm water,

and

and be particularly attentive that his clothing and bedding be sufficient to insure profuse sweating, which must be kept up by additional clothing and repeated hot marshes for twelve hours. As soon as the sweating hath subsided, and your horse begins to be dry, great care must be taken, and great labour used in whisking and brushing, so that no particle of the transpired matter may dry on the hair or skin. This ball, with the preceding treatment, to be repeated every third day, and the diuretic ball, with calomel No. 1, to be given between each third day.

During the whole time of this treatment, continue to rub in mercurial ointment at the pasterns, but in smaller quantities than at the commencement of your operations.

Persevere in this practice (without ceasing) until the discharge at the nostrils loses its foetid smell, and the enlargement of the glands hath subsided, and they have assumed a perfect healthy appearance.

2d. Native Imperfect Glanders.

As at this period of the disease, no putrency of any consequence can be supposed to have taken place, it doth not signify how soon an increased transpiration or sweating is produced, therefore in this case I propose immediate warm clothing, hot bran-mashes, and the diuretic ball with calomel, as follows:

No. 3. Calomel, 1 drachm;
Venice Soap.

Best yellow Rosin, each 1 oz.

Treacle or Syrup sufficient to make a ball.

Two days after the ball, No. 3, give the ball No. 2, as prescribed in the Native Perfect, and repeat it every fourth day, and let the diuretic ball, No. 3, be given between every fourth day.

Small quantities of mercurial ointment may be used during the operations for cure in this disease, as well as in the Perfect Glanders, and in the same manner.

The same attention must be paid to whisking, brushing, and rubbing, at this period of the disease, as in the Perfect Glanders, and the same perseverance will be found requisite to ensure its removal.

3d. Communicated Perfect Glanders.

This period of the disease I propose to treat in every respect, after the same manner as the Native Perfect Glanders; as I consider the disease (whether it be native or communicated) when arrived at the period pronounced perfect, as one and the same in its nature and effects, although they originated from different causes.

4th. Communicated Imperfect Glanders.

This period (or rather this disease) I consider as very critical indeed, for as it is in the first instance (and even for some time) local, great care and caution must be had not to make it general, until its malignancy is in some measure subdued; for it must be made general before we can expect a cure for it, as there is no getting at the disease in its local state; therefore I propose charging all the undiseased glands very highly with mercury, (by rubbing in the mercurial ointment at the pasterns, for at least ten days, at the rate of half an ounce each pastern, every night and morning) before any attempt is made to carry off the disease by their means, for fear of conveying the communicated matter through the milinary glands to the excretory vessels for transpiration, in its most malignant state, which might (perhaps) not only produce the Farcy, and disease

the whole system without any good effect, but be the means of bringing on the *perfect* disease, and that at its worst, and most incurable crisis; and thereby overthrow, and render ineffectual every future effort to remove it.

In this disease (therefore) I propose moderate warm clothing, bran-mashes almost cold, and at the expiration of the ten days, directed for the rubbing in of mercurial ointment, commence with (and persevere in) the treatment prescribed for the Native Perfect Glanders.

THE FARCY.

This disease (as I have before mentioned) I believe to be nothing more than a sloughing away of the miliary glands, which may probably arise from two different causes.

The first cause of Farcy seems to arise from the miliary glands being partially diseased and shut up by cold, so that large clusters of them become swollen and inflamed, by detaining the matter of the insensible transpiration, until the absorbents have had sufficient time to carry their contents (now diseased by detention) materially into the system. This kind of Farcy, therefore, I propose to treat as follows:

For fear the absorbents should have carried a small quantity of their diseased contents to the larger class of glands, and thereby threaten to produce the Native Glanders, it will be necessary to rub in small quantities of mercurial ointment for several days, at the commencement of your operations in this disease, at the rate of a quarter of an ounce each pastern, every night.

As soon as this disease can possibly be detected, (observing the direction given for the use of mercury) clothe your horse very warm, give him hot-bran mashes, use sweating exercise, and give the following bals every night and morning.

Best Peruvian Bark (in powder) 1 ounce.

Jalap, 2 drachms.

Powdered Ginger, half a drachm. Treacle or Syrup sufficient to make a ball.

Should this disease prove obstinate, give the ball, No. 2, as directed in the Native Imperfect Glanders; and if any ulcers appear, dry them up as soon as possible, by the application of red precipitate powder.

The second cause of the Farcy seems to arise from the miliary glands being diseased from the insensible transpiration partaking of the diseased state of the larger class of glands, when affected by the Perfect Glanders; and as this kind of Farcy never happens but with the Perfect Glanders, it seems unnecessary to adopt a separate mode of treatment for its cure.

The Glanders and Farcy being both diseases of a putrid nature, the worst of consequences might result from bleeding, which must, therefore, be cautiously avoided.

In feeding, it will be necessary, in all stages of the glands, to continue your usual allowance of oats, mixing them always in plentiful bran mashes, and never give less than three feeds a day: a small allowance of hay will be sufficient, but that allowance must be of the best quality.

The methods of cure here proposed, are by no means the produce of mere theoretical idea, but drawn from communications that I have received from several different persons who have made experiments on glandered horses; and the mode of treatment for the Native Glanders, was recited to me by a gentleman of real and experimental knowledge in the diseases of horses, as having succeeded.

The experiment was made on three horses, on two of them it failed, but on the third it produced a ra-

a radical cure: the circumstance of his practice having failed in two cases out of three, led him to suppose, that the success which attended the third attempt, was merely accidental, or that the horse was not really glandered; but I conceive the case to have been as follows:

Having omitted to consider the glanders in its different degrees, he did not discover that in the two first cases, the disease was too far gone to be curable: those two horses might have been (as they most probably were) in the last stage of the Perfect Glanders, and all the incurable symptoms might have taken place; whereas in the third case, the disease might have arrived only towards the last stage of the Imperfect Glanders; the diseased glands, perhaps, were but just commencing to flatten, and shew a tendency to adhere to the inner flat surface of the jaws; therefore, the success which attended his experiments in this case, may, I think, be very fairly ascribed to the mode of practice he had adopted and pursued.

It was on weighing these circumstances, and the nature of these experiments, that first led me to consider the glanders as a general disease of the whole glandular system, and not a local disease of the head. I have since taken every opportunity in my power to prove the fallacy of my theory, if possible, but every observation, every dissection, and every enquiry, hath served, instead of detecting it as fallacious, to prove its soundness, and to impress my mind more fully with the hope of being able (by pursuing with persevering attention the theory and practice I have described) to reduce, by a steady and systematic treatment, the cure of the glanders, to as great a certainty as any other disease to which horses are liable.

Should the observations contained in the preceding pages, induce any gentleman of leisure and ability to give attention to this subject, and discuss it more fully, the writer of them will consider himself as having attained one principal object of their publication. His only motive is to lessen the ravages of a disease, which, in his opinion, hath not hitherto met with the attention it certainly merits.

LAW SUIT respecting a PACK OF HOUNDS.

AT Hereford assizes, a cause came on to be tried, which occasioned no small entertainment to the Court. It was an action against R. L. Davids, Esq. one of the Members of the Red Coat Hunt, at Carmarthen, to recover the sum of twenty-four guineas, for a pack of hounds, which he had bought of Mr. Thomas Evans, the plaintiff, by desire of the Members. It appeared in evidence that the hounds were, at the request of Mr. Davids, delivered by the Plaintiff's servant at the kennel, belonging to the Red Coat Hunt; and that, after they had been hunted by the Members nearly a fortnight, it was discovered that the funds of the Club were too scanty to make good the payment of the purchase-money; upon which a meeting was called, where it was resolved, that the hounds should be returned, and the Defendant was requested by the Secretary to the Hunt to write to the Plaintiff, to inform him, that "there was no cash in the funds," and to send the hounds home. With this request the Defendant refused to comply, being ashamed of the conduct of his associates on the occasion; however, the poor animals were sent to their former master, who refusing to

to receive them, they have since been wandering about forlorn exiles. The defence set up was, that, as the hounds were not kept by the Hunt, the Plaintiff ought not to recover; but the learned Judge overruled the objection, and a verdict was found for the Plaintiff. This decision, of course, carries costs with it; the whole of which must be paid by the Defendant, who will be compelled to bring actions for the amount against the Members of the Club, twenty-four in number, unless the business is in the mean time compromised by mutual agreement.

Respecting the AGE OF A HORSE.

AT Stafford assizes a curious cause at *Nisi Pruis* was to have been determined, respecting the age of a horse.—A gentleman in a neighbouring town bought a gelding as rising six years old, and rode him for several weeks, when he discovered, or supposed he did, that he had re-purchased an old servant of his own, which he had sold many years before; and, though still a horse of some activity and spirit, must be nearly sixteen years old. This action was therefore brought to recover damages. On the part of the defendant, to prove that the horse was not more than six years old, the breeder and other evidence were in court to substantiate the fact. It was however agreed, when the parties were heeled and *spurred*, (says our correspondent), that the matter should be referred to the opinion and award of Wm. Syer, Esq. Barrister at law, to the no small disappointment of a number of gentlemen who went to Stafford in order to witness so singular a trial.

BORROWING OTHER MEN'S WIVES.

THIS practice, now becoming so general, has antiquity for its support; amongst the Topyrians nothing was more common, and the laws sanctioned the indulgence. The sapient Socrates, and the rigid Cato, according to the learned Tertullian, not only submitted to this kind of partnership, like philosophers, but exposed their wives to a new embrace. Plutarch gives the following account of the Censor, founded on the report of Thraseas and Munatius, Cato's friends. “ Quintus Hortensius, a man of signal worth, and approved virtue, was not content to live in friendship and familiarity with Cato, but desired also to be united to his family by some alliance in marriage; therefore, waiting upon Cato, demanded his daughter Porcia from Bibulus, to whom she had already borne three children, and making her his own wife, offering to restore her after she had borne him a child, if Bibulus was not willing to part with her altogether; adding, that though this, in the opinion of men, might seem strange, yet in nature it would appear honest and profitable to the public, with much more to the same purpose. Cato could not but express his wonder at the strange project, but withal approved very well of uniting their houses; when Hortensius turning the discourse, did not stick to acknowledge that it was Cato's own wife which he really desired. Cato, perceiving his earnest inclination, did not deny his request, but said that Philip, being the father of Marcia, ought also to be consulted. Philip, being sent for, came, and finding they were all agreed, gave his daughter Marcia to Hortensius, in the presence of Cato, who himself also assisted at the marriage.”

Sir

Sir William Temple records the practice; and a modern commentator on Ulpian insinuates, that the women thus lent or borrowed, were wives only by possession, without any farther ceremony, not termed *materfamilias*, nor possessing right to inherit the property of their husbands, being supposed to be taken simply on the account of procreating issue, so that after bearing three or four children, they might lawfully be given to another man, to do the like for him: be that, however, as it may, the precedent is fully established; and at the present day, there is scarcely an enormity that is not justified by a precedent.

MISS FARREN leaving the Stage.

ON the death of Lady Derby, long since separated from her husband, in consequence of running away to France with the Duke of D—, Miss Farren, of Drury-lane Theatre, was expected almost immediately to quit the stage and to be married to the noble Earl. This expectation of the town losing so great a favourite, and of the novelty of her being elevated to the rank of the second Countess in the list of British Peeresses, drew crowded houses every night of her performance; and on Saturday evening, April 8th, being the last of her appearance, the house filled beyond all former precedent. The play was the *School for Scandal*, and Miss Farren finished her theatrical career in the character of Lady Teazle.

At the conclusion of the comedy, Mr. Wroughton immediately came forward, and addressed the audience as follows:

But, ah! this night, adieu the mirthful mien,
When Mirth's lov'd fav'rite quits the mimic scene!

[Locking towards Miss Farren.]

Startled *Tbalia* would afferst refuse,
But *Truth* and *Virtue* sued, and won the
Muse

[Great applause.]

Aw'd by sensations it could ill express,
Tho' mute the tongue, the bosom feels not
less;
Her speech your kind indulgence oft has
known,
Be to her silence now that kindness shewn:
Ne'er from her mind th' endear'd record will
part,
But live, the proudest feeling of a grateful
heart

This address was repeatedly interrupted by general and reiterated plaudits from all parts of the house. Miss Farren appeared much affected at the generous conduct of the audience; she was indebted for support to Mr. King, and Miss Miller, and tears of gratitude adorned her fair cheek. After the torrent of applause had subsided, Miss Farren came to the front of the stage, with graceful and diffident steps, to take her final farewell of her patrons. In a manner the most elegant and impressive we ever witnessed, she made her curtesy first to the right, next to the left, and lastly to the front of the house, amidst the universal, reiterated, and rapturous plaudits of the audience, many of whom accompanied their tokens of respect with tears of sensibility. On the whole, there was exhibited a scene, which, for interest and sublimity, has, we believe, no parallel in the annals of the British Theatre.

Thus ended the theatrical career of a lady, whose private virtues have ever kept pace with her public merits. Henceforward we shall have to speak of her worth in the honourable and distinguished character of the Countess of Derby and we sincerely hope, that her deserved elevation in life may impress this wholesome and important lesson upon the young ladies of the stage, that a proper conduct in this, as well as in any other situation,

tion, may lead to fortune, rank and happiness.

MRS. KNIGHT, of Covent Garden Theatre, sister to Miss Farren, retires from the stage after the present season, at the request of the Earl of Derby, who has settled an annuity on her.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE OFFICE OF VERDEROR.

THE County of Essex, but for the good sense and moderation of one of the Candidates* was nearly being thrown into a state of considerable commotion, by a contest for the Office of Verderor of Waltham Forest. As this is an office, with the nature of which, perhaps, the generality of readers may not be perfectly acquainted, we shall lay before them Judge Blackstone's definition of it.

" The Forest Courts, instituted for the government of the King's Forests, in different parts of the kingdom, and for the punishment of all injuries done to the King's deer or venison, to the vert or greenward, and to the covert in which such deer are lodged. These are, the Courts of Attachment, of Regard, of Sweinmote, and of Justice-seat. The Court of Attachment, Woodmote, or Forty Days Court, is to be held before

* This extract being made by a Correspondent, we have to observe, that however the good sense and moderation of one of the candidates (Mr. Bofanquet), the pretensions of the preserving candidate Mr. Montagu Burgoyne, were certainly well founded; and it will be readily admitted, that he has acquired no more, than his fair claims entitle him to.

the Verderors of the Forest, once in every forty days; and is instituted to enquire into all offenders against *vert* and *venison*, who may be attached by their bodies, if taken with the mainour (or *mainæuvre a manu*), that is, in the very act of killing venison, or stealing wood, or preparing so to do, or by fresh and immediate pursuit, after the act is done; else they must be attached by their goods. And in this Forty Days Court, the foresters or keepers are to bring in their attachments or presentments, *de vi-rioli et venatione*; and the Verderors are to receive the same, and to enroll them, and to certify them, under their seals, to the Court of Justice seat of Sweinmote: for this Court can only enquire of, but not convict offenders.

2. " The Court of Regard, or survey of dogs, is to be holden every third year, for the lawing or expeditation of mastiffs, which is done by cutting off the claws and ball (or pilote) of the forefeet, to prevent them from running after deer. No other dogs but mastiffs are to be thus lawed or expeditated; for none other were permitted to be kept within the precincts of the forest; it being supposed that the keeping of these, and these only, was necessary for the defence of a man's house.

3. " The Court of Sweinmote is to be holden before the Verderors, as Judges, by the Steward of the Sweinmote, thrice in every year, the sweins or freeholders within the forest composing the jury. The principal jurisdiction of this Court is, first, to enquire into the oppressions and grievances committed by the officers of the forest, ' *de supereratione forestariorum, et aliorum ministrorum forestæ; et de eorum oppressionibus populo regis illatis*' : and, secondly, to receive and try presentments certified from the Court of Attachments, against offences

offences in vert and venison: and this Court may not only enquire, but convict also, which conviction shall be certified to the Court of Justice seat, under the seals of the jury; for this Court cannot proceed to judgment. But the principal Court is,

4. "The Court of Justice-seat, which is held before the Chief Justice in Eyre, or chief itinerant Judge, *capitalis justitiarius in itinere*, or his deputy, to hear and determine all trespasses within the forest, and all claims of franchises, liberties, and privileges, and all pleas and causes whatsoever therein arising. It may also proceed to try presentments in the inferior courts of the forests, and to give judgment upon the conviction of the Swinemote. And the Chief Justice may therefore, after presentment made, or indictment found, but not before, issue his warrant to the officers of the forest to apprehend the offenders. It may be held every year; and forty days notice ought to be given of its sitting. This Court may fine and imprison, for offences within the forest, in being a Court of Record; and therefore a writ of error lies from hence to the Court of King's Bench, to rectify and redress any mal-administration of justice; or the Chief Justice in Eyre may adjourn any matter of law into the Court of King's Bench.

These Justices in Eyre were constituted by King Henry II. in 1184; and their Courts were formerly very regularly held; but the last Court of Justice-seat of any note, was that holden in the reign of Charles I. before the Earl of Holland; the rigorous proceedings at which are reported by Sir William Jones. After the restoration, another was held, *pro forma* only, before the Earl of Oxford; but since the æra of the Revolution in 1688, the forest laws have fallen into to-

tal disuse, to the great advantage of the subject."

EXTRACTS from the NEW COMEDY
of A CURE FOR THE HEART
ACHE—see account of this Comedy
in our Magazine, page 197, vol. ix.
for January last.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in an Inn.

Enter two WAITERS with luggage, meeting BRONZE.

1st Waiter. COMING, sir!
Y. Rap. (without.)
Zounds, why don't you come?
Why don't all of you come, eh?

Bronze. Waiter, who are these people?

1st Waiter. I don't know, Mr. Bronze.—The young one seems a queer one—he jump'd out of the mail, ran into the kitchen, whipp'd the turnspit into a gallop, and bade him keep moving; and tho' not a minute in the house, he had been in every room, from the garret to the cellar.

2^d Waiter. Father and son, I understand.—The name on the luggage, I see, is Rapid.

Bronze. Rapid! (aside). Perhaps it is my old master the great taylor, and his harum-scarum son—I'll observe.

1st Waiter. Here he comes full dash, and the old man trotting after him like a terrier. [Exeunt.

Enter Old and Young RAPID.

Y. Rap. Come along, dad—push on, my dear dad. Well, here we are—keep moving.

O. Rap. Moving! Zounds, haven't I been moving all night in the mail-coach, to please you?

Y. Rap. Mail! famous thing,

3 D is'nt

isn't it? Je up! whip over coun-
ties in a hop, step, and jump—
dash along.

O. Rap. Od rot such hurry-
scurry doings, I say. Here have
I ground my old bones all night in
the mail, to be eight hours before
my appointment with Sir Hubert
Stanley; and now I must sit biting
my fingers.

Y. Rap. Biting your fingers!
No, no, I'll find you something to
do. Come, we'll keep moving!
(Takes his father by the arm, who re-
sists.)

Enter LANDLORD.

Land. Gentlemen, I beg leave—
Y. Rap. No prosing—to the
point.

O. Rap. For shame—don't in-
terrupt the gentleman.

Y. Rap. Gently, dad—dash a-
way, sir.

Land. A servant of Sir Hubert
Stanley has been enquiring for Mr.
Rapid.

Y. Rap. Push on!

Land. And expects him at the
castle.

Y. Rap. That will do—push off
—brush—run!

[Exit Landlord (running).
That's the thing—keep moving.—
I say, dad!

O. Rap. What do you say,
Neddy?

Y. Rap. Neddy! dam'it, don't
call me Neddy. I hate to be call'd
Neddy.

O. Rap. Well, I won't.

Y. Rap. That's settled—I say—
what's your busines with Sir Hu-
bert? Some secret, eh?

O. Rap. (aside). I won't tell
you. On no—a bill he owes me
for making his clothes and liveries.

Y. Rap. Pugh! he's a ready-
money man. I never made a bill
out for him in my life—It won't do.

O. Rap. Well then, sit down, and
I'll tell you (they sit). Can you sit
still a moment?

Y. Rap. (jumping up). To be
sure I can---now tell me briefly—
briefly. [Sits again.

O. R. (aside). Indeed I will not
—You must know—

Y. Rap. Aye—

O. Rap. You must know.

Y. Rap. Zounds! You've said
that twice—now don't say it again.

O. Rap. Well, I won't.—You
must know—'tis a very long story.

Y. Rap. (rising). Then, I'll
not trouble you.

O. Rap. (aside). I thought so.
And pray what might induce you
to come with me?

Y. Rap. (aside). Won't tell him
of Jeffy.—Oh, as we had given up
trade, left off stitching—you know
my way—I like to push on—
change the scene, that's all—keep
moving.

O. Rap. Moving! (yawns). Oh,
my poor old bones! Waiter, bring
me a night-gown. (Waiter helps
him on with a night-gown—he lays
his coat on a chair).

Y. Rap. What are you at, dad?

O. Rap. Going to take a nap on
that sofa.

Y. Rap. A nap—pugh!

O. Rap. Zounds! I've no com-
fort of my life with you.

Y. Rap. Say no more.

O. Rap. But I will, tho'—hurry,
hurry—od rabbit it, I never get a
dinner that's half-dressed; and a
for a comfortable sleep, I'm sure—

Y. Rap. You sleep so slow.

O. Rap. Sleep slow! I'll sleep
as slow as I please; so at your peril
disturb me. Sleep slow indeed!
(Yawning)

Y. Rap. Now to visit Jeffy.
Waiter!

Waiter. Sar! (with great quick-
ness.)

Y. Rap. That's right—sir—short
—you're a fine fellow.

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Y. Rap. Does Farmer Oatland
live hereabouts?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Y. Rap.

Y. Rap. How far?

Waiter. Three miles.

Y. Rap. Which way?

Waiter. West.

Y. Rap. That will do—get me a buggy.

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Y. Rap. Oh, if my old dad had left off business, as some of your flashy taylors do, I might have kept a curricle, and liv'd like a man. Is the buggy ready?

Waiter. No, sir.

Y. Rap. But to cut the shop with paltry five thousand.—Is the buggy ready?

Waiter. No far.

Y. Rap. Or to have dashed to Jeffy in a curricle.—Is the buggy ready?

Waiter. No, sir. [Exit.]

Y. Rap. To have flank'd along a pair of blood things at sixteen miles an hour. (Puts himself in the act of driving, and sits on the chair where OLD RAPID left his coat—springs from it again.) What the devil's that? Zounds! something has run into my back. I'll bet a hundred 'tis a needle in Father's pocket. Confound it! what does he carry needles now for? (Searches the pocket.) Sure enough, here it is—one end stuck into a letter, and the other into my back, I believe. Curse it! Eh! what's this? (Reads) "To Mr. Rapid—Free—Hubert Stanley." Ha, ha, ha! here's dad's secret—Now for it! (Reads, very quick). "Sir Hubert Stanley will expect to see Mr. Rapid at the Castle, and wou'd be glad to extend the mortgage, which is now 50,000l." What's this? (Reads again)—"Extend the mortgage, which is now 50,000l. to seventy." Fifty thousand! huzza! 'tis so—my old dad worth fifty thousand—perhaps seventy—perhaps—I'll—no—I'll—

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. The buggy's ready, sir.

Y. Rap. Dare to talk to me of a buggy, and I'll—

Waiter. Perhaps you wou'd prefer a chaise and pair?

Y. Rap. No, I'll have a chaise and twelve. Abscond! (Exit Waiter.) I must—I must keep moving.—I must travel for improvement. First I'll see the whole of my native country, its agriculture and manufactures. That, I think, will take me full four days and an half. Next I'll make the tour of Europe; which, to do properly, will, I dare say, employ three weeks or a month. Then, returning as completely vers'd in foreign manners and languages as the best of them, I'll make a push at high life. In the first circles I'll keep moving. Fifty thousand! perhaps more—perhaps—oh!

Waiter (without). You can't come in.

Bronze (without). I tell you I will come in.

Y. Rap. Will come in!—that's right—push on, whoever you are.

Enter BRONZE.

Bronze. I thought so. How do you do, Mr. Rapid? Don't you remember Bronze, your father's foreman, when you were a boy?

Y. Rap. Ah, Bronze! how do you do, Bronze? Any thing to say, Bronze? Keep moving. Do you know, Bronze, by this letter I have discover'd, that my father is worth—how much, think you?

Bronze. Perhaps ten thousand.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Twenty.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Thirty.

Y. Rap. Keep moving.

Bronze. Forty.

Y. R. Fifty—perhaps—sixty—seventy—oh! I'll tell you. He has lent 50,000l. on mortgage, to an old Baronet.

Bronze. Sir Hubert St—

3 D 2

Y. Rap.

Y. Rap. (stopping him). I know his name as well as you do.

Bronze (aside). Here's news for my master! Well, sir, what do you mean to do?

Y. Rap. Do! Push on—become a man of fashion, to be sure.

Bronze. What wou'd you say, if I were to get you introduced to a Nabob?

Y. Rap. A Nabob! Oh! some flash-in-the-pan chap.

Bronze. Oh, no.

Y. Rap. What, one of your real, genuine, neat as imported, Nabobs?

Bronze. Yes; Mr. Vortex.—Did you never here of him?

Y. Rap. To be sure I have. But will you?

Bronze. Yes.

Y. Rap. Ah! but will you do it directly?

Bronze. I will.

Y. Rap. Then push off—Stop—stop—I beg your pardon—it cuts me to the heart to stop any man, because I wish every body to keep moving. But wont dad's being a taylor, make an objection?

Bronze. No; as you never went out with the pattern books.

Y. Rap. (sighing.) Oh yes, I did.

Bronze. That's aukward.—But you never operated?

Y. Rap. (with melancholy). What do you say?

Bronze. I say you never—(describes in action the act of sewing).

Y. Rap. (sighing deeper) Oh! yes, I did.

Bronze. That's unlucky.

Y. Rap. Very melancholy, indeed!

Bronze. I have it. Suppose I say you are merchants.

Y. Rap. My dear fellow, sink the taylor, and I'll give you a hundred.

Bronze. Will you? Thank you.

Y. Rap. Now push off.

Bronze. But don't be out of the way.

Y. Rap. Me! Blefs you, I'm always in the way.

Bronze. Don't move.

Y. Rap. Yes, I must move a little—away you go—(pushes Bronze off) Huzza! now to awake old dad. (Exit, and returns with OLD RAPID.) Come along, dad.

O. Rap. (half asleep). Yes, sir—yes, sir—I'll measure you directly—I'll measure you directly.

Y. Rap. He's asleep.—Awake!

O. Rap. What's the matter, eh? What's the matter?

Y. Rap. What's the matter! I've found fifty thousand in that letter?

O. Rap. Indeed! (opens the letter eagerly.) Ah! Neddy, have you found out—

Y. Rap. I have—that you are worth—how much?

O. Rap. Why, since what's past—

Y. Rap. Never mind, what's past.

O. Rap. I've been a fortunate man. "My old partner us'd to say, "Ah! you are lucky, Rapid. Your needle always sticks in the right place."

Y. Rap. No, not always (shrugging). But how much?

O. Rap. Why, as it must out, there are fifty thousand lent on mortgage.—Item, fifteen thousand in the Consols—Item—

Y. Rap. Never mind the Items.—The total, my dear dad—the total.

O. Rap. What do you think of a plum?

Y. Rap. A plum! Oh, sweet, agreeable, little, short word!

O. Rap. Besides seven hundred and ninety—

Y. Rap. Never mind the odd money—that will do. But how came you so rich, dad? Dam'me, you must have kept moving!

O. Rap. Why, my father, forty years ago, left me five thousand pounds, which, at compound interest, if you multiply—

Y. Rap. No; you have multiplied

plied it famously. It's my business to reduce it (*aside*). Now, my dear dad, in the first place, never call me Nedly.

O. Rap. Why, what must I call you?

Y. Rap. Ned—short—Ned.

O. Rap. Ned! O Ned!

Y. Rap. That will do. And, in the next place, sink the taylor. Whatever you do, sink the taylor.

O. Rap. Sink the taylor! What do you mean?

Y. Rap. I've news for you. We are going to be introduced to Mr. Vortex, the rich Nabob.

O. Rap. You don't say so! Huzzas; it will be the making of us.

Y. Rap. To be sure. Such fashion! such stile!

O. R. Aye, and such a quantity of liveries, and—Oh dear me! (*with great dejection*).

Y. Rap. What's the matter?

O. R. (*frightened*). I forgot I had left off business.

Y. Rap. Business! Confound it! Now, pray keep the taylor under, will you? I'll—I'll send an express to London (*runs to the table*).

O. Rap. An express! for what?

Y. Rap. I don't know....

Enter WAITER.

Waiter. The bill of fare, gentlemen.

Y. Rap. Bring it here (*reads*). "Turbots—Salmon—Soles—Haddock—Beef—Mutton—Veal—Lamb—Pork—Chickens—Ducks—Turkies—Puddings—Pies." ---Dress it all---that's the short way.

Waiter. All!

Y. Rap. Every bit.

O. Rap. No, no, nonsense---The short way indeed! Come here, sir---Let me see---(*reads*). "Um---Um---Ribs of beef."---That's a good thing;---I'll have that.

Y. Rap. What?

Waiter. Ribs of beef, sir.

Y. Rap. Are they the short ribs?

Waiter. Yes, sir.

Y. Rap. That's right.

Waiter. What liquor wou'd your honour like?

Y. Rap. (*jumping up*). Spruce beer.

Waiter. Very well, sir.

Y. Rap. I must have some clothes.

O. Rap. I'm sure that's a very good coat.

Y. Rap. Waiter!---I must have a dashing coat for the Nabob. Is there a rascally taylor any where near you?

Waiter. Yes, sir;---there are two close by (*Father and Son look at each other*).

Y. Rap. Umph! Then tell one of them to send me some clothes.

Waiter. Sir, he must take your measure.

O. Rap. To be sure he must.

Y. Rap. Oh true! I remember the fellows do measure you somehow with long bits of---Well---send for the scoundrel. [Exit Waiter.

O. Rap. Oh, for shame of yourself! I've no patience.

Y. Rap. Like you the better.---Hate patience as much as you do, ha! ha!---Must swagger a little.

O. Rap. Ah! I am too fond of you, I am, Ned. Take my fortune; but only remember this---By the faith of a man I came by it honestly---and all I ask is, that it may go as it came.

Y. Rap. Certainly. But we must keep moving, you know.

O. Rap. Well, I don't care if I do take a bit of a walk with you.

Y. Rap. Bit of a walk! Dam'me, we'll have a gallop together. Come along, dad.---Push on, dad.

[*Exeunt*.]

(*To be continued.*)

The

The WORDS of COMMAND, and a brief Explanation of the NEW SWORD EXERCISE. By Sholto Sorlie, serjeant in the 7th (or Queen's own regiment) of Light Dragoons.

—
TYPE OF THE SIX CUTS.

No. 2.	No. 1.
No. 6.	No. 5.
No. 4.	No. 3.

—

Words of Command for the Sword Exercise.

Draw swords---prepare to perform the Sword Exercise---march.

First Division.

Prepare to guard—guard—assault—left protect—right protect—prepare to guard—to the front give point—prepare to guard—guard—slope sword.

Words of Command for the SWORD EXERCISE.

Second Division.

Prepare to guard—guard—assault—guard—bridle arm protect—sword arm protect—Saint George—to the rear cut—guard—slope sword.

Third Division.

Prepare to guard—guard—assault—guard—horse near side protect—off-side protect—cuts, 1, 2, and 1.—left protect—right protect—prepare to guard—to the front give point—Cut 1.—guard—slope swords.

Fourth Division.

Prepare to guard—guard—on

your right to the front parry—Cut 2 and 1—to the right give point—prepare to guard—to the left give point—Cut 3 and 4—guard—slope swords.

Fifth Division.

Prepare to guard—guard—on your near side Cut 1 and 2—off-side Cut 1 and 2—left give point—prepare to guard—right give point—Cut 5 and 6—guard—slope swords.

Sixth Division.

Prepare to guard—guard—to the right give point—Cut 1 and 2—left parry—left protect—right protect—to the front give point—prepare to guard—slope swords.

The Words of Command when performed by Fugel Men.

Draw swords—prepare to perform the sword exercise—march.

Perform the Sword Exercise in six divisions of movements, by Fugel men—First division—second division—third division—fourth division—fifth division—sixth division—to the front form—march.

Words of Command for the Grounds of the Sword Exercise.

Draw swords—prepare to guard—guard—assault—guard—prepare to guard—left protect—right protect—prepare to guard—guard—horse near side protect—off-side protect—prepare to guard—guard—bridle arm protect—sword arm protect—Saint George—to the rear cut—against infantry, to the right give point—right to the rear parry—Cut 3.—left give point—left to the rear parry—Cut 4.—against cavalry, to the front give point—Cut 5 and 6—guard—slope swords.

Drill Motions explained.

The first thing that is to be taught a beginner or a recruit, are the drill motions. They will form a rank entire; should there be more than twelve, they must be doubled, as they will take up too much ground for one person to have his eye on them all, to see that they are right. Having your drill fell in at their proper interval from each other, you will draw the word, Draw Swords, which is to be done at three motions, viz. 1st. Bring the right hand smart across the body, putting the hand into the sword knot, and giving it two or three turns in order to fasten it on the wrist, seize hold of the hilt of the sword, and draw it about six inches out of the scabbard. 2d. Extend the right arm well up over the head, bring the sword in an upright direction with the point upwards, and the right hand with the hilt of the sword just below the chin. 3d. Bring the sword smart down, edge of the sword to the front elbow and wrist in a line, with the back of the sword in a line with the right eye. This last position is called carry swords.—Prepare to guard. At this word of command, the sword and bridle hand are to be brought smart up together, the bridle hand just above the navel, and the sword hand over the bridle hand, the flat side of the sword to the front, and carried upright, with the blade touching against the peak of the mens helmets.—Guard. At this word of command, the bridle hand remains fast, the sword is darted strait out to the front, in such direction, that the man can just see through the clips or ears of the sword: the point of the sword laying strait across to the left, and the back of the sword turned a little up to receive a blow.

The next thing to be taught are

the six cuts, or the assault, which are all to be taught by motions, that is, cut one in four motions, cut two in four motions, cut three in three, cut four in three, cut five in three, and cut six in three motions. When perfect in cut one by the drill motions, teach them to do it in one motion. When perfect in cut two by the drill motions, they must be taught to join cut one and two together, and so on until they can join the six cuts. You will now explain to them the use of the six cuts as follows: cut one is to cut a man from his left ear to his right shoulder; cut two, from the right ear to his left shoulder; cut three and cut four, are in case a man raises his arm in cutting one or two, (that is to say is off his guard) to cut him under the wrist; and cut five and six are to cut across, cut five to the left, and cut six to the right. You will next explain to them that there are five guards to the front, three for the protection of the man, and two for the horse; the use of the first guard to the front, which is that called' guard, saves cut one and two, and by lowering the hand a little, saves cut three and four; the second guard, which is left protect, saves cut five, and giving point to the left; the third guard, which is right protect, saves cut six, and giving point to the right; the fourth guard, which is horse near side protect, saves cut one at your horse's head; and the fifth guard, which is off-side protect, saves cut two at your horse's head.

You will next explain to them, that there are three guards to the rear; the first, which is bridle arm protect, saves the whole of the left side from a cut in the rear. This guard is first to be taught in two motions, and when perfect in it, by two motions, learn them to do it in one. The second guard to the rear, which is sword arm protect, saves

saves the whole of the right side from a cut in the rear. The third, which is called Saint George, saves the head; from the Saint George, you will teach them to cut to the rear in two motions; when perfect in cutting it by two motions, learn them to do it in one.

You will next teach them to give point against infantry, by the word two, and parrying to the rear, next giving point to the front against cavalry.---Slope Swords. This position is come to, by letting the back of the sword lay upon the right shoulder, the right elbow close to the body, and the sword-hand in a line with the elbow. When you have got your men perfect in the grounds of it, so as they can go through it by fugle men, you will proceed to teach them the six divisions of movements by word of command, as before shewn.

The Method of preparing to perform the Six Divisions of Movements on Foot.

The fugle men will place themselves about fifty yards in front of the drill; one on the right flank, and the other on the left, and to take care that they out-flank the drill well, otherwise the files in the rear will not be able to see them.

Should it only be a large drill, it will be fell in rank entire, the swords hanging down by the slings, the men having hold of the scabbard between the fore-finger and thumb of the left hand, and the right hand down by the thigh, until the word of command is given, *from the right ease your files*; at which word of command, the right-hand man standing fast, the whole of the other men will bend their right arms at the elbow, resting their hands on their hips, and taking so much distance from their right-hand men, as

barely to touch their left arms with their right elbows. When got their proper distance, and steady, you will give the word, *right hands as they were*. They will now be ordered to tell themselves off, which is done as follows: the right-hand man will turn his head to the left, and say with a distinct voice, *right*. The next to him turning his head the same way, will say, *centre*, and the next *left*, the next *right*, the next *centre*, and the next *left*, and so on, until they are told off. Having your drill told off, you will give the word, *draw swords*, which is to be done as was explained in the drill motions; swords being drawn, you will give the word, *prepare to perform the sword exercise*; at which word of command, the first centre, and left file on the right, will fall back for pivotts covering the right file; the centre file taking three, and the left file six firm paces before they cover; the others all stand fast until you give the word *march*, at which word the whole of the centre and left files will fall back and cover their right files; the whole to dress by their right, and to have their heels two inches apart. You will now give the word, *to your right prove distance of files*; at which word of command, the whole extend their right arms, with the points of their swords towards their right-hand men, and the backs of the swords to the front; having proved their distance to the right, give the word, *slope swords*. You will now prove distance to the front, give the word, *to your front prove distance of files*. The whole of the front files stand fast, the centre and rear files extend their sword arm strait to the front; having proved distance, give the word, *slope swords*, which being done, you may proceed to perform the six divisions of movements, either by fugle men, or word of command, as before shewn.

(To be continued.)

FEAST

THE FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE LITERARY HUSBAND.

FREDERICK Morel was translating Libanius, when some one came and told him, that his wife, who had been languishing some time, was very ill, and wished to speak with him. "I have only," said he, "two periods to translate, and I will then come to see her." A second messenger informed him, that she was on the point of death. "I have not more than two words to finish," said Morel, "return to her; I shall be there as soon as you." A moment after another message brought an account of her death. "I am very sorry," said he, "she was a very good woman." He continued his translation.

A dramatic author, on presenting a Comedy to one of the Theatres, assured the Manager, that it was a production by no means to be laughed at.

BON MOT.

A gentleman who very frequently went to take an airing on horseback was observed always to come home drunk, although he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time; whereupon a friend of his archly observed, "that though he had an habit of getting drunk, it was only his riding habit.

Dr. Franklin, when last in England, used pleasantly to repeat an observation of his negro servant, when the Doctor was making the

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tour of Derbyshire, Lancashire, &c.—"Every thing, Massa, work in this country, water work, wind work, fire work, smoke work, dog work, [he had before noticed the last at Bath,] man work, bullock work; horse work, ass work: every thing work here but the hog! he eat, he drink, he sleep, he do nothing all day; the hog be the only gentleman in England."

A few days since, a person, rather meanly dressed, applied to one of our money-lenders, to advance him a small sum on his note. Being asked his profession, he replied a *Country Banker*; which, on a further investigation, proved to be a fact; for he was a *day-labouring* man, employed in *hedgeing* and *ditching*.

LANCASHIRE DEFINITION OF THE PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

A farmer's wife in a village was asking her husband what was the meaning of the *debates* about which so much was said. "Why," says he, "I suppose it means this: th' men i' th' Parliament up at Lunnon makes sham quarrels, and then grins at us folks i' th' country for believ in um to be in arrest."

Two friends meeting accidentally, a few days ago, in Deansgate, one of them asked the other, where Mr. Such-a-one lived?—as he had a bill upon him; adding at the same time, "do you think it *good*?" "Good!" (exclaimed the other) "Aye, as *good* as the *Bank of England!*"—"God forbid!" cries the creditor, "For if it is not *better* than that, I shall be badly off."

3 E A trades-

A tradesman, in the town of Birmingham, complains heavily of his wife and partner, and not without reason; he forewarns all persons from trusting his wife, Ann Martin, "as she is more conformable to Richard Southall, than to him." This is surely carrying partnership beyond the usual bounds.

A WESTMINSTER-HALL ANECDOTE.

An evidence in Court speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the Lawyer employed on the other side, exclaimed in an angry manner, "Fellow, why dost thou *bark* so furiously?" "Because," replied the rustic, "I thinks I sees a *thief*."

ANECDOTE.

A Curate who had the honour to preach before the Bishop of D. acquitted himself with great ease and self-possession. The prelate, in conversing with him, enquired by what means he had acquired so much assurance, before so large an audience. "I consider them as so many cabbages," replied the preacher. "But what do you think of me?" rejoined my Lord. "As a cauliflower amongst cabbages." He was not afterwards preferred.

MODERN REFINEMENT.

A Lady not many days ago took her daughter to a Boarding-school in the country, for the purpose of education, when, after the first salutations were over, the Matron fixed her eyes on some worked-picture subjects in the parlour, and pointing to one more attractive than the rest, asked, "What is

that?" "That," replied the Lady of the School, "is Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter." "Well, I vow," rejoined the Lady, "it is vastly beautiful.—Betsey, my dear, you shall work *Charlotte at the Tomb of Werter*."

MAY NO MISCARRIAGE PREVENT
MY MARRIAGE.

Matthew Dowson, in Bothell, Cumberland, intends to be married at Holm Church, on the Thursday before Whitsuntide next, whenever that may happen,—and to return to Bothell, to dine.

Mr. Reed gives a turkey to be *roasted*;—Edward Clementson gives a fat lamb, to be *roasted*;—William Elliot gives a hen, to be *roasted*;—Joseph Gibson gives a pig, to be *roasted*;—William Hodgson gives a fat calf, to be *roasted*.

And, in order that all this *roast-meat* may be well *basted*,—do you see,

Mary Pearson,---Betty Hodgson,---Mary Bushby,---Mally Fifier,---Sarah Briscoe,---and Betty Porthouse,---give, each of them,---a pound of butter:---The Advertiser will provide every thing else suitable for so festive an occasion.

And he hereby gives Notice, To all Young Women, desirous of changing their condition, that he is at present *disengaged*;—and he advises them to consider, that although there may be *luck in leisure*, yet, in this *cafe*, *delays are dangerous*; for with him, he is determined it shall be---*first come, first served*.

So come along, lasses, who wish'd to be marry'd; Matt. Dowson is vex'd that so long he has tarry'd.

From the Cumberland Packet,
April 18, 1797.

A Monk,

A Monk, who had introduced himself to the bed-side of a dying nobleman, who was at that time in a state of insensibility, continued crying out, my lord, will you make the grant of such and such a thing to our monastery? The sick man, unable to speak, nodded his head. The Monk turned round to his son, who was in the room, "You see, Sir, that my Lord, your father, gives his consent to my request." The son immediately exclaimed, "Father, is it your will that I should kick this Monk down stairs?" The usual nod was given; and the youth instantly rewarded the affiduities of the Monk, by sending him with great precipitation out of the house.

tion to persons on such slight security.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FROM Beverly we are informed. That on Thursday, April 16, the annual plate at Kiplincoates for hunters, carrying ten stone and the saddle each, was won by Colonel Maxwell's grey horse, chuckle-head, beating Mr. Hardie's roan mare, by Sir Peter Teazle; 5 and 6 to 4 on the mare. Chuckle-head won each. Kiplincoates is the oldest racer, and reckoned the severest four mile course in England.

A Gentleman who had long been attached to Cardinal Mazarine, and was much esteemed by that Minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favour, one day told Mazarine of his many promises and his dilatory performance. The Cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his situation as Minister, and which it would be politic to satisfy previously to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. Mazarine's friend replied, "My Lord, all the favour I expect at your hands, is this: that whenever we meet in public, you will do me the honour to tap me on the shoulder in the most unreserved manner." In two or three years the friend of the Cardinal became a wealthy man, on the credit of the Minister's attention to him; and Mazarine used to laugh, together with his confidant, at the folly of the world, in granting their protec-

One day this month the following melancholy accident occurred: ---A multitude of people from Lockerby and the neighbouring parishes had assembled near Dryfebridge, Scotland, to shoot at a mark for an eight-day clock and other prizes. A musket loaded with ball went off amidst the crowd, and killed Wm. Graham, blacksmith, of Derwoodie, on the spot. The ball entered the hind part of his head, and blew the skull and brains in the air. It is not known in whose hands the fatal gun was. The deceased was a young man of great industry for the assistance of his father and numerous family.

TROTTING MATCH.

Tuesday morning, April 11, the trotting match against time, for a bet of one hundred guineas, between Charles Herbert and R. Wilson, Esqrs. was decided in favour of the former. The bet was, that Mr. Herbert's horse, Othello,

would not trot 17 miles in an hour on the Highgate road, to set out from St. Giles's church; but he won it, exactly by one minute and twenty seconds. The hour Mr. H. chose was six in the morning.

One day last month a boxing match for one hundred guineas, took place at Caverswall Park, between a man generally known by the name of the Little Dusty Miller, of Dilhorne, and a person of Lane-end, Chester; when, after a contest of near an hour, the wager was withdrawn, the combatants not being able to see each other, in consequence of the bruises they received.

AN ODD WAGER.

On a Sunday evening this month, a Danish sailor hung himself for a wager, in a fit of intoxication, at the Crown and Garter, in Marmaduke-alley, Wapping; his suspension continued but three minutes, when one of his companions cut him down, when all possible endeavours were made for his recovery, but in vain.

When Captain O'Byrne was summoned before the magistrate, for playing at pharo, he endeavoured to palliate the offence by shewing that some of the highest characters of the country, were either players or lookers on, during the time that he was amusing himself. Had Mr. O'Byrne been a scholar, he might have stated, that the Tesserarian art (which may be interpreted the game of dice and tables) was a favourite amusement of the best and gravest Romans, and that, amongst other of his qua-

lities, Mutius Scævola, the lawyer, had the reputation of a very skilful player.

Scarcely a week passes, but we hear of some fatal accident, occasioned by persons wantonly pointing fire arms, supposed to be unloaded, at each other. A party of the Queen's own Dragoons, quartered in Birmingham barracks, who had been on Friday April 14, upon an unsuccessful pursuit of a deserter, on their return fired, as usual, their pistols in the air, before they entered the guard room, where they laid them upon the table. A corporal taking one of them up, which it appears had only flashed in the pan, snapped it at one or two of his comrades, without its making any report; at length, turning to another of them, he jocosely said, "Now I will shoot you;" and unhappily his words proved too true; the piece went off, and a ball passing through the unfortunate soldier's head, he instantly fell and expired.

Lately was caught in a fish-pond at Totteridge, Hertfordshire, a pike of extraordinary size, weighing near 40lb. and measuring three feet and an half in length, and two feet in circumference. In his belly was found a tench of 4lb. and 4lb. and an half of fat. The colour of this fish was entirely different from those usually caught, it being of a beautiful black and scarlet.

On Saturday April 15, Lady E. Luttrell paid her fine of 50l. for playing at Faro, very wisely considering, that an appeal to the Sessions would only tend to expose her.

An

An extraordinary accident happened on the road near Bournebridge, Cambridgeshire, early on Tuesday morning the 7th instant. The mail-coach, coming from London, met a broad-wheel waggon belonging to Mr. Archer, of Barton-mills, loaded with upwards of four tons of hay, when the lamp of the coach striking against the hay, broke the glass, and instantly set the hay on fire, and the wind being brisk, the whole load of hay and the waggon were consumed, and it was with difficulty the shaft horses were saved.

HORSES.

The preference of horses in farming is injudicious and prodigal. The ox becomes more valuable in his growth, as he labours; the horse worse. The ox is contented with a feed of little hay and more straw. The farming horse must have oats in addition to his hay. His average consumption is, in winter, a ton of hay; another ton in spring and summer, and a very considerable quantity of straw; besides a bushel of oats per week for six months, and two bushels per week for the other six. It is computed that it requires ten acres of land to feed a post-horse. England employs about a million of horses in farming, and finds subsistence for a million of others. Now the land set apart for these two millions of horses, upon the most moderate computation, cannot be estimated at less than 12,500,000 acres, i. e. one-third part of all England occupied by the subsistence of our horses.

Letters from Dublin, received about the middle of the month, state, that, in consequence of an

unhappy dispute between the Earl of Meath, and Mr. Gore, of the County of Wicklow, the parties, accompanied by their seconds, met on the hill of Cookstown, near Inneskerry. Having placed themselves within twelve yards of each other, Mr. Gore fired the first shot, and the ball entered his antagonist's thigh, which put an end to the affair, the Earl being unable to stand. The ball, we are informed, could not be extracted; but hopes were entertained that the wound would not prove fatal. His Lordship was brought to Powerscourt-house, adjacent to the ground.

The above affair of honour between the Earl of Meath, and Mr. Gore, arose from the latter gentleman obtaining permission from the Castle to raise a corps of cavalry in the county of Meath, and enrolling many of his Lordship's tenants to serve therein. Lord Meath afterwards received letters of service to raise a regiment also, and immediately waited upon Mr. Gore, informing him thereof, and requesting, in consequence, that he would transfer his Lordship's tenants to serve under his own standard; this being refused on the part of Mr. Gore, some warm language passed, on both sides, and the unfortunate meeting was the consequence.

Accounts subsequent to the above, give hopes that the Earl will recover.

RINGING.

On Monday the 27th of March, a true peal of ten thousand and eighty changes of treble bob eight-in (which continued seven hours and one minute) was completely rung at the Trinity Church, in Sheffield, by a select band of the Change Ringers in that town. The company had attempted the peal in the

the morning, and rang 3584 changes when a mistake occurred. However at ten minutes before ten o'clock in the forenoon, each performer resumed his station, and commenced the peal again, and finished at nine minutes before five o'clock in the afternoon, without any further mistake, and in a masterly manner, to the satisfaction of a great number of hearers; so that the whole number of changes rang that day, amounted to 13,664. The above 10,080, is the utmost extent of practical changes, that can possibly be obtained in the treble bob system (on eight bells), without having changes over again.

DEATHS FROM CANINE MADNESS.

An unfortunate man, bitten by a mad dog at Handsworth, in January last, died in great agonies in Birmingham hospital, on Tuesday morning, April 11, of the hydrophobia. His disorder did not appear till within a few days of his decease; but he had neglected when the bite was received, to have the flesh about it cut away—a precaution which, in such cases should never be omitted.

About the middle of the present month died at Thetford, Thomas Court, farrier in the Warwickshire light dragoons, through canine madness, from a bite of a dog at Royton, in Hertfordshire, some time since; a man universally esteemed by the officers of the regiment.

As Mr. Gobbit, with another person of Rochester, were walking on Saturday the 15th instant, in a field near Beston, a hawk, of the buzzard kind, suddenly alighted

near a hedge a small distance from them, when it immediately ascended again with something in its talons, which they could perceive was alive, and appeared like a large rat; in a moment the bird gave a hideous scream, and continued in the air for the space of a minute or two, apparently in extreme agitation, and then fell to the earth. Upon their running to the spot, they found a weasel, nearly expiring, had fastened on the throat of the bird, who was likewise in the agonies of death. After disengaging them, in a few minutes they were dead.

A PATRON OF RATS.

An elderly gentleman, an inhabitant of a newly-erected house on the Hackney Road, indulges in a singular partiality for rats, to the great annoyance of his neighbours. In his younger days he bestowed his heart on an object not animated by reciprocal affection; disappointment so far operated on his mind as to produce an occasional derangement: conscious of this infirmity, he shuns all conversation with the world; his provision, &c. are delivered to him through a window, and he never leaves his house till the generality of his neighbours have retired to rest. He is passionately fond of rats, with which his house swarms; he feeds them regularly, teaches them tricks, and has frequently been seen dancing in the midst of them; he is possessed of property to the amount of some hundreds per annum, a large portion of which he applies to charitable purposes.

A match for one hundred guineas was lately run in the Duke of Rutland's park; at Croxton, between

tween a horse of Sir H. Fetherstone, rode by Lord C. Somerset, and a filly of Mr. Heathcote, rode by Lord Villers; the former won with ease.

**The ORIGIN of COCK-THROWING
or SHROVE-TUESDAY.**

THE origin of throwing at Cocks on this day, has been variously related. The following account by Cranenstein, an old German author, appears the most credible:

When the Danes were the Lords of England, the natives of a certain city, grown weary of their slavery, combined to rise and murder their masters in the night. Twelve of them were to enter the town-house by stratagem, and seizing the arms, surprize the guards who kept it; upon which, at a signal given, the rest were to fall out and murder all opposers. But whilst they were executing their scheme, the extraordinary crowing and fluttering of the cocks, at the place they were entering, alarmed their enemies, and discovered the design, which so enraged the Danes, that they treated them much worse than before. Gaining their freedom soon after, to revenge themselves on the cocks, they instituted the custom of knocking them on the head on Shrove-Tuesday, the day on which the affair happened. This sport, at first confined to one city, soon spread itself all over the kingdom.

**To the CONDUCTORS of the
SPORTING MAGAZINE.**

SIR,

RUMINATING over a variety of miscellaneous selections, mythology, and obsolete transcripts, &c. the following occurred *inter alia*; and as it appears an extraordinary case in nature, may

prove acceptable to your well-received publication in the sporting world, and afford your readers some speculative observation. Having copied it *aboriginata*, it is at your service—use it or abuse it. Facts are stubborn things, and the authenticity is unquestionable, and indubitably recorded.

I remain, Sir,
Your constant correspondent,
and obedient servant,
WESTMORICE.

It is generally said, that a mare goes no more than *eleven* months; but the following case is an incontrovertible truth, and evinces the error of such prognostic:

"On Thursday March 21, 1768, a mare, the property of Mr. Harding at Stepney, Middlesex, which had been covered by the celebrated stallion Bosphorus, on the 18th day of April, 1767, as appears by the Stud Register, of Stabularian pedigree, kept for that purpose by the owner thereof, brought forth a very fine *stone-horse* foal, having then gone twelve Calendar months and *three* days. The colt in every respect bore a true resemblance of its sire Bosphorus, both in its appropriate strength, symmetry, shape, colour, and marks."

Hence the adage of an hare and a mare a year, proves fallacious: in the former a month is verified from repeated observations.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

**LIST of STALLIONS to Cover this
this Season.**

Bedfordshire. **T**HE three follow-

ing at Woburn: Mufti, Dragon, and an uncommon handsomely, Chestnut Arabian, brought from Bengal by Captain Grey, of the Rose Indiaman, at 10s. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom each.

Cheshire.

Cheshire.---The four following at Figdale:

John Bull, at 15gs. a mare, and 1g. the groom.

Alexander, at 10gs. a mare, and 1g. the groom..

Meteor, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Asparagus, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Moston Hall, two miles and an half from Chester,

Soldier, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Nobleman, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Derbyshire.---The two following at Swarkstone:

Herod, at 3gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Brilliant, a Black Roan, at 1g. a mare, and 1s. the groom.

Essex.---At Easton Lodge, near Dunmow,

Hollyhock, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

The two following at Plaistow:

Pegasus, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Aurelius, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Gloucestershire.---At Barrows Brook, near Cirencester,

Fortunio, at 6gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Farmington, near North Leach, Satellite, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Sherborne, near North Leach,

Spectre, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Hampshire.---The three following at Cannon Park, near Overton and Kingscleare.

Don Quixote, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Pilot, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Sultan, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Hertfordshire.---The three first at Bennington, near Stevenage:

Javelin, at 20gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Escape, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Toby, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Balance, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Huntingdonshire.---At Messrs. Wilson and Waife's, Little Barford, near St. Neot's,

Vermin, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Kent.---At Cobham Hall, near Gravesend,

Balloon, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Lancashire.---At Knowsley, near Prescot,

Sir Peter Teazle, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Kidney, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

Leicestershire.---At Mr. Baker's, Belgrave, near Leicester,

Philippo's Arabian, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Middlesex.---The four following (the property of a gentleman) at Cannons, between Stanmore and Edgware :

Dungannon, at 12gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Volunteer, at 12gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Anvil, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Vertumnus, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Norfolk.---At Clermont Lodge, near Brandon,

Trumpator, at 12gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Drumator, own brother to Trumpator, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Suffolk.---At Great Barton, near Bury St. Edmund's,

Whiskey, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Diomed, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Sussex.---At Petworth, Wood-

Woodpecker, at 12gs. a mare, and 1g. the groom.

Precipitate, at 12gs. a mare, and 1g. the groom.

Driver, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Grey Trentham, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Shoveller, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

Surrey.---At Battersea,

Chaunter, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Esher, from the first of February, 'till the 10th of July,

Erafimus, at 1l. 7s. each mare.

At Clay Hill, Epsom,

Rockingham, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

Yorkshire.---At Thirsk,

Abrahamides, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Glouton's, Boroughbridge,

Buzzard, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Croft's, Langston near Malton,

Cavendish, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Catterick,

Comet, at 5gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Robert Wood's, Marlow near Stillington,

Coriander, at 7gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Easingwold,

Dart, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Thomas Burton's, Boroughbridge,

Delpini, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At T. Wetherill's, Bedale,

Drone, 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Barnsley,

Evergreen, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Rotherham,

Fortunatus, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

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At Long Newton, near Yarm, Horatio, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Strelton Castle, near Richmond,

Hermes, at 1g. a mare, and 1s. the groom.

At Stockton,

John Trot, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Beverley,

King Pepin, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Stockdale's, Knaresborough,

Lance, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Wentbridge, ten miles north of Doncaster,

Lurcher, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. Frith's, Rippon, Mustapha, at 2gs. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Sefton, near Thirsk, Nonuch, at 1g. a mare, and 1s. the groom.

At Mr. Coates's, near Yarm, Oberon, at 2gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Mr. J. Hutchinson's, Shipton, near York,

Overton, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Grange, near Wakefield,

Phenomenon, at 10gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Strelton Castle, near Richmond,

Pipator, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At Bishop Burton, near Beverley,

Quetlavaca, at 1g. a mare, and 2s. 6d. the groom.

At Mr. Bulmer's, Middleham, Ruler, at 8gs. a mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

At Ainderby Steeple, near Northallerton,

Reflefs, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At the same place,

- Spadille, at 5gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

At the same place,

Serpent, at 3gs. a mare, and 5s. the groom.

- At Mr. Kimber's, New Malton,
Sans Souci, at 1g. a mare, and
2s. 6d. the groom.

At Long Newton,

Ticket, at 3gs. a mare, and 2s.
6d. the groom.

At Cafile Howard,

Traveller, at 3gs. a mare, and
5s. the groom.

At Norton, near Homersly,

Venator, at 2gs. a mare, and
2s. 6d. the groom.

At Aldburgh, near Masham, Bedale, and Ripon,

Young Narfke, 12 mares at 20gs.
each, and 1g. the groom.

THE THEATRE,

DRURY-LANE.

ON Wednesday night, April 19, a New Comedy called *THE WILL*, was performed at this theatre, written by Mr. Reynhold's, author of several successful pieces, brought out at Covent-Garden.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Solomon Cynic,	<i>Mr. King,</i>
Mandeville,	<i>Mr. Wroughton,</i>
George Howard,	<i>Mr. Bannister, jun.</i>
Veritas,	<i>Mr. R. Palmer,</i>
Realize,	<i>Mr. Suet,</i>
Robert,	<i>Mr. Russell,</i>
Copfley,	<i>Mr. Packer,</i>
Albina,	<i>Mrs. Jordan,</i>
Mrs. Rigid,	<i>Mrs. Tidwell,</i>
Deborah,	<i>Mrs. Booth,</i>
Cicely Copfe,	<i>Mrs. Mellon.</i>

The out-lines of the plot are as follow:

Mr. Mandeville, heir to a large fortune, is, in consequence of his being security to a considerable amount for his friend Mr. Howard, which he is unable to discharge, compelled to leave England and fly to India. He leaves his infant daughter *Albina* to the care of her

Governess, Mrs. *Rigid*, and occasionally remits money for their support. Mrs. *Rigid* conceals the letters, appropriates the remittances to her own use; and succeeds in persuading her pupil and *Old Mandeville*, the grandfather of *Albina*, that *Mandeville* has completely deserted his daughter, and that she is alone indebted to Mrs. *Rigid* for assistance. Shocked at the unnatural barbarity of his son, *Old Mandeville* makes his will solely in favour of *Albina*. After an interval of fourteen years, *Mandeville* returns, finds his father dead, and his daughter *Albina* in possession of his father's fortune, and strongly prejudiced against him by his apparent neglect of her, and by the wiles of her Governess, who had consented to a match between her pupil and *Veritas*, young Howard's tutor, on condition that she should, on its taking place, be put in possession of half the property. *Mandeville*, in the mean time, debarred the sight of his daughter, and threatened with an arrest, on account of the security which he had entered into for Old Howard, finds no assistance whatever in his poverty and distress, but from the benevolent interference of George Howard, who by intoxicating *Veritas*, gets acquainted with the infamous scheme of Mrs. *Rigid*, and prevails on him to disclose it to Sir Solomon Cynic, his uncle, who had been equally incensed against *Mandeville* for his seeming neglect of *Albina*, who was then actually prosecuting him for the security which had been passed to Sir Solomon in favour of Old Howard. *Albina* at length acquainted with the horrid design of her Governess, by a letter from *Veritas* to Sir Solomon, rescues herself with a becoming spirit from the fetters in which she had been hitherto confined by Mrs. *Rigid*, and animated with the generous sentiments of filial duty and affection, tears her grandfather's will,

will, restores the family fortune to her father, and is, with the consent of Mandeville, married to Young Howard.

Such is a faint sketch of the plot of the Comedy, and the author has in a very judicious manner, during the progress of it, combined both sentiment and humour, and embellished it with incidents, which though not altogether naturally arising from their legitimate source, are however sufficiently interesting to keep the mind fixed in pursuit of the *denouement*.

With respect to novelty of character, *THE WILL* has little claim to public attention. The only part which seems "itself alone," is *Veritas* the tutor,

" Whose inmost thoughts by Bacchus are reveal'd."

The old adage, "*In vino veritas*," has no doubt furnished the author with the idea, and though he has not made a very masterly, it must be allowed, that he has made a very benevolent use of it.

In drawing the character of *Albina*, and what is more, in drawing it for such an actress as Mrs. Jordan, Mr. Reynolds has been peculiarly successful. He certainly had taken the full measure of her unrivalled talents in his "mind's eye," and he has not been disappointed in his views. To Mrs. Jordan he is indebted for the great success which has attended his production, and the display of her uncommon abilities so variously contrasted, and so chastely executed as they were on the first representation of this comedy, would ensure general applause to a piece of inferior merit. Not that he meant to say that this new effort of his Muse is void of many sterling claims to approbation. He has, particularly in the conduct and language of the three last acts, evinced considerable judgment, feeling, and dramatic taste.

In the two first we were, however, concerned to observe several passages which were marked more with ribaldry than with wit, and with more coarse vulgarity than comic delicacy would warrant. The manner in which they were received, and above all the *double entendre*, which was too gross to be mistaken, will, we trust, induce the author to omit them in the next representation.

The Prologue, was a species of comic supplication in favour of the author.

The Epilogue, which, after the manner of Shakespeare's seven ages of man, gives a ludicrous description of the seven ages of woman, contains many temporary hits, which were admirably enforced by the spirited versatility of Mrs. Jordan. It might, however, equally serve as a *codicil* to any other dramatic *will*, as to that which was proved in the *Commons* of Drury.

To enable our Readers to form a complete judgment of the Comedy, under consideration, we shall here add Mr. Woodfall's critique on *THE WILL*, as published in the *Gazetteer* on the Friday after the first representation.

The Comedy called *THE WILL*, performed at Drury-lane Theatre, for the first time on Wednesday, did its author, Mr. Reynolds, great credit. It is more like a representation of real life, than the *Dramatist. Notoriety*, and a variety of other pieces, which afford great entertainment in the theatre, excite much laughter; but it must be confessed, rather by the whim and extravagance of the principal characters and incidents, than by the correctness of the one, or the probability of the other. The extreme vivacity and pleasantness of Mr. Lewis, of Covent Garden Theatre, when employed by an author to embody ridiculous and eccentric fashions and follies, is obviously the circumstance

that has betrayed Mr. Reynolds into the habit of viewing nature through a magnifying glass, and exhibiting caricature. It is matter of import to him therefore, and of satisfaction to the lovers of the drama, to see him curb his propensity, and prove that the habit, which constant success might reasonably have been supposed to have established past the power of correction, is merely an assumed habit, and subservient to his volition. The comedy now performing with so much applause, has many strong claims to commendation. The incidents are lively, forcible, and interesting; the characters, though not original, well contrasted, and well supported; and the spirit of the scene, maintained with powerful effect throughout.

The play is not, however, *a monstrosity of perfection*, though its beauties far exceed its blemishes. In the first act the author somewhat prematurely opens the whole plot of the piece, and the dialogue is occasionally coarse, and below the dignity of comedy, which ought always to be attended to. The circumstance of Howard's describing Albina as a *Becky*, is an injudicious adoption of a vulgarism, which the stage should not recognize, except in scenes of low humour and broad farce; and the idea and management of the pretext played off on Realize, in order to obtain money from him to defray the travelling expences of Howard and Manderville, belongs to the latter description of dramatic exhibition altogether. The drunken openness and morality of *Feritas*, the tutor, is perfectly in nature, and was introduced with success by Foote in his *Lame Lover*, in which Sir Luke Limp, in a scene of mutual ebriety, informs his friend Serjeant Bramble, that he has had an intrigue with his wife. The discovery of the Philosopher Square in Molly

Seagren's garret, in *Fielding's Tom Jones*, obviously suggested the incident of discovering Sir Solomon Cynick, by letting the old curtain drop that concealed him in Cicely Copse's apartment in her father's cottage, when visiting there for amorous purposes. The manners of the old Cynic favour occasionally of the dry humour of Sir Peter Teazle. Howard's character, were not the harshness of his treatment of his mistress Albina, (whom he very ungallantly fuffers to be on her knees to him, without offering to raise her from so humiliating a posture) in a great measure atoned for by the goodness of his motive for being angry with her, and the liberality of his mind, would challenge reprehension. These few observations of nature that may be thought tending towards the severe, are not offered with any ill-natured view of prejudicing the author, or detracting from his real and acknowledged powers, as a Comic Dramatist, but because the writer of this article knows Mr. Reynolds could almost as easily produce a play, that might defy objection, as one in which blots may be hit, if he would give himself the pains to do so, and ride his Pegasus with more caution and less haste than good speed. She is a free tit, but the slut though not a jade, is somewhat wanton, and occasionally kicks up behind: in *Fortune's Fool* she set off at so large a rate, that she flagged confoundedly towards the end of the course, and had like to have come in tanging her tail, had not the rider spurred her in time to save the distance post. The *Will*, in all probability, will prove an act of great *good-will* towards Drury-Lane house, and keep those crowded audiences in the habit of visiting it for the rest of the season, which Miss Farrel from the curiosity mingled with regret, at so bright an ornament being about to be lost to the stage, lately taught the way

way there, when they seemed almost to have forgotten that there was such a theatre, or else staid away for the malicious purpose of letting the public know how very immense a house it was, by the large space frequently to be seen empty in it, even when the receipt of the night was equal to the money taken, in the zenith of Garrick's fame, at his own performances.

To return to the Comedy—the Prologue by Mr. Taylor and the Epilogue by Mr. Andrew's, were both good, and well spoken by Mr. R. Palmer and Mrs. Jordan.

The characters were most ably acted; next to Mrs. Jordan, whose display of merit equalled, if not exceeded, all her former exhibitions, King, Bannister, jun. and Wroughton, stood eminently entitled to praise and the Author's thanks; nor ought Suet, R. Palmer, Miss Tidswell, or Miss Mellon to pass unnoticed; they acted admirably, especially Mr. R. Palmer, in the drunken scenes.

The scenery was appropriate and the dresses well chosen. Mrs. Jordan's first was, if anything, a little too fine and voluptuous. The character was rather a laborious task on her exertion, after so recent a return from a laying-in-chamber.

NEW HALL, for the Use of the SOUTH-SAXON LODGE of FREE MASONs.

AS Free-Masonry originated with a mighty hunter, we presume that our Sporting friends will not be displeased with the following account of the erection of a New Hall, for the use of the South-Saxon Lodge of Free-Masons.

Lewes, Sussex, April 24, 1793.

Last Wednesday being the day appointed for laying the foundation stone of the New Hall to be erected in this town for the use of the

SOUTH-SAXON LODGE of Free-Masons, the street, soon after breakfast-time, was thronged with spectators, to witness a scene, the novelty of which, had evidently excited their curiosity beyond the ordinary pitch of expectation. — Between eleven and twelve o'clock, the procession set out from the Star Inn, in the following order:—

Tyler to South-Saxon Lodge, in his uniform, with a drawn sword.

Full Band of Musicians from the Monmouthshire Militia.

Members of the aforesaid Lodge, according to their respective degrees, two and two.

Choristers.

Architect.

Secretary, with his Bag and Constitution Roll.

Treasurer, with his Staff.

The Holy Bible, with the Square and Compasses, carried on a crimson velvet cushion with gold tassels and fringe.

Master of South-Saxon Lodge, supported by two Stewards with white wands.

Two Clergymen in their robes.

The Civil Officers of the Borough, two and two, with their Staves.

The Book of Constitutions, carried by a Master Mason.

MAJOR-GENERAL HULSE, Provincial Grand Master for Sussex, with Colonel Masters, Master of the St. George's E. York Lodge on his right.

Capt. H. Shelley, P. M. and Deputy to the P. G. M. with Capt. Torre, of the E. York Lodge on his left.

Two Stewards, with white wands.

Members of the East-York Militia Lodge, in order as above.

Members of the Royal Clarence Lodge, Brighton, in the same order.

The procession being arrived at the spot, silence was proclaimed and an Anthem performed, after which the stone, bearing a suitable inscription, was laid with the usual ceremonies, by the Provincial Grand Master, who tried it in different positions, with the level and plumb-rule, and fixed the same by giving it three knocks with a setting maul, or mallet. Another Anthem was then sung, after which the procession moved on to Southover Church, where the Rev. J. F. Fearon, M. A. delivered a most excellent and appropriate

posite sermon on the occasion, from Proverbs, chap. ix. v. 1.—*Wisdom hath builded her house, she hath hewn out her seven pillars.*

After Divine Service was over the procession was resumed, and continued to the Star, where the brethren dined together, and concluded the day with that conviviality and harmony, which have ever been the distinguishing characteristics of all good and true Masons. The P. G. Master retired, about eight in the evening, with honors known to none but the fraternity.

The Officers of the different Lodges appeared in the insignia of their respective orders, and the brethren were all uniformly dressed in white gloves and aprons, which added much to the gratification of the gazing, but approving multitude, whose countenances betrayed a mixture of satisfaction and astonishment, which proved not a little flattering to the mystical body.

The number of spectators who assembled in the street, within, and upon houses contiguous to the spot where the ceremony was performed, is estimated at upwards of five thousand.

The business of the day, was, nevertheless, conducted without the smallest accident, nor would the least interruption have taken place, but for the obstinacy of a foolish fellow, who the better to indulge his curiosity attempted to press into the middle of the crowd on horseback, which created a little confusion, and which but for the temperance and forbearance of a prudent populacy would have ensured him the chastisement which his temerity so justly entitled him to.

Early applications were necessary to obtain front seats on the ridges and roofs of houses, which were let out at different prices; and so great was the curiosity of one woman, that she actually ascended a high ladder the better to secure one of them.

The procession, and ceremony, were honoured with the attendance of all the fashion in the town and neighbourhood; and such were the attractions of a Masonic Sermon, that the crowd at the church door could be compared only to that at the door of a London Theatre, when the performance of some distinguished actor has been announced.—The Sermon, at the request of the brethren, is, we understand to be published.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

LETTERS, says the great Bacon, come more home to the bosom, than either annals, or lives. There is certainly nothing that exhibits a more faithful mirror of the breast than the unstudied periods of a familiar epistle. The spontaneous effusions of the heart, which this mode of composition is calculated to convey, never fail to secure an interest, and to enchain attention.

The following Letter, of which the original is in my possession, will be found characterised by that unaffected ease and simplicity which are the distinguishing excellencies of epistolary writing. Every sentence, too, denotes it to come from the pen of the lettered soldier.

*Kishnagherry, Baranhal-Country,
Sunday, April 27, 1793.*

“ On my landing at Madras, my name was inserted in the general military orders, and I received an Ensign's Commission with an appointment for duty to the Fifteenth Battalion of Native Infantry. I first joined them at Amboor, a considerable garrison in the Carnatic; and to effect this, I travelled an hundred and seventy miles on foot, through a strange country, and under a verticle sun, with

with no other company than a few Coolies, who carried my baggage. At Amboor, where I arrived, after having been fifteen days on the road, I found but five companies of my battalion; the other five, with their commanding officer, Captain Reed, and the colours, having been drawn out with the fourth battalion of seapoys, on detachment, to collect supplies for the grand army, which then lay, commanded by Earl Cornwallis, before Bangalore, on a siege of that place. With these five companies I remained but two months at Amboor. The war being ended, the other half of the battalion were directed to throw themselves into Kistnagherry, as the army came down from Serin-gapatam, with orders to garrison it, consequently our five remaining companies left Amboor, and proceeded to Kistnagherry, where we arrived after a five days march. I enjoy marching. We all encamp on the road, and experience much gaiety and variety of scene.

"Kistnagherry was captured from Tippoo during the late war, and is situated on his frontiers. The Hill-fort is considerably higher than Old Saram, and has fortifications on the top, with cannon mounted.

"The climate here is overwhelmingly hot; but I find my constitution wedge in with the sun, and I would rather bask in heat than meet a breeze. I live comfortably enough—keep three little orderly blacks, and have poultry about my quarters. I design to purchase some goats, which are fine animals in India, being bigger than jackasses. I have tea for breakfast, a curry for dinner, and do all I can to resist that syren sloth, whose smiles cannot be too much dreaded. Sherbet is my principal beverage, which a segar, in the evening, gives a zest to. My Marquee possesses every convenience of accommoda-

tion, and I repose in sheets like a gentleman.

"The Seapoys are fine, brave fellows, and admirably disciplined. They are commanded by European Officers, one of whom there is to every company. I, of course, have my own. We are 700 strong, and these men will fight eternally whilst there is an English officer left to head them. Independant of us, they have their own native officers.

"A soldier's life suits me. I love marching and study. I keep a few books. Quintus Curtius, Charles XII. and Plutarch's Lives, are to be found in my itinerant library. I study Persian, and talk the Moorish language with tolerable fluency. Our regiments are composed of scarlet jackets, turned up with blue, and yellow turbans. The seapoys perform much duty, and their officers of course participate. Our government is military throughout. We preserve the most perfect subordination, and set affairs right instantaneously, when our interference is required.

"In my duty I often enjoy a single and exclusive command over my battalion. In the absence of my commanding officer, there is a sentry at my quarters. But so precarious are our supplies here, that whilst a main guard has turned out, with rested arms to me as commandant, I have eaten my rice and curry out of an earthen pan.

"We are only three white faces here. However, the most perfect harmony reigns amongst us, and I find our small society deliciously agreeable. My pay is liberal. I expect soon to be made a lieutenant, when I may possibly get a command in some hill-fort. But it is my ambition to live happily and contentedly, let it be where it will. *Quod tu petit hic est.*

Fix'd to no spot is happiness, sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where.
POPE.

" You go to the Tower to see wild-beasts ! Here are tygers under the very hill on which my quarters are situated. I see them sitting on the rocks, basking themselves in the solar ray. So bold are they, that sometimes our officers dogs fall a prey to them. They often though encounter a gun. The exhibition of one of these animals, when kill'd, is curious and novel. The natives suspend the heart upon a poll, and carry him on their shoulders round the garrison for the inspection of the officers, who commonly make them some small gratuity.

" An European woman is as great a rarity here as a belle is with you. Here are, however, abundance of Gentoos, Malabar, Parea, and Moorish girls to captivate one's affection. But

Me tabula sacer
Volvā paries indicat uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Testimenta Maris Deo.

HOR.

" The country here is in the wild-est state of nature, having but few parts cultivated, and it abounds with jingle or copse wood. All India is intersected with mountains, and where a conspicuous one pre-sents itself, there is generally found a town, which is fortified, and com-mands the place below. Your astronomical knowledge will in-form you that I am twice a year un-der a perpendicular sun. When I landed at Madras, I was affl-icted with a fever that brought me to the threshold of dissolution. However, I am now become iner-ated to the climate, and my constitution with care is tolerable. Wine here is attainable, and even cheap. I love to exhilarate, but not inebriate my-

self with it. The vine, says Ana-charfis, produces three sorts of grapes; the first of pleasure, the sec-ond of drunkenness, the third of repen-tance. It is the first that I confine myself to. But I must think of concluding. The sound of the spirit-stirring drum summons me to roil-call: I must buckle on my sword: " a better never did a Soldier's thigh sustain." Adieu ! Vive, valeque ! "

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTE.

CAPTAIN O'BURN, who was lately brought up to the Police Office, in Marlborough-street for playing at the game of Faro, came to this country about twenty-three years ago. He was on lieutenant's half pay of some foreign regiment. His success in life was owing to the following circumstance :

Being at Vauxhall gardens when the late Lord Lyttleton behaved rather rudely to Mrs. Hartley, then belonging to Covent-garden the-atre, her brother-in-law attacked the noble Lord in a severe pugilistical style, and would certainly have given him a most complete drubbing, had not Mr. O'Burn stepped in and saved him from both the blows and the disgrace.

This the noble Earl considered as a high favour—he asked Mr. O'Burn to sup with him—found out he was a soldier of fortune—took him with him on the Conti-nent—became his pecuniary friend, and on his return introduced him to all the fashionable clubs, where Mr. O'Burn soon acquired, by play, a fortune that set him above all dependence; and this he has since very much increased.

POETRY.

POETRY:

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE,
TO THE NEW COMEDY OF
WIVES AS THEY WERE, AND
MAIDS AS THEY ARE.

BY A FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. WADDY.

I COME not to announce a bashful maid
Who ne'er has try'd the drama's doubtful trade,
Who fees with flutt'ring hope the curtain rise,
And scans with timid glance your critic eyes;
My client is a more experienc'd dame,
Tho' not a Veteran, not unknown to Fame,
Who thinks your favours are an honest boait,
Yet fears to forfeit what she values most;
Who has, she trusts, some character to lose,
E'en tho' the woman did not aid the Muse;
Who courts with modest aim the publick smile,
That stamp of merit, and that meed of toil.
At Athens once (our author has been told)
The Comic Muse, irregularly bold,
With living calumny profan'd her stage,
And forg'd the frailties of the faultie's sage.
Such daring ribaldry you need not fear,
We have no Socrates to libel here.
Ours are the follies of an humbler flight,
Offspring of manners volatile and light;
Our gen'ral satire keeps more knaves in awe,
Our court of conscience comes in aid of law.
Here scourg'd by wit, and pilloried by fun,
Ten thousand coxcombs blush instead of one.
If scenes like these could make the guilty shrink,

Could teach unfeeling Folly how to think,
Check Affectation's volatile career,
And from cold Fashion force the struggling tear,
Our auth or would your loudest praise forego,
Content to feel within "what passes now."

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" But since" (she says) " such hopes can-
not be mine,
" Such bold pretensions I must needs resign,
" Tell these great judges of dramatic laws,
" Their reformation were my best applause;
" Yet if the heart my proud appeal with-
stands,
" I ask the humbler suffrage of their hands."

ADDRESS
TO THE SAME,

Written by MR. TAYLOR.

Spoken by Miss WALLIS.
WELL female critics, what's the sentence,
say—
Can you wth kindnes treat this saucy play,
That gives to ancient dames the wreath of
praise,
And boldly censures those of modern days?

Bring us good husbands first, and, on my
life,

For every one we'll shew as good a wife.
What'er the errors in the nuptial state,
Man sets th' example to his passive mate:
While all the virtues the proud sex can
claim

From female influence caught the gen'rous
flame.

Nay, though our gallant rulers of the main
With force resiftles crush the pride of Spain,
'Tis WOMAN triumphs—that inspiring
charm

With tenfold vigour nerves the hero's arm:
For KING and COUNTRY though they nobly bleed,

The smile of BEAUTY is their dearest meed.
And valiant tars should still be Beauty's care
Since 'tis "the brave alone deserves the
" fair."

H

PRO-

PROLOGUE TO CHRONONHOTON-
THOLOGOS.

*Written and spoken by the MARGRAVINE of
ANSBACH, at Brandenburg's House, on
Friday April 7.*

[Enter in deep mourning.]

TO welcome all our friends assembled here,
All dress'd in black, as Prologue, I appear.
A Femal Prologue! scur'ling critics cry,
What!—dare establish'd customs thus defy!
Yes, mighty Sirs, consistent is this plan,
Thus I appear, because our Queen's a man.
Too long the Comic Muse, in numbers gay,
Has here obtain'd a uninterrupted sway:
Muses, as mortals, out of fashion grow,
One century laughs, the next is turn'd to woe.

In these sad times, when fighting is the rage,
Can this be deem'd a cheerful, joyful age,
When Mars to Venus talk's of nought but fears,
And all the little Loves are drown'd in tears?
Ah me! the din of arms, the bloody plain,
Tell us, alas! the Tragic Muse *must* reign.
To her resolute power I humbly yield,
And call my martial phalanx to the field,
In all the pomp of war—the trick of state—
The woes of Queerummania we relate—
Great Queerummania! where, with savage look,
A monarch condescends to kill—his cook!
Strange Queerummania! where a Virgin Queen
To dance—to pray—to drink—to woo, is seen—

Is seen, in one short day, four men to eye,
With all the head-strong love of Majesty!
Mad Queerummania!—Royal captives there
Walk on their heads, their heels high poiz'd
in air!
What could induce the man to write such stuff,
For all the world, and I, know well enough,
Princes and kings walk just like other men,
And, like their subjects, stumble now and then.

But some there are, I say it to their face,
That always keep their heads in the right place;

And, being seated once on Virtue's throne,
Kept on those hearts their mildness made their own.

Well—Heaven keep, I say, each Royal pate
From mischief such as shook old Chronon's state.

Chronon—the angry Chronon, in one day,
Threw all his conquests and his life away.

But, hark! th' impatient herald sounds
th' alarm,
And bids our Generals and their legions arm.
Fair Ladies, 'tis for you alone they fight,
Your smiles will crown the triumph of this night.

RINGWOOD ALE.

“ *Dies noctesque libite, pergraccamini.*”

PLAUTUS.

Where winding STOUR* and AVON* meet,
Round CERDIC† sculptur'd tomb,
And ev'ry bush with bloom replete,
Spreads wide a rich perfume;
There faithful love and beauty glads,
The Rustics of the vale,
And there the many Christ Church lads
Put round their RINGWOOD ALE.

Blew high the wind, or beat the rain,
Let SOLANT‡ team and roar;
Or let the tempest sweep the plain,
Or spread with wrecks the shore;
HANTONIAN boys will never heed,
But mock the rampant gale,
And chaunt the song; and puff the weed,
The while they've RINGWOOD ALE.

Ale warms the blood, and nerves the arm,
To weld the fatal blade,
And should the country's foes alarm,
Or land with fierce parade,
The lads who teach the cup to flow,
And love the best regale,
Shall fly to arms, and teach the foe
The powers of RINGWOOD ALE.

Nor these alone the Lev'rage quaff,
Gay folks from far and near,
Attend at eve the friendly laugh,
And carve the Royal deer.
And should the Fox & Wardens pry,
But little 'twill avail,
For still they g' t the rich supply
With charming RINGWOOD ALE.

When SPRING leads up her hours of bliss,
I'll fly from LONDON's gloom,
And flow'r-crown'd STOUR and AVON kiss,
By CERDIC's sculptur'd tomb,
And o'er the Forest Fallow Deer,
With Christ Church lads regale,
For sure there's nothing made to cheer,
Like Bonny RINGWOOD ALE.

T. N.

* Here the Stour and Avon meet.

† A fair monument to the memory of Cerdic, King of the West Saxons.

‡ Water that parts the Isle of Wight from the New Forest.

LODG-

LODGINGS FOR SINGLE GENTLEMEN.

FROM MR. COLMAN'S TALES, IN VERSE.

WHO has e'er been in London, that
overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full
in the face:
Some are good, and let dearly; while some,
'tis well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let
alone.

Derry down.

WILL WADDLE, whose temper was studious, and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen
only;
But Will was so fat he appear'd like a ton;
Or like two Single Gentlemen roll'd into
One.

He entered his rooms; and to bed he re-treated,
But, all the night long, he felt fever'd and heated;
And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of
fat sheep,
He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.
Next night 'twas the same;—and the next;
—and the next;
He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous,
and vex'd;
Week pass'd after week; till, by weekly
succession,
His weakly condition was pass'd all expres-sion.

In six months, his acquaintance began much
to doubt him;
For his skin, "like a lady's loose gown,"
hung about him;
He sent for a Doctor; and cried, like a
ninnie,
" I have lost many pounds—make me well
—there's a guinea."

The Doctor look'd wise:—"a slow fever,"
he said:
Prescribed Sudorifics—and going to bed.
" Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will,
" are humbugs;"
" I've enough of them there, without pay-
ing for drugs."

Will kick'd out the Doctor,—but when ill
indeed,
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't always suc-
ceed;
So, calling his host,—he said—"Sir, do
you know,
" I am the fat Single Gentleman, six
months ago?"

" Looke's landlord, I think," argued Will
with a grin,
" That with honest intentions you first
" TOOK ME IN;
" But from the first night—and to say it
" I am bold—
" I have been so damn'd hot, that I am
" sure I caught cold."

Quoth the Landlord—" till now, I ne'er
" had a dispute;
" I've let lodgings ten years;—I am a Ba-
" ker to boot;
" In aining your sheets, Sir, my wife is no
" slow n;
" And your bed is immediately—over my
" Oven."

" The Oven!!! says Will—says the host,
" Why this passion?
" In that excellent bed died three people of
" fashion,
" Why so crusty, good Sir?" " Zounds!"
—cries Will, in a taking,
" Who wouldnt be crusty, with half a
" year's baking?"

Will paid for his rooms; cried the host with
a sneer,
" Well, I see you've been GOING AWAY
" half a year,"
" Friend, we can't well agree—yet no quar-
" rel"—Will said;
" For one may die where another makes
" bread."

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

A MAN, in many a country town, we
know,
Professing openly with death to wrestle;
Ent'ring the field against the grimly foe,
Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet, some affirm, no enemies they are;
But meet just like prize-fighters, in a fair;
Who first shak' hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,
With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So (many a suff'ring Patient faith)
Though the Apothecary fights with death,
Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this *Aesculapian* line,
Lived at Newcastle, upon Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill;
Or make a bpill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or charr'f scald by your bed;
Or give a glister.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff*:
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore Midwifery he chose to pin
to't.

This balanced things:—for if he hurl'd
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame, full six miles, round the country
ran;

In short, in reputation he was *felus*:
All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
(Which oftentimes will Genius fetter)
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthy-
fick?

Of Poetry though Patron God,
Apollo patronizes Physick.

Bolus loved verse;—and took so much de-
light in't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write
in't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions, on his labels,
In dapper couplets,—like *Gay's Fables*;
Or rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the trea-
son?

"Tis simply honest dealing;—not a
crime;—

When Patients swallow physick without rea-
son,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,
Some three miles from the town—it might
be four;

To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article,
In Pharmacy, that's called cathartical.
And, on the label of the stuff,

He wrote this verse;

Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:—

"When taken,"

"To be well shaken."

Next morning, early, Bolus rose,
And to the Patient's house he goes;—
Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had:
It was indeed very sorry hack;—

But that's of course:

For what's expected from a horse,

With an Apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived; and gave a doubtful tap;—
Between a single and a double rap.—

Knocks of this kind
Are given by Gentlemen who teach to
dance;

By Fidlers, and by Opera-singers:
One loud, and then a little one behind;
As if the knocket fell, by chance,
Out of their fingers.

The Servant lets him in, with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful look'd, and
grim,
As if th' Apothecary had physic'd him,
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said,
John shook his head.

"Indeed!—hum! ha!—that's very odd!"
He took the draught?"—John gave a
nod.

"Well,—how—what then?—speak out,
"you dunce!"

"Why then?"—says John—"we *book* him
"once."

"Shook him!—how?"—Bolus stammer'd
out:—

"We jolted him about."

"ounds! shake a Patient, man!—a shake
"won't do."

"No, Sir—and so we gave him two."

"Two shakes! odds curse!"

"Twould make the Patient worse."

"It did so, Sir!—and so a third we tried."

"Well, and what then?"—“then, Sir,

"my master died!"

E P I G R A M S:

WHEN SIDDONS drops a tear, who
does not weep?

"True (said the STADTHOLDER); I drop
—a-sleep!"

APRIL the First stands mark'd by custom's
rules,

A day for being, and for making fools;
But pray what custom or what rule supplies,
A day for making; or for being—wife?

By J. CORBIN, JUN.

If 'tis the law to punish those who play,
And hazard that which they can prove
their own,

With him who rills our money every day,
Say what, ye skilful lawyers, should be
done?

THE

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR
OR THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE,
ENTERPRISE and SPIRIT,

For MAY 1797.

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Embellished with an engraved Portrait of Mr. ROBERT JONES, Practical Farrier, of the Curtain Road, Finsbury Square, and an Etching by Mr. Howit, of Deer Fighting.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Little B. has mistaken our meaning in the notification of last Month; of course the admission of his favour would be greater cause of *concern* than *pleasure* to us, however flattering the language of his Epistle.

W. M. of Liverpool, has unprofitably given himself a good deal of trouble, and put us to a little expence, not we confess from design, but an error in judgment. He wished to see a Print of Lord Grosvenor's Horse Bandy in our Magazine. We answered him, " If you have a drawing of the Horse, send it, and we will get an Engraving executed from it." When forsooth, instead of a *Drawing*, up comes from Liverpool, by the Mail Coach, with Three Shillings carriage on it, a *Mezzotinto Print*, which however indifferent, cannot be copied without rendering ourselves liable to a prosecution, under the Act for protecting the Copy Rights of Prints.—The Print shall be returned to W. M.'s order, with the hope that he will *hit off* better next time.

Sporting Magazine,

For MAY, 1797.

**SPORTING SUBJECTS, with those of
NATURAL HISTORY, &c. in the
EXHIBITION of the ROYAL AKA-
DEMY, 1797.**

4. **T**WO portraits of horses belonging to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, by H. B. Chalon.

7. Portrait of horses, G. Garrard.

34. Portraits of horses, S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

37. Banditti attacking and robbing travellers in a forest in Germany, P. J. de Loutherbourg, R. A.

39. Leopards, J. Northcote, R. A.

40. Portrait of a hunter, J. Meafe.

49. Portraits of horses, S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

56. Horses, C. L. Smith, Esq. H.

60. Young owls, from nature, S. Woodforde.

69. Portrait of a bull-bitch and puppies, G. Garrard.

98. A drayman drinking, B. West, R. A.

114. The royal tiger, C. Catton, R. A.

137. Smuggler's retreat, J. Ring.

145. A gentleman and dogs, J. F. Sartorius.

147. A horseman run down by a lion, R. K. Porter.

172. Portrait of a Staffordshire Cow, T. Ward.

173. Boys pushing a dog into the water, Pernotin.

175. Landscape and cattle, sunset, Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A.

180. Afternoon, with cattle, A. Pether.

183. Portrait of a Staffordshire Bull, T. Ward.

194. Portrait of a gentleman and horse, T. Hand.

209. Portrait of a dog, M. Wharam.

224. A banditti of Galleots with their wounded companion, T. Barker.

225. A stable yard, G. Garrard.

226. Portrait of a man with a hawk, J. Northcote, R. A.

239. A fast trotting mare, J. F. Sartorius,

248. Portrait of a gentleman on a favourite trotting mare, T. Gooch.

250. Going a coursing, J. F. Sartorius.

303. Portrait of a nobleman's groom, Mr. G. Tapping, H.

308. Bull bait, T. Ward.

314. Spaniels pursuing a wounded pheasant, W. Elmer.

316. Rabbits, wild duck, &c. J. Sellett.

318. Portrait of a fat Holderneis heifer, G. Garrard.

324. Portrait of an Italian greyhound, H. B. Chalon.

339. Horses frightened by lightning, C. Geffner.

340. A rabbit ferreter, J. F. Sartorius.

341. A moonlight, with cattle, F. T. Mannskirch.

345. A Peregrin hawk upon a woodcock, P. Reinagle, A.

349. Horses taking fright at a bear, C. Geffner.

395. A mare and foal, C. P. H.
445. A bear hunt, C. Geffner.
515. Child with puppies, J. Russell, R. A.
526. Charles and his cat, J. Russell, R. A.
554. Portrait of horses, J. F. Sartorius.
634. Portrait of a greyhound, R. P. Nodder.
635. Portraits of spaniels, R. P. Nodder.
640. Sirena carried off by the Blatant Beast—Spencer's Fairy Queen, bh. 6, can. 3. J. Mowson.
655. Death of a hare, J. Wingfield.
675. A match over a course, R. P. Nodder.
681. Skull of a lion, H. B. Chalon.
685. Inside of a stable by moonlight, C. Geffner.
687. Inside of a stable by lantern light, C. Geffner.
689. Skull of a white bear, H. B. Chalon.
691. Pigs, C. Morland.
692. Portrait of a fattened French cow, J. F. Sartorius.
706. Portrait of an old English setter, H. B. Chalon.
718. Portrait of a spaniel with her whelps, T. Bennet.
729. Portrait of a hunter, H. B. Chalon.
730. Fish, E. Atkinson.
767. A design for a gamekeeper's cottage, H. Rhodes.
794. The cock of the wood, J. Lefchallas.
796. Dead game, J. Edwards, H.
834. Portraits of dogs, J. F. Sartorius.
838. Snipes, F. Johnsen, H.
855. A bull dog, enamel, H. Bone.
894. A frame with three Cameos, viz. Hymen's Triumph, portrait of a favourite cow, a lion and bull, E. Burch, R. A.
1112. Model of a cow and calf, G. Garrard.
1140. A hunting casine, W. Rose.
1177. Group of lambs, G. Garrard.
1181. Design for a hunting seat, G. Moore.
1184. Model of a stag, from the banks of the Ganges, G. Garrard.

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

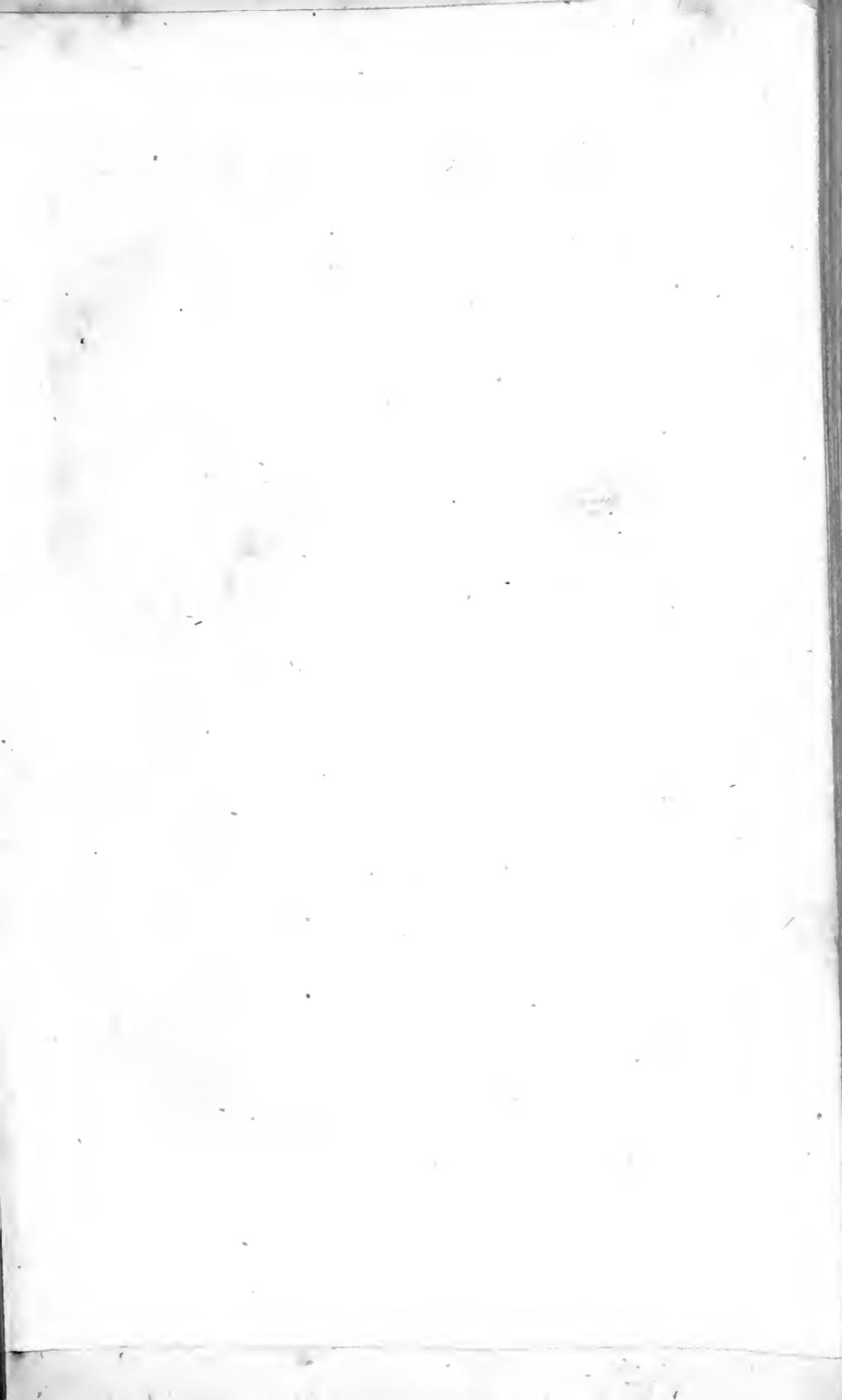
GENTLEMEN, Windsor, May 5.

BY inserting the following accidental chase, part of which I was an eye witness to, you will much oblige your humble servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

A grey-hound belonging to Mr. F. Paine, of Clewer, being with that gentleman a few days ago, a hare crossed the road on Clewer green. The dog immediately pursued her to Clewer Court farm, and going through the yard of Mr. Saunders, made a double, and came back by General Harcourt's lodge, through the forest for Winkfield plain, and crossing the plain for Mr. Batton's copse, there the hare and dog were both found; the hare quite dead run, and the dog so exhausted, as to be obliged to be carried from the spot. The distance from where the dog first started, is at least four miles and an half; and what is remarkable, the same dog has run eleven brace of hares this season singly, and killed every one; that gentleman never allowing but one of his dogs to run at one time. He is allowed to be one of the best sportsmen in this country, himself seldom or ever missing a shot, or his dogs an hare.

Instaunce





DEER WITH FIGMENTUM G.

Boett. et p.

Instance of the FEROCITY of the STAG, with a beautiful ETCHING of DEER FIGHTING.

THE Etching we give this Month represents a battle between two Stags. In the Rutting time of the year, 1781, a gentleman riding over Hainault forest, saw two deer fighting with more than ordinary inveteracy, and after watching them a long time, and perceiving that they several times gored each other in a dreadful manner, and still obstinately maintained the combat without deigning to take the least notice of him, though he made all the noise he could, and rode as near them as he durst, he went to the keeper of the walk, and returning with him and his men to the field of battle, these desperate antagonists (bleeding and faint with rage and toil) were, with the greatest difficulty, parted by dint of whips and staves, after an engagement of at least two hours.

by his plan, he was to have *one shilling* for himself. He was likewise to have a salary of 1500*l.* a year. The salary, however, was somewhat unaccountably increased to 3000*l.* per annum; but not without the jealousy of the Post-masters General working the suspension of Mr. Palmer from his office, and the Lords of the Treasury, with scarce the appearance of justice, changing the original terms of compensation from what it was, to what is stated in the following Letter:

Answer to the Memorial of Mr. John Palmer, signed Dec. 4, 1794.

“ SIR, 25th August, 1795.

“ Having laid before the Lords Commissioners of his Majesty’s Treasury your Memorial, dated the 4th of December last, stating, that, by a Warrant of this Board of the 2d of July, 1789, you was appointed Surveyor and Comptroller General of the Mails throughout Great Britain, with a salary of 1,500*l.* per annum, and 2*l.* 10*s.* per cent. on the Net Post Office Revenue beyond 240,000*l.* a year, which you have duly received to the 5th of April, 1793; and praying that their Lordships would grant a Warrant for the percentage and salary to the 5th of April 1794, deducting the sum of 3,000*l.* received by you subsequent to the 5th of April, 1793, pursuant to an Order of his Majesty’s Privy Council; I am commanded by their Lordships to acquaint you, that they are of opinion, the sum of 3,000*l.* per annum, for your life, is a just and full compensation for the services you have rendered, and do not think themselves justified, on the part of the public, to make any addition to that allowance.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,
CHARLES LONG.”
John Palmer, Esq.

Mr.

Mr. Palmer being dissatisfied (as well he might be) took the separate and joint opinions of Messrs. Mansfield, Erskine, and Gibbs, how to proceed to obtain redress. The joint opinions of those able counsel are as under:

Your opinion is desired,

Whether, under the circumstances mentioned in this Memorial, Mr. Palmer is not entitled to a continuance of his specified compensation from Government, for his past services? and, as no fraud, or negligence in the discharge of the duties of his office can be imputed to Mr. Palmer, if the agreement in question had been made with an individual, would not a Court of Equity have decreed him a specific performance of it? and, as the Lords of the Treasury think they are not justified on the part of the Public, in granting the claim in question, will not an application to Parliament be proper, for the purpose of obtaining the decision of the Public on this subject? or, what other measure should be pursued, in order that Mr. Palmer's claims, and conduct, may be fully investigated?

OPINION.

WE think, that, under the circumstances stated in this Memorial, Mr. Palmer having been guilty of no fraud, or negligence in the discharge of the duties of his office, is entitled to a continuance of that compensation from Government, which was specified in the original agreement. If such an agreement had been made with an individual, a Court of Equity would have decreed a specific performance of it, or an action might have been brought for a breach of it. In the present case, there is no one against whom a bill for that

purpose can be filed, or an action brought. Mr. Palmer, therefore, has no remedy but by an application to Parliament; and as the Lords of the Treasury have rejected the claim, upon the grounds that they think themselves not justified on the part of the Public in granting it, such an application appears to us adviseable, because, if Parliament should think his claim well-founded, the objection raised by the Lords of the Treasury will be removed.

J. MANSFIELD,
T. ERSKINE,
V. GIBBS.

Mr. Palmer having, as we have already observed, applied to Parliament for relief, agreeable to the foregoing opinion, we shall here state the proceedings of the House of Commons, as far as it is gone to the period of writing this article, (May 26.)

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Tuesday, May 16.

Sir G. Langton moved for leave to bring up a petition from Mr. Palmer, Surveyor General of the Post Office, setting forth a variety of grievances, and praying the interference of the House in his behalf.

The Speaker informed the House, that no petition for the payment of public money could be received without a previous recommendation from the Crown.

Mr. Pitt said, from what he had collected respecting the petitioner's case, it certainly was of a nature not to warrant him in giving his Majesty's recommendation; at the same time he wished it to be understood that he had no desire to preclude future investigation.

Mr.

Mr. Sheridan admitted, that the Chancellor had stated his objection with great candour and propriety, but he hoped that an investigation of the petitioner's allegations would take place as soon as possible; and, in order to put the business in train, he should move for the production of the warrant of Mr. Palmer's appointment to the office of Comptroller of the Post Office. This motion was agreed to, and that for the bringing up of the petition withdrawn.

Tuesday, May 23.

Mr. Sheridan referring to Mr. Palmer's warrant of appointment as Comptroller of the Post-Office, which lay on the table of the House, said, that he should be the last man to vote the disposal of the public money, without an equivalent of public service; but, in this case, the services were known, and admitted. He should therefore move, that it be referred to an open Committee, to consider of the agreement entered into with Mr. Palmer, respecting the increase of revenue accruing from his plan to the Post-Office; and that the Committee should report their opinion to the House.

Mr. Pitt observed, that the words of the motion seemed only to refer to the original agreement, and not to any of the circumstances which had since occurred.

Mr. Sheridan wished the whole of the business to be submitted to the Committee.

The motion was then agreed to, and a Committee named, with full powers for the purpose.

The Members named were Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Smith, Lord Hawkesbury, Mr. Pollen, Mr. Jekyl, Mr. Percival, Mr. W. Bootle, and Lord Belgrave. It was understood

at the same time, that all the Members choosing to attend should have voices.

We shall conclude this article by observing, that Mr. Palmer, during the whole period of his being engaged in the arduous task he had undertaken, had to contend with ignorant Lordly Postmasters General; the Secretary Todd, and every Jack in the Office that could throw any impediment in his way. Mr. Palmer's situation being held partly independent of the Postmasters General, their Lordships, in succession, as they came into office, joined in the yell to hunt Mr. Palmer from it; and after all, what have they done? and what their motives for driving Mr. Palmer from the office?—Let a paragraph from Mr. Palmer's pamphlet explain.

“ Since my suspension, their Lordships have taken the Officers patronized and formed by me, and who were in the general conduct of my plan under me, and advanced their salaries, though some of them, previous to this event, had been particularly discountenanced by them, and could get neither salary nor arrears for valuable services. To support my plan with any tolerable regularity, the Postmasters General have been obliged to give to these persons *powers which they had disputed and denied to me*, and every possible encouragement to their exertions of every kind, with a most profuse and ill-judged expenditure, to obtain every required accommodation; yet the arrivals and deliveries have not been better in London, in the Country much worse, and particularly at Bath and Bristol, as well as other parts of the kingdom, so much so, as to excite great complaints and dissatisfaction, though had I not been so wantonly

wantonly interfered with, delays would not occur a dozen times in the year, instead of, as now, nearly through the whole winter."

FUGITIVE ARTICLES.

OUR readers have already been reminded, that it is the practice in printing Magazines, to put the *first* half sheet to press after all the rest are printed; hence a few temporary articles are introduced in the *prior* part of our miscellany, though received *late*, and which accounts for the following appearing in this place, instead of being arranged under the head of Sporting Intelligence.

FATAL DUEL.

On Tuesday morning, May 23, at half past five, Mr. Wm. Henry Cowan, assistant surgeon of the 11th regiment of foot, and Lieut. John Elliott, of the 22d regiment, in Colchester barracks, accompanied by their seconds, met on Lexden Heath, to settle an affair of honour which originated at the billiard table at Colchester. It was agreed by the seconds that they should fire together, when Lieut. Elliott's fire wounded Mr. C. in the leg: the second fire, Mr. C. shot Lieut. E. through the upper part of the head, in consequence of which he died on Wednesday morning at four o'clock. Mr. C. and the seconds immediately absconded.

On the Wednesday and Thursday following, an inquisition was taken before Mr. William Mason, jun. and Mr. Thomas Hedge, coroners for the borough of Colchester, on the body of the above-

named Lieut. John Elliott; when the jurors verdict was Wilful Murder, as well against the said W. H. Cowan, the principal, as also against Francis Thomas Small Maclean, Lieutenant of the 11th regiment, his second, and Peter Campbell, Lieutenant of the 22d regiment, Mr. Elliott's second.

FOX HOUNDS.

Sir Charles Davers has put off his favourite pack, which used to hunt the St. Edmund's Bury country with so much eclat; and Sir W. Rowley's crack Fox hounds, which he purchased of the Duke of York, and slied so much sport in the Melford country, have been recently brought to the hammer.

A game of quoits was played last week by two persons, for no less a stake than the *leg* of the one against the *arm* of the other; but there was nothing very sanguinary in the case, as they were wooden ones.—The contest ended in the loss of the leg.

In a small yew tree, in the garden of Mr. Samuel Warburton, of Sheffield, a wren, a linnet, and a blackbird, have built their respective nests. The little musical tenants of the tree live in perfect harmony together, and, according to the fashion of the times, pay their rent to Mr. Warburton in notes.

Mr. M——le's account, which has been laid before his sportive creditors, is a *minus* one, to the tune of 200,000l. !

ATREA-

**A TREATISE on FARRIERY, with
ANATOMICAL PLATES.**
*(Continued from page 363)***OF WINDGALLS AND WINDY TU-
MOURS.**

A Windgall is a flatulent or windy tumour, which yields to the finger, being pressed, and when it is removed, returns to itself. They are known by the rings of the skin, and are plain to be seen.

Windgalls on the hind legs never cause lameness, but only a stiffness after riding. Those on the forelegs render a horse lame at first, which turns to a stiffness, attended with stumbling, or a disposition to stumble. But a day's rest will set them to rights again. Windgalls on the sinuosities of the hocks are always troublesome, cause a deformity, and unless taken in time, will render a horse incurably lame. They are but small at first, but at length grow as large as a pullet's egg, and push out on each side the hollow of the hock: flatulent swellings above the knee, always cause lameness. When under the fore part of the knee, in the interstices on both sides of the joint, they are dangerous.

Windy swellings in the interstices of the muscles of the hips and thighs, though blown up like little bladders, seldom cause lameness, and are easily cured. Windgalls that proceed from a natural weakness of the limbs are incurable, unless the constitution alters for the better.

When horses swell about the pasterns, with a fulness on each side the back sinews, we may conclude that windgalls are coming on; and then bathe the part twice a day with vinegar. Likewise the following fomentation may be used:

Take of oak bark an ounce; of pomegranate rind half an ounce;

of the water of a smith's forge three pints; boil them to two pints, and then add two drams of roch allum. Soak flannel in this decoction, and bind it about the part while the horse stands in the stable.

When the windgalls are grown large, and feel like kernels, or relaxed sinews, and are on the hind legs, the best way is not to meddle with them, for a travelling horse will never grow lame with them. But when they are seated on the fore legs, and make a horse trip and stumble, the cure may be attempted by mild blisters, which, by often repeating, will draw out the humour, disperse the wind, and remove them by degrees. This always takes off a windgall about the fetlocks, and often the windy swelling about the hocks; but then it has been often repeated, at such times as a working horse has been at rest from his labour: a little of the blistering ointment should be laid on every other day for a week, which will cause a plentiful discharge; and when the blisters are dried up, the horse may go to his usual work, for three weeks or a month, and then repeated when the owner can allow him leisure. Firing is the most expeditious way; but then, it never makes a perfect cure, and leaves a stiffness on the joint; however, it stops the increase of the swelling, and renders a horse more useful. The blistering ointment should be the same as is recommended in the blood spavin.

Puffs and windy swellings about the joint of the knee, which proceed from kicks or other external hurts, are best repelled by astringents, such as the strengthening fomentation, or decoction before-mentioned; where, instead of the smith's forge water, it may be boiled in vinegar, but I know not whether it will be better or not.

If this will not do, then blister, for they should be removed as soon as possible: but firing with a small iron is the speediest way, making the lines as near together as possible. Then cover the knee with the strengthening plaster, as before-mentioned.

Windy swellings between the interstices of the muscles of the hips, are to be cured by an incision, and then bring the wound to a suppuration; or wash the place with equal parts of white wine and vinegar; for when the humours are discharged, the wound will soon heal. These tumours are not dangerous, and will often yield to repellants; therefore they may be tried first.

OF THE BLOOD SPAVIN.

A Blood spavin is properly a *varix*, or dilation of a vein. It is a soft, unequal, knotty, indolent tumour, yielding to the touch, and runs along the inside of the hock. The most remarkable part of the swelling is no bigger than a large walnut, and is generally attended with a weakness and lameness of the hock.

This disease, when recent, may be cured by remedies that are cooling, astringing, and drying, in which compresses may be dipped and bound on the part, or flannel soaked in the same, and bound on it hot. This must be repeated several times a day.

Take of oak bark two ounces; pomegranate rind and roch allum, of each an ounce; boil them in two quarts of vinegar, or smith's forge water, to three pints.

When this method is ineffectual, the vein must be taken up by opening the skin the whole length, and then passing a crooked needle underneath the vein, a little way below the swelling; the needle

must be armed with a double thread waxed to tie up the vein. The same operation must be performed a little above the swelling, and the turgid part of the vein will come off by digestion, when the ligature rots off. The sore should be dressed with a digestive of turpentine, honey, and spirit of wine, which is softer and better than oil of turpentine. When it is well, the horse should be used very gently, till he recovers his strength.

When besides the blood spavin there are puffs and flatulencies in the hocks; in young horses they will give way to the above fomentation; but when they are obstinate, the veins must be taken up as before, and the puffs cured by blistering and firing, as has been before taught.

OF WENS OR ENCYSTED TUMOURS.

Wens may arise in any part of a horse's body, and are always contained in a *Cystis* or *Bag*, which advances by very slow degrees, and the bag increases in thickness as the wen in bulk. In men they have different appellations, according to the humour or matter they contain; but in horses this distinction is needless, because they do not require a different method of cure.

When the wen has a small root, and is pendulous, the best way is to tie a waxed packthread round it, which must be made tight by degrees, till the wen falls off. Afterwards it may be healed with a mixture of turpentine, honey, and spirit of wine. When the wen is broad, and tied down with several cords and strings, the best way is not to meddle with it. But if the wen is free from these, and is thought curable, it must be either cut out or opened

opened with a caustic. This done, it must be dressed with dry tow, and afterwards with the common digestive. If proud flesh arises, it must be dressed with turpentine and red precipitate, in the proportion of an ounce of the former, to a dram of the latter. When the proud flesh is very rebellious, you may strew the precipitate over it alone, or mixed with burnt alum, in equal quantities. If the ulcer is cancerous, it may be touched with a feather, dipt in the butter of antimony.

Horses have sometimes tumours on the heel or hock, which come to a considerable bulk, but are seldom painful, unless inflamed or suppurate. These differ little from encysted wens, and have much the same contents; some call these *bog-spavins*. Those on the elbow or heel of the hock are seldom cured without leaving a blemish or callosity. If they are discovered at first, the best way of curing them is by repellents; but when the vessels are broken, and the fluids extravasated, they may be brought to suppuration by ointment of marshmallows. But if the skin is thick, they may be opened with a knife, on the most depending part. The same caution should be observed, with regard to tumours on the processes of any of the bones, especially on the joints.

When the matter contained in these tumours is all discharged, the abscesses must be dried with soft dossils, dipt in a mixture of turpentine, honey, and tincture of myrrh; and then there remains nothing to do, but to bathe the part once a day, with equal parts of wine and vinegar, with an eighth part of oil of vitriol, dropt into it very leisurely.

These sorts of swellings on the hocks often contain a thick paste, and sometimes a thin clammy water, which Dr. Bracken takes to be

the synovia of the joints, and has given it the name of the *bog-spavin* before mentioned. He cured a colt of his own, by opening the tumour with an incision knife or scalpel; first separating the skin from the tumour, taking care to avoid any vein as much as possible; then he opened the cyst, and a large quantity of brown glairy matter ran out. Afterwards he put in a powder made with calcined Roman vitriol, one third part of burnt alum, and a little bole ammoniac mixed together! This consumed the cyst or bag in three or four days, by repeating it three or four times, and brought it away in sloughs or skins. The wound was healed with a warm digestive of ointment, with turpentine, honey, &c. But this was not brought about with a swelling of the joints, which was forwarded with warm fomentations, with flannel squeezed out from a decoction of rosemary, wormwood, favin, pennyroyal, thyme, juniper, and bayberries bruised. This brought down the swelling and the wound to a good condition.

OF WOUNDS.

A Wound is a solution of continuity made in a soft part by any external cause. All instruments, or any thing else that is capable of making a division in any such part, may be the cause of a wound.

Some things may do it by prick-
ing, others by cutting, others by
bruising, others by tearing, and
others again by burning. Those
instruments that thus divide any
part, will make wounds of different
kinds, with respect to their size,
figure, and direction. There are
many other distinctions, of which
the eye is the best judge, and
therefore I shall omit them all as
superfluous.

A simple wound made in the
K 2 foot

soft parts requires nothing but its re-union. A compound wound is attended with some accident, which requires a different treatment; as suppose a hurt of the bone. A wound may be attended with a haemorrhage, pain, inflammations, a fever, convulsions, &c.

Pain may be caused by the imperfect division of the tendonous, nervous, and membranous parts; by a foreign body left in the wound, and by the falling of some humour on a membranous part. An haemorrhage may proceed from the opening of a large vein or artery, and is of a bad consequence, when it is seated in a part that no application can reach. Convulsions may be caused by hurts of the nervous parts, and from the dividing of an antagonist muscle. It may also proceed from a great loss of blood. A palsy may proceed from the division of the nerve belonging to any particular part, or from the cutting in two of a muscle or its tendon. An inflammation may be produced by any thing that hinders the free circulation of the blood in the small vessels. This in wounds may have several causes.

A fever is the constant attendant of violent pain, and may also happen when the wound is about to suppurate.

By the sight we may discover the external greatness of a wound, and the loss of substance; and by the finger or a probe, we may discover the direction; we may judge of the extent of a wound, by the hurt of the action of any part; and sometimes from the excrements that proceed from the wound.

The prognostics of wounds may be taken from their cause, their situation, and their essential difference. Those of the teguments and fleshy parts, are less troublesome than those of the membranous, aponeurotic and nervous parts; as for instance, the joints. Wounds

of the external parts are less dangerous than those of the internal. Those of the principal trunks of the vessels, than those of the branches, where the haemorrhage may be readily stopt. Wounds in the internal parts are very dangerous.

Slight wounds are of the skin, fat, and muscles, for they require nothing but their re-union. Grievous wounds are those of the membranes, aponeuroses and tendons, particularly the joints, as before taken notice of. Mortal wounds are those of the vessels and internal parts: wounds of the heart are almost always mortal: wounds of the lungs are sometimes curable.

Wounds made with a cutting instrument, are not so bad as those with a small sword. Those made with a blunt weapon, are worse than either of the former. When a wound in the head is attended with convulsions or the staggers, it shews the brain is hurt; or, if the skull is fractured, and any part of it depressed, the same symptoms will happen; both which cases are commonly mortal.

Wounds have four stages; the *first* is while it bleeds; the *second* is while it is suppurating; the *third* is while the cicatrix is growing again; and the *fourth* is the time it takes in healing.

The *first* stage is when the lips of the wound are open, and get at a distance from each other, by their own proper elasticity; whence proceeds the haemorrhage and pain; though gun-shot wounds seldom bleed. When the division is simple, and without loss of substance, we have nothing to do but stop the bleeding, ease the pain, and brings the lips of the wound together. Thus these have but one stage. Wounds with loss of substance may bleed for hours, unless prevented by a proper dressing; during the first five or six days, it grows

grows moist by little and little, and emits a reddish serum, which becomes more plentiful as it approaches the second stage. The approach of the suppuration is ushered in by feverish symptoms, which are proportioned to the largeness of the wound. The swelling will go down in proportion to the increase of the suppuration, and ceases entirely when this is quite finished. The remains of the divided vessels, and the stagnating juices, are the cause of the suppuration.

THE DANCERS SURPRIZED.

THE most famous public Dancing Assembly, or as it is vulgarly called, the gentleleft *Hop* that ever was known in London, has existed for some years in rooms above Covent Garden Piazza. To that place all the Cyprian Nymphs who did not meet with lovers in the Theatres, retired every night, where they generally met with bucks in abundance, such as Naval Officers, Captains in the Merchant Service, Military Officers, Shopmen, City Clerks, Strangers from the Country; all those who wished to *see the Town*, or who live in habits of dissipation, resorted to this place, where they paid half-a-crown admittance, and where the Ladies, who were admitted for nothing, endeavoured to captivate them by a display of their charms on the light fantastic toe.

But the danger of falling in love with one of these Nymphs was not the greatest danger which the male visitors of this place encountered.—There were various Gaming tables in the house, where cards and dice were knocked about with as much spirit as heels were in the Grand Saloon.

Information being given against this nightly hop or dance, the Magistrates of the Police-Office in Queen's-square, Westminster, prepared to storm the place. About thirty Police Officers and Constables, armed with bludgeons, swords, pistols, &c. secretly proceeded to the Cyprian Temple about twelve o'clock on Thursday night, April 27, but notwithstanding all their precaution, their project was divulged to the owner of the house a few minutes before they reached it, and he had just time to escape, leaving, however, his gay guests to encounter the storm.

There were assembled in the room about fifty nymphs, consisting entirely of those who nightly parade the box-lobbies of the theatres: they were decked out in all the charms of gauze, red and yellow shoes, paint, pomatum, and powder; and most of them were dancing as merrily as if they had money in their pockets, and a second dress at home. The gentlemen, many of whom were young men really in respectable situations in life, were either frisking it to the right and left, or engaged in amorous dalliance on the benches; they amounted to about forty in number. This was the state of things when the police-officers rushed in, and the partners immediately *cut off*, put an end to the dance, and wished to retire; but no! drawn swords and pistols were placed across the door, and there was no moving off. The ladies, very few of whom had paid the powder-tax, were alarmed that they were to be seized for wearing white heads contrary to law. Numbers of them hid themselves behind the window curtains, and a general combing of heads took place, till they were out of the pale of the statute; for certainly it could not be said that they wore hair

hair powder “ as an article of *dress.*” At last the object of the officers of justice was made sufficiently known to the company, who were told that they were in a disorderly house, and must remain in custody all night, and go before a magistrate in the morning to give an account of themselves.

In a short time a very great mob assembled at the door in the Piazza; and as there could be but little doubt that it chiefly consisted of the friends of the unfortunate damsels, it was thought unsafe to remove them, as there could be little doubt a rescue would be attempted. The whole company were then told they would be confined in the place where they were all night; and a Sea Officer sent out for supper and wine, and treated all the ladies. About four o’clock in the morning it was announced that they must be removed to the Police Office in Queen’s-square. Here the grief of the ladies was extreme! Two-thirds of them were destitute of a farthing to pay coach hire, and to spoil their fine coloured shoes, and walk through the streets in all their finery and full dress, was a thought that wrung them to the soul! But the Sea Officer consoled them in this dilemma by promising to pay the coach hire of all of them, which he did, to the amount of thirty-six shillings. Eighteen coaches being procured every one of them was filled, and onwards they moved in slow and solemn pace, each with a constable behind, and one walking on each side with a drawn sword. They were all safely lodged in the Police Office in Queen’s-square, the ladies being put in the first floor, and the gentlemen in the floor above them.

The morning, between nine and ten o’clock, presented a very extraordinary scene at Queen’s-square. The ladies, very much in

dishabille, and making a very forlorn appearance, were looking out of the windows for their bail, and for their maids to bring modest dresses to go before “ *his Vo:ship.*” The street was crowded with spectators, highly amused at the sight, and with the friends of the parties, to bail and assist them. The place resembled a fair. The Nymphs’ maids were to sling bundles of cloaths up to them at the windows, which very often the ladies could not catch, to the great sport of the bye-standers.

The Magistrate came about eleven o’clock, and examined the ladies four at a time. They put on the demurest looks. Most of them were discharged, even without paying any fees, upon promise of never being found in such a place again. One lady snapped her fingers at the Magistrate, boasting that she had bail ready. She was committed for a month to Bridewell, and her bail availed her nothing. A few others were also committed; but the Magistrate behaved with the greatest humanity. The ladies all vowed they would treat him, if ever he fell into their company.

The gentlemen after being admonished by the Magistrate, to forbear resorting to such delusive scenes in future, were all discharged.

The foregoing particulars are collected from an article in one of the public prints; the original is interlarded with fulsome compliments to the Magistrates in Queen’s-square for their vigilance, and with ill-natured reflections on those of Bow-street, for not enforcing the law against houses of the above description.

It is not for us to defend an institution as *good* which is undoubtedly *bad*, nor to say the Queen’s-square Magistrates are not honourable men; but we know that the keepers

keepers of gaming-houses, &c. such as the one in question, are under constant levies for contributions, by a set of informers and law attorneys ten times more infamous than the gaming-house-keepers themselves; their extortions are enormous, and when the supplies fail, then away they run to the Justices to lay informations.

One of the Proprietors of the house in which this dance was held, is named Searle, son or brother to Searle the boat-builder; and with all his faults, including the disrepute of keeping a house for purposes so immoral, has nevertheless many good qualities, being known to have done acts of kindness and liberality out of number towards the distressed.

CRITIQUE on the TATLERS.

By Mr. Woodfall.

ON Saturday evening April 29, a Comedy called THE TATLERS, from the pen of Dr. Hoadley, the Author of *The Suspicious Husband*, was performed for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre, the characters of which were as follow, and thus represented:

Sir Thomas Severn,	Mr. Murray.
Froward,	Mr. Munden.
Allworthy,	Mr. Pope.
Shatter,	Mr. Holman.
Goodwill,	Mr. Middleton.
Cobler,	Mr. Quick.
Fanny,	Mrs. Mansell.
Madge,	Mrs. Davenport.
Mrs. Severn,	Mrs. Chapman.
Lady Nettleton,	Mrs. Mattocks.

Such were the powers of Dr. Hoadley as a dramatist, and such the natural ease and sprightly turn of his dialogue, that although the manners of the times, and the language of the stage are materially altered since he wrote, *The Tatlers*

might very well pass for a modern play, were it not that a few expressions, and an allusion to the new style, prove that it was written between the years 1740 and 1750. The main part of the plot is evidently borrowed from, and in some scenes a close translation of Moliere's *L'Ecole des Femmes*, to which Wycherley was so much obliged for the fable and characters of his *Country Wife*. Probably when Dr. Hoadley wrote this play, he was prompted to it by finding that the improved morality of the Theatre, and its audiences, had banished Wycherley's comedy from the stage, on account of the gross conduct and conversation of the libertine Horner. Wycherley's play was certainly the more witty of the two, but it was at the same time the more immoral, and therefore the public were indebted to the late Mr. Lee for having given it back to representation in a corrected, but greatly curtailed shape in 1765, and to Mr. Garrick for having restored it more at length, and with judicious alterations, under the new title of *The Country Girl* in 1766, to the excellence of her performance of Peggy, in which Comedy much of Mrs. Jordan's celebrity may be fairly attributed. In the present piece, the main plot is relieved and enlivened by a well-directed satire at the folly of scandal: Lady Nettleton, an adept in that favourite exercise of wit and talents, being first mortified, and afterwards foiled by her own weapons. Her character is well drawn and coloured with skill, but scarcely sufficiently strong for the taste of the present day, which from having been first taught to relish extravagance, has been led into such a fondness for the *outré*, that nothing but caricature can please its false appetite; therefore, although the whole of this play is good, and much of it excellent, both

both in regard to preservation of character, and the conduct of the business of the scene; we should have imagined it would not have pleased the public as well as a piece of modern patch-work, ornamented with the foil-stone of eccentricity, word-catching, pun, and play upon *double entendre*, which may literally be termed stage jewels of the day. Happily our opinion was reversed by the sentence of the audience, who, by their well-timed and judicious applause throughout the representation, proved that good sense and a true picture of life were welcome visitors, and old friends, for whom they had not lost a due degree of regard and estimation. The public are certainly much indebted to Mr. Holman, for having rescued this play from the moths and worms of the shelf on which it has so long rested; and as it is known that Dr. Headley left several other dramatic pieces behind him, we hope he may be able to do the memory of the Author and the Public the same favour, by preventing them from sinking into oblivion.

The characters were most of them extremely well acted, particularly Munden's, who, in Forward, gave an extraordinary proof of the versatility of his talents and his skill as a comedian, where real character is meant to be exhibited. Miss Manfell also deserves the highest praise for the natural simplicity with which she outrayed the untutored manners of an innocent rustic. She never played so well in any character in which she has heretofore been seen. Mr. Holman was extremely lively in Shatter, and extremely pleasant. Mr. Pope warmly and interestingly supported the pathetic part of Allworthy; and Mr. Murray, by his gentlemanly deportment and demeanour, rendered Sir Thomas

Severn respectable and important. It is almost needless to say, that Miss Mattocks played Lady Nettleton ably; she is too good an actress to fail in doing justice to any character she undertakes. Quick at once proved his command of the inclinations of the audience to be pleased whenever he appears, and his own good nature and friendly feeling towards Mr. Holman, "his fellow-student," by lending his comic powers to vivify old Trusty the Cobler.

The Prologue, in good writing, from the pen of Mr. Taylor, judiciously prepared the audience and awakened their respect for the writing of the long deceased author of the *Suspicious Husband*, which has for so many years contributed to the amusement of the modern frequenters of the Theatre, and their ancestors. The Epilogue was too long, but had some very pretty turns in it.

This Comedy of *The Tatler* was so very favourably received by a crowded audience, that the Manager would neither do justice to himself, the fame of Dr. Headley, or the gratification of the public, if he did not preserve on the stage the valuable ornament which Mr. Holman has been the happy instrument of exhibiting to public inspection.

The CHACE, a POEM. By William Somerville, Esq.

(Continued from page 369.)

THE PREFACE.

THE old and infirm have at least this privilege, that they can recall to their minds those scenes of joy in which they once delighted, and ruminant over their past

past pleasures, with a satisfaction almost equal to the first enjoyment. For those ideas, to which any agreeable sensation is annexed, are easily excited; as leaving behind the most strong and permanent impressions. The amusements of our youth are the boast and comfort of our declining years. The ancients carried this notion even yet further, and supposed their heroes in the Elysian Fields were fond of the very same diversions they exercised on earth. Death itself could not wean them from the accustomed sports and gaieties of life.

Pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris :
Contendunt ludo, et fulvâ luctantur arenâ :
Pars pedibus plaudunt chôreas, et carmina dicunt.
Arma procul currusque vitûm miratur inanies.
Stant terrâ dêfixxâ hastâ, passimque soluti
Per campos pafcentur equi. Quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes
Pascere equos, cadem sequitur tellure repotus.

VIRG. Æneid. VI.

Part on the grassy cirque their pliant limbs
In wrestling exercise, or on the sands
Struggling dispute the prize. Part lead the
ring,
Or swell the chorus with alternate lays.
The chief their arms admires, their empty
cars,
Their lances fix'd in earth. Th' unharness'd
steeds
Graze unrestrain'd; horses, and cars, and
arms,
All the same fond desires, and pleasing
cares,
Still haunt their shades, and after death survive.

I hope therefore I may be indulged (even by the more grave and censorious part of mankind) if at my leisure hours, I run over, in my elbow-chair, some of those chaces, which were once the delight of a more vigorous age. It is an entertaining, and (as I conceive) a very innocent amusement. The result

of these rambling imaginations will be found in the following poem; which, if equally diverting to my readers, as to myself, I shall have gained my end. I have intermixed the preceptive parts with so many descriptions and digressions in the Georgic manner, that I hope they will not be tedious. I am sure they are very necessary to be well understood by any gentleman, who would enjoy this noble sport in full perfection. In this at least I may comfort myself, that I cannot trespass upon their patience more than Markham, Blome, and the other prose writers upon this subject.

It is most certain, that hunting was the exercise of the greatest heroes in antiquity. By this they formed themselves for war; and their exploits against wild beasts were a prelude to their other victories. Xenophon says, that almost all the ancient heroes, Nestor, Theseus, Castor, Pollux, Ulysses, Diomedes, Achilles, &c. were disciples of hunting; being taught carefully that art, as what would be highly serviceable to them in military discipline. Xen. Cynegetic. And Pliny observes, those who were designed for great captains, were first taught *certare cum fugacibus feris cursu, cum audacibus robore, cum callidis astu*: to contest with the swiftest wild beasts, in speed; with the boldest, in strength; with the most cunning, in craft and subtlety. Plin. Panegyr. And the Roman emperors, in those monuments they erected to transmit their actions to future ages, made no scruple to join the glories of the Chace to their most celebrated triumphs. Neither were their poets wanting to do justice to this heroic exercise. Beside that of Oppian in Greek, we have several poems in Latin upon hunting. Gratius was contemporary with Ovid; as appears by this verse,

Aptique venanti Gratius arma dabit.
Lib. IV. PONT.

Gratius shall arm the huntsman for the chace. But of his works only some fragments remain. There are many others of more modern date. Amongst these Nemesianus, who seems very much superior to Gratius, though of a more degenerate age. But only a fragment of his first book is preserved. We might indeed have expected to have seen it treated more at large by Virgil in his third Georgic, since it is expressly part of his subject. But he has favoured us only with ten verses; and what he says of dogs, relates wholly to greyhounds and mastiffs.

Veloci Spartæ catulos, acremque Molossum.

GEOR. III.

The greyhound swift, and mastiffs furious breed.

And he directs us to feed them with butter-milk. *Pascere fero pingui.* He has, it is true, touched upon the Chace in the fourth and seventh books of the Æneid. But it is evident, that the art of hunting is very different now, from what it was in his days, and very much altered and improved in these latter ages. It does not appear to me that the ancients had any notion of pursuing wild beasts by the scent only, with a regular and well-disciplined pack of hounds; and therefore they must have paid for poachers amongst our modern sportsmen. The muster-roll given us by Ovid, in his story of Actæon is of all sorts of dogs, and of all countries. And the description of the ancient hunting, as we find it in the antiquities of Pere de Montfaucon, taken from the Sepulchre of the Natos, and the Arch of Constantine, has not the least trace of the manner now in use.

Whenever the ancients mention

dogs, following by the scent, they mean no more than finding out the game by the nose of one single dog. This was as much as they knew of the *odora canum vis.* Thus Nemesianus says,

Odorato noscunt vestigia prato,
Atque etiam leporum secreta cubilia monstrant

They challenge on the mead the recent stains,
And traile the hare unto her secret form.

Oppian has a long description of these dogs in his first book, from verse 479 to 526. And here, though he seems to describe the hunting of the hare by the scent through many turnings and windings, yet he really says no more than that one of those hounds, which he calls *ixysingers*, finds out the game. For he follows the scent no further than the hare's form; from whence, after he has started her, he pursues her by sight. I am indebted for these two last remarks to a reverend and very learned gentleman, whose judgment in the *belles lettres* nobody disputes, and whose approbation gave me the assurance to publish this poem.

Oppian also observes, that the best sort of these finders were brought from Britain; this island having always been famous (as it is at this day) for the best breed of hounds, for persons the best skilled in the art of hunting, and for horses the most enduring to follow the chace. It is therefore strange that none of our poets have yet thought it worth their while to treat of this subject; which is, without doubt, very noble in itself, and very well adapted to receive the most beautiful turns of poetry. Perhaps our poets have no great genius for hunting. Yet I hope, my brethren of the couples, by encouraging this first, but imperfect, essay, will shew the world they have at least some taste for poetry.

The

The ancients esteemed hunting, not only as a manly and warlike exercise, but as highly conducive to health. The famous Galen recommends it above all others, as not only exercising the body, but giving delight and entertainment to the mind. And he calls the inventors of this art wise men, and well-skilled in human nature. *Lib. de parva pile exercitio.*

The gentlemen, who are fond of a jingle at the close of every verse, and think no poem truly musical but what is in rhyme, will here find themselves disappointed. If they be pleased to read over the short preface before the *Paradise Lost*, Mr. Smith's Poem in memory of his friend, Mr. John Philips, and the Archbishop of Cambray's Letter to Monsieur Fontenelle, they may properly be of another opinion. For my own part, I shall not be ashamed to follow the example of Milton, Philips, Thomson, and all our best tragic writers.

Some few terms of art are dispersed here and there; but such only as are absolutely requisite to explain my subject. I hope in this the critics will excuse me; for I am humbly of opinion, that the affectation, and not the necessary use, is the proper object of their censure.

But I have done. I know the impatience of my brethren, when a fine day, and the concert of the kennel, invite them abroad. I shall therefore leave my reader to such diversion as he may find in the poem itself.

En age, segnes,
Rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Ci-
theron,
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus
equorum;
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugil.

VIRG. Georg. III.

Hak, away,
Cast far behind the ling'ring cares of life.
Citheron calls aloud, and in full cry

Thy hounds, Taygetus. Epidaurus trains
For us the gen'rs sted; the hunter's
shouts,
And cheering cries, assenting woods return.

(To be continued.)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A PARSIMONIOUS CHARACTER.

THREE is at this time living, somewhere in the north, a widow lady, in the *bloom of age*, possessed of a fortune of 400*l.* a year; but of so extraordinary a turn of mind, that she scarcely allows herself and servant girl even the common necessaries of life. During the whole winter season, she has not consumed in her house a candle and an half; and since Martlemas, her tea kettle has not been once upon the fire. *Alas! for the taxes!* She kept till lately a cow which she has fed during the winter; but all the time regularly *milked* her; and though in a neighbourhood where the poor were greatly distressed through want of milk, she would not *sell* a penny-worth, lest the people by coming to her house, should be *tempted* to break her hedges on their return. *Alas! for charity!* From the milk, therefore, which spared from supplying herself and servant, she has made *ten* cheeses since Christmas; and frequently kept her milk eleven days. In order to prevent the miller (*she says*) from *imposing* upon her, she dried the grain for her cow, in the pye-pan, and grinded it upon her own malt-mill! A poor man's ram pastured amongst her stock of sheep. The skin was worn off. She and her servant girl caught the ram, and with her own knife, and teeth, she made the ram a *weather!* On the girl's ob-
L 2

serving

serving that the owner would still distinguish it by the *ear mark*, she took out her scissars, and made the mark *her own*. The poor fellow lodged a complaint before a neighbouring magistrate, who, with his usual clemency, apprised the lady of the complaint. A friend of her's made the poor fellow a compliment of a few guineas, and the matter was hushed.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. BARCLAY.

ON Saturday the 8th of April, died at his seat at Ury, in Scotland, Robert Barclay, Esq. member of parliament for the county of Kincairdine, and great grandion of Robert Barclay, the author of the *Apology for the Quakers*. He was a man of extensive information, and possessed of uncommon vigour, both of body and of intellect.

Mr. Pennant, in his *Tour in Scotland*, vol. II. page 132, speaking of Mr. Barclay, says, "This gentleman, by the example he sets his neighbours in the fine management of his land, is a most useful and worthy character in his country: he has been long a peripatetic observer of the different modes of agriculture in all parts of Great Britain, his journeys being on foot, followed by a servant, with his baggage, on horseback. He has more than once walked to London; and, by way of experiment, has gone eighty miles in a day. He has reduced his remarks to practice, much to his honour and emolument: the barren heaths which once surrounded him, are now converted into rich fields of wheat, beans, or oats. He is likewise a great planter. The land thus improved was originally heath, and even that which was arable, produced most miserable crops of poor

and degenerate oat, and was, upon the whole, not worth two shillings an acre: but in its present improved state, is worth twenty; and the tenants will live twice as well as before the improvement.

"The first turnips for feeding cattle were raised by this gentleman; and the markets are now plentifully supplied with fresh beef. Before that period, fresh meat was hardly known in these parts during the winter and spring months, &c."

Mr. Barclay may be considered as one of the greatest benefactors of his country, having by his exertions, and his example, awakened in Scotland a spirit of improvement in agriculture, which giving a new, an honourable, and useful direction to the pursuits and character of his contemporaries, has been productive of those rapid improvements, which have enriched the inhabitants, and changed the face of that country. Such was the extent of his information, the energy of his character, and the superiority of his powers, and so useful the direction in which they were employed, that he was looked up to with respect by men of the first rank and abilities; and his death will be regretted as a public misfortune.

A PUZZLE.

THERE is now living within a few miles of Oldham, in Lancashire, a family consisting of a grand-father, a grand-mother, two fathers, two mothers, two sisters, four brothers, a father-in-law, a mother-in-law, a son-in-law, a daughter-in-law, three sisters-in-law, three brothers-in-law, a step-father, a step-mother, a step-daughter, two step-sons, a daughter, a niece, three nephews, two husbands, three sons, two uncles, two wives, an aunt, a great aunt, a great uncle, and a grandson—in all eight persons.

DRA.

DRAMATIC EXTRACTS.

*Extracts from the New Comedy of
WIVES AS THEY WERE, AND
MAIDS AS THEY ARE, written
by MRS. INCHBALD. For an ac-
count of this Play, see our Maga-
zine for March last, page 306.*

*Interesting scene between Sir William Dorrillon, under the feigned name and character of Mr. Mandred, and his daughter, Miss Dorrillon, when the latter is pursued by bas-
tiffs.*

ACT IV.

SCENE III.—SIR WILLIAM DORRILLON'S Apartment at Mr. NORBERRY'S.—Several trunks and travelling boxes.—SIR WILLIAM discovered, packing writings into a port-folio.

Sir William.

AND here is the end of my voyage to England!—a voyage, which, for years, my mind has dwelt on with delight!—I pictured to myself my daughter grown to womanhood, beautiful! and so she is.—Accomplished! and so she is.—Virtuous! and so she is.—Am I of a discontented nature then, that I am not satisfied?—Am I too nice?—Perhaps I am!—Soothing thought!—I will for a moment cherish it, and dwell with some little gratitude upon her late anxiety for my safety. [He walks about in a thoughtful musing manner.

Aloud thrusting and rapping is heard at his chamber door.

Enter Miss Dorrillon hastily and in affright.

Miss Dorrillon. Oh Mr. Mandred, I beg your pardon—I did not know

this was your apartment. But suffer me to lock the door: [she locks it] and conceal me for a moment, for heaven's sake.

Sir William. What's the matter? Why have you locked my door?

Miss Dorrillon (trembling.) I dare not tell you.

Sir William. I insist upon knowing.

Miss Dorrillon. Why then—I am pursued by a — I cannot name the horrid name —

Nabson (without.) She went into this room.

Miss Dorrillon (to Sir William.) Go to the door, and say I did not.

Sir William. How!

Nabson (without.) Please to open the door.

Miss Dorrillon. Threaten to beat him if he won't go away.

Sir William. Give me the key, and let me see from whom you want to hide.—(commandingly)—Give me the key.

Miss Dorrillon (collecting firmness.) I will not.

Sir William (starting.) "Will not"—"Will not," when I desire you!

Miss Dorrillon. No—since you refuse me protection, I'll protect myself.

Sir William. But you had better not have made use of that expression to me—you had better not. Recall it by giving me the key.

Miss Dorrillon. If I do, will you let me conceal myself behind that book-case, and say I am not here?

Sir William. Utter a falsehood,

Miss Dorrillon. I would for you.

[*Al hammering at the door.*

Sir William. They are breaking open the door.—Give me the key, I command you.

Miss Dorrillon. "Command me!" "command me!" However, there it is. (Gives it him.) And now, if you are a gentleman, give me up if you dare!

Sir

Sir William. "If I am a gentleman!" Hem, hem—"If I am a gentleman!" "Dares" me too!

[*Going slowly towards the door.*]
Miss Dorrillon. Yes. I have now thrown myself upon your protection: and if you deliver me to my enemies—

Sir William. What enemies? What business have you with enemies?

Miss Dorrillon. 'Tis they have business with me.

Sir William (*to them without.*) I am coming. The door shall be opened.

Miss Dorrillon (*follows and lays hold of him.*) Oh, for heaven's sake, have pity on me—they are merciless creditors—I shall be dragged to a prison. Do not deliver me up—I am unfortunate—I am overwhelmed with misfortune—have compassion on me!

[*She falls on her knees.*]

Sir William (*in great agitation.*) Don't kneel to me!—I don't mean you to kneel to me!—What makes you think of kneeling to me?—I must do my duty.

[*He unlocks the door.*]

Enter NABSON—*Miss Dorrillon steals behind the book-case.*

Sir William. What did you want, Sir?

Nabson. A lady, that I have just this minute made my prisoner; but she ran from me, and locked herself in here.

Sir William (*with surprise.*) Arrested a lady!

Nabson. Yes, Sir; and if you mean to deny her being here, I must make bold to search the room.

Sir William. Let me look at your credentials.—(*takes the writ.*)—"Elizabeth Dorrillon for six hundred pounds." Pray, Sir, is it customary to have female names on pieces of paper of this denomination?

Nabson. Oh yes, Sir, very customary. There are as many ladies who will run into tradesmen's books, as there are gentlemen; and when one goes to take the ladies, they are a thousand times more slippery to catch than the men.

Sir William. Abominable!—Well Sir, your present prisoner shall not slip through your hands, if I can prevent it. I scorn to defend a worthless woman, as much as I should glory in preserving a good one: and I give myself joy in being the instrument of your executing justice.—[*He goes and leads Miss Dorrillon from the place where she was concealed—she casts down her head.*]—What! do you droop? Do you tremble? You, who at the ball to-night would have danced lightly, though your poor creditor had been perishing with want! You, who never asked yourself if your extravagance might not send an industrious father of a family to prison, can you feel on the prospect of going thither yourself?

Miss Dorrillon. For what cause am I the object of your perpetual persecution?

Nabson. Lor! Madam, the gentleman means to bail you after all; I can see it by his looks.

Sir William. How, rascal, dare you suppose, or imagine, or hint, such a thing? [*going up to him in anger.*]

Miss Dorrillon. That's right beat him out of the house.

Sir William. No, Madam, he shall not go out of the house without taking you along with him. Punishment may effect in your disposition what indulgence has no hope of producing.—There is your prisoner [*handing her over to him*]}—and you may take my word, that she will not be released by me, or by any one: and it will be only adding to a debt she can never pay,

pay, to take her to any place previous to a prison. [with the emotion of resentment, yet deep sorrow.]

Nabson. Is that true, my lady?

Miss Dorrillon (after a pause.) Very true. I have but one friend—but one relation in the world—and he is far away. [Weeps.]

[Sir William wipes his eyes.]

Nabson. More's the pity.

Sir William. No, Sir, no—no pity at all—for if fewer fine ladies had friends, we should have fewer examples of profligacy.

[She walks to the door, then turns to Sir William.]

Miss Dorrillon. I forgive you.

[Exit, followed by Nabson.]

Sir William [looking after her.] And perhaps I could forgive you. But I must not. No, this is justice—this is doing my duty—this is strength of mind—this is fortitude—fortitude—fortitude. [He walks proudly across the room, then stops, takes out his handkerchief, throws his head into it, and is going off.]

Enter *LADY MARY*—a man following at a distance.

Lady Mary. Mr. Mandred, Mr. Mandred. [He turns.] Sir—Mr. Mandred—Sir—[in a supplicating tone] I presume—I presume, Sir—

Sir William. What, Madam? what?

Lady Mary. I came, Sir, to request a favour of you.

Sir William. So it should seem, by that novel deportment.

Lady Mary. If you would for once consider with lenity, the frailty incidental to a woman who lives in the gay world—

Sir William. Well, Madam!

Lady Mary.—How much she is led away by the temptation of fine clothes, fine coaches, and fine things.

Sir William. Come, to the business.

Lady Mary. You are rich, we

all know, though you endeavour to disguise the truth.

Sir William. I can't stay to hear you, if you don't proceed.

Lady Mary. My request is—save from the dreadful horrors of a jail, a woman who has no friend near her—a woman who may have inadvertently offended you, but who never—

Sir William. 'Tis in vain for you to plead on her account—she knows my sentiments upon her conduct—she knows the opinion I have formed of her; and you cannot prevail on me to change it.

Lady Mary. Do you suppose I come to plead for Miss Dorrillon?

Sir William. Certainly.

Lady Mary. No, I am pleading for myself. I am unfortunately involved in similar circumstances—I have a similar debt to the self-same tradesman, and we are both at present in the self-same predicament.

Sir William. And upon what pretence did you suppose I would be indulgent to you, more than to her?

Lady Mary. Because you have always treated me with less severity; and because I overheard you just now say, you "should glory in delivering from difficulty a good woman."

Sir William. And so I should.

Lady Mary. How unlike the world!

Sir William. No—whatever the discontented may please to say, the world is affectionate, is generous, to the good; more especially to the good of the female sex; for it is only an exception to a general rule, when a good woman is in pecuniary distress. [Exit Sir William.]

ACT V.

SCENE II.—*A Room in a Prison.*

Enter *Miss Dorrillon* and *Mr. Norberry*.

Mr. Norberry. You ought to have known

known it was in vain to send for me. Have not I repeatedly declared, that, till I heard from your father, you should receive nothing more from me than a bare subsistence?—I promise to allow you thus much, even in this miserable place: but do not indulge a hope that I can release you from it. [She weeps—*he goes to the door—then returns.*] I forgot to mention, that Mr. Mandred goes on board to-morrow for India; and, little as you may think of his sensibility, he seems concerned at the thought of quitting England without just bidding you farewell. He came with me hither—shall I send him up?

Miss Dorrillon. Oh! no: for heaven's sake! Deliver me from his asperity, as you would save me from distraction.

Mr. Norberry. Nay, 'tis for the last time—you had better see him. You may be sorry, perhaps, you did not, when he is gone.

Miss Dorrillon. No, no; I sha'n't be sorry.—Go, and excuse me—Go, and prevent his coming. I cannot see him.—[Exit Mr. Norberry]—This would be aggravation of punishment, to shut me in a prison, and yet not shelter me from the insults of the world!

Enter *SIR WILLIAM*.—[She starts.

Sir William. I know you have desired not to be troubled with my visit; and I come with all humility—I do not come, be assured, to reproach you.

Miss Dorrillon. Unexpected mercy!

Sir William. No; though I have watched your course with anger, yet I do not behold its end, with triumph.

Miss Dorrillon. It is not to your honour, that you think it necessary to give this statement of your mind.

Sir William. May be—but I never boasted of perfection, though I can boast of grief that I am so far

beneath it. I can boast too, that though I frequently give offence to others, I could never part with any one for ever (as I now shall with you), without endeavouring to make some atonement.

Miss Dorrillon. You acknowledge, then, your cruelty to me?

Sir William. I acknowledge I have taken upon me to advise, beyond the liberty allowed by custom to one who has no apparent interest or authority.—But, not to repeat what has passed, I come, with the approbation of your friend Mr. Norberry, to make a proposal to you for the future.

[*He draws chairs and they sit.*]

Miss Dorrillon. What proposal?—What is it? (eagerly)

Sir William. Mr. Norberry will not give either his money or his word to release you—But as I am rich—have lost my only child—and wish to do some good with my fortune, I will instantly lay down the money of which you are in want, upon certain conditions.

Miss Dorrillon. Do I hear right? Is it possible I can find a friend in you?—a friend to relieve me from the depth of misery! Oh Mr. Mandred!

Sir William. Before you return thanks, hear the conditions on which I make the offer.

Miss Dorrillon. Any conditions—What you please!

Sir William. You must promise, never, never to return to your former follies and extravagancies. [She looks down.] Do you hesitate? Do you refuse?—Won't you promise?

Miss Dorrillon. I would, willingly—but for one reason.

Sir William. And what is that?

Miss Dorrillon. The fear, I should not keep my word.

Sir William. You will, if your fear be real.

Miss Dorrillon. It is real.—It is even to great, that I have no hope.

Sir

Sir William. You refuse my offer then, and dismiss me? (*Rises.*)

Miss Dorrillon. (*rising also.*) With much reluctance.—But I cannot, indeed I cannot make a promise, unless I were to feel my heart wholly subdued; and my mind entirely convinced that I should never break it.—Sir, I am most sincerely obliged to you for the good which I am sure you designed me; but do not tempt me with the proposal again—do not place me in a situation, that might add to all my other afflictions, the remorse of having deceived you.

Sir William (*after a pause.*) Well, I will dispense with this condition—but there is another I must substitute in its stead.—Resolve to pass the remainder of your life, some few ensuing years at least, in the country. (*She starts.*) Do you start at that?

Miss Dorrillon. I do not love the country. I am always miserable while I am from London. Besides, there are no follies or extravagancies in the country.—Dear Sir, this is giving me up the first condition, and then forcing me to keep it.

Sir William. There, Madam, (*taking out his pocket-book*) I scorn to hold out hopes, and then destroy them. There is a thousand pounds free of all conditions (*she takes it*)—extricate yourself from this situation, and be your own mistress to return to it when you please.

[*Going.*]

Miss Dorrillon. Oh, my benefactor, bid me farewell at parting—do not leave me in anger.

Sir William. How! will you dictate terms to me, while you reject all mine?

Miss Dorrillon. Then only suffer me to express my gratitude—

Sir William. I will not hear you.

[*Going.*]

Miss Dorrillon. Then hear me on another subject: a subject of much importance—indeed it is.

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Sir William. Well!

Miss Dorrillon. You are going to India immediately—It is possible that there, or at some place you will stop at on your way, you may meet with my father.

Sir William. Well!

Miss Dorrillon. You have heard that I have expected him home for some time past, and that I still live in hopes—

Sir William. Well! (*anxiously.*)

Miss Dorrillon. If you should see him, and should be in his company—don't mention me.

Sir William. Not mention you?

Miss Dorrillon. At least, not my indiscretions—Oh! I should die if I thought he would ever know of them.

Sir William. Do you think he would not discover them himself, should he ever see you?

Miss Dorrillon. But he would not discover them all at once—I should be on my guard when he first came—My ill habits would steal on him progressively, and not be half so shocking, as if you were to vociferate them all in a breath.

Sir William. To put you out of apprehension at once—your father is not coming home—nor will he ever return to his own country.

Miss Dorrillon (*starting.*) You seem to speak from certain knowledge—Oh! heavens! is he not living?

Sir William. Yes, living—but under severe affliction—fortune has changed, and all his hopes are blasted.

Miss Dorrillon. “Fortune changed!”—In poverty?—my father in poverty?—(*weeping.*)—Oh, Sir, excuse, what may perhaps appear an ill compliment to your bounty; but to me, the greatest reverence I can pay to it.—You are going to that part of the world where he is; take this precious

M

gifts

gift back, search out my father, and let him be the object of your beneficence---(Forces it into his hand.)---I shall be happy in this prison, indeed I shall, so I can but give a momentary relief to my dear, dear father---(Sir William takes out his handkerchief.)---You weep!---This present, perhaps, would be but poor alleviation of his sufferings---perhaps he is in sickness; or a prisoner! Oh! if he is, release me instantly, and take me with you to the place of his confinement.

Sir William. What! quit the joys of London?

Miss Dorrillon. On such an errand, I would quit them all without a sigh---And here I make a solemn promise to you---(kneeling.)

Sir William. Hold, you may wish to break it.

Miss Dorrillon. Never---exact what vow you will on this occasion, I will make, and keep it---[Enter Mr. NORBERRY,---She rises.]---Oh! Mr. Norberry, he has been telling me such things of my father---

Mr. Norberry. Has he? Then kneel again---call him by that name---and implore him not to disown you for his child.

Miss Dorrillon. Good heaven! ---I dare not---I dare not do as you require. [She faints on Norberry.

Sir William. (going to her.) My daughter!---My child!---

Mr. Norberry. At those names she revives.---(She raises her head, but expresses great agitation.)---Come, let us quit this wretched place---she will be better then. My carriage is at the door. You will follow us.

[*Exeunt, leading off* Miss Dorrillon.]

Sir William. Follow you!---Yes ---and I perceive that, in spite of philosophy, justice, or resolution, I could follow you all the world over. [Exit.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Account of the GAME OF BRAG.

THIS game is simple in itself, depending entirely upon the adversaries having, or boasting, superior cards one to another. It is played by two, three, or more persons. As soon as you cut for deal, three cards are dealt to each person. The knave and nine of hearts, are reckoned the best or brag-cards; but if you have a pair royal, sequence, or flush, it tells according to the usual superiority of the cards (except when you have knave and nine of hearts, with an ace, king, or knave); in that case, nothing but three aces or kings is superior. The oldest hand then begins to speak first, by saying he *brags* such a sum; if the next player thinks his hand superior, or, if he choose to out-do his antagonist, he will mention perhaps double or treble the sum; thus going on till leaving it to the highest bidder, who, as having the greatest spirit, or being the greatest boaster, to venture the largest sum, wins the stake; consequently the stake is often won by a very indifferent hand, making your antagonist believe, that you have a better hand than him by a resolute countenance, or method of bragging.

A fearful player at this game will soon discover his antagonist, by his manner of bragging, whether he has a good hand or not, by which means the antagonist will play to a great advantage, because he will stop as soon as he finds this timid player has a hand which he dares brag upon.

The players may justly be compared to two bullies; he who is possessed of the most terrific muscles, and appears to be really the man of valour, carries the day; for

for it does not depend so much upon the goodness of the cards, as it does upon what is before-mentioned.

If you have two aces and a small card, you may venture to brag, or one ace and two tolerable cards. If you have a pair-royal or a sequence of the lowest kind, you may also venture to brag, because in either of these cases, it is odds your antagonist has not so good an hand. If you have the knave brag-card and two aces, you may venture to make a push, being very great odds, that your antagonist cannot hold better cards. If you have knave and nine of hearts, with any other capital card, you may venture to push your antagonist hard (but have a care you do not discover the goodness of your cards by your countenance), being almost the best hand you can possibly hold; and if you should have the best cards in the pack, that is to say, knave and nine of hearts with an ace, you should be particularly careful how you begin to brag. You should speak in such a tone of voice, as might neither denote the goodness or badness of your cards, and not be too elated on the occasion; for here is the rock that young players generally split upon, and indeed, as we have already said, the countenance and manner of expressing yourself, is the most material thing belonging to this game, when it is played fair.

This is a very sporting game, and great sums have been won and lost at it, so that it is worth while for any person fond of play, to adhere to the rules here laid down.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

NATURAL HISTORY of DOGS.

DR. Caius, the able assistant to the learned Buffon, in the compilation of his Natural History,

likewise wrote expressly on the species of British dogs for the use of his learned friend, Gesner, with whom he kept a strict correspondence, and whose death he laments in a very elegant and pathetic manner.

Besides a brief account of the variety of dogs then existing in this country, he has added a systematic table of them: his method is so judicious, that we shall make use of the same; explain it by a brief account of each kind, and point out those that are no longer in use among us.

SYNOPSIS OF BRITISH DOGS.

i. The most generous kinds. Dogs of Chase { Terrier.
Harrier.
Blood-hound.
Gaze-hound.
Grey-hound.
Leviner, or Lyemmor.
Tumbler.

ii. The most gaudy kinds. Fowlers { Spaniel.
Setter.
Water Spaniel, or
Finder.

iii. Lap Dogs. Lap Dogs { Spaniel.
Gentle, or
Comforter.

iv. Farm Dogs. Farm Dogs { Shepherd's Dog.
Mastiff, or
Band Dog.

v. Mongrels. Mongrels { Wappe.
Turnspit.
Dancer.

The first variety is the Terrarius, or Terrier, which takes its name

from its subterraneous employ; being a small kind of hound used to force the fox, or other beasts of prey out of their holes; and (in former times) rabbits out of their burrows into nets.

The Leverarius, or Harrier, is a species well known at present; it derives its name from its use, that of hunting the hare: but under this head may be placed the fox hound, which is only a stronger and fleetier variety applied to a different chace.

The Sanguinarius, or Blood-hound, or the Sicutounde of the Scots, was a dog of great use, and in high esteem with our ancestors: its employ was to recover any game that had escaped wounded from the hunter, or been killed and stolen out of the forest. It was remarkable for the acuteness of its smell, tracing the lost beast by the blood it had spilt, from whence the name is derived. This species could, with the utmost certainty, find the thief by following his footsteps, let the distance of his flight be ever so great, and through the most secret and thickest coverts: nor would it cease its pursuit, till it had taken the felon. They were likewise used by Wallace and Bruce during the civil wars. The poetical historians of the two heroes frequently relate very curious passages on this subject; of the service these dogs were of to their masters, and the escapes they had from those of the enemy. The blood-hound was in great request on the confines of England and Scotland, where the borderers were continually preying on the herds and flocks of their neighbours. The true blood-hound was large, strong, muscular, broad-breasted, of a stern countenance, of a deep tan colour, and generally marked with a black spot above each eye.

The next division of this species

of dogs, comprehend those that hunt by the eye, and whose success depends either upon the quickness of their sight, their swiftness, or their subtlety.

The Agasæus, or Gaze-hound, was the first; it chased indifferently the fox, hare, or buck. It would select the fattest and fairest deer; pursue it by the eye, and if lost for a time, recover it again by its singular distinguishing faculty; and should the beast rejoin the herd, this dog would fix unerringly on the same. This species is now lost, or at least unknown to us.

The next kind is the Leporarius, or Grey-hound. Dr. Caius informs us, that it takes its name *quod præcipui gradus sit inter canes*, the first in rank among dogs; that it was formerly esteemed so, appears from the forest laws of king Canute, who enacted, that no one under the degree of a gentleman, should presume to keep a grey-hound; and still more strongly from an old Welch saying, *Weth ei Walhei Earch a'i adwaenir Bowbeddig*; which signifies that you may know a gentleman by his hawk, his horse, and his grey-hound.

Froissart relates a fact not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species; when that unhappy Prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint Castle, his favourite grey-hound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of the former.

The variety called the Highland grey-hound, and now become very scarce, is of a very great size, strong, deep-chested, and covered with long and rough hair. This kind was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerful chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches.

The third species is the Levinarius, or Lorarius; the Leviner, or Lyemmer,

Lyemmer, is derived from the lightness of the kind, the other from the old word *Lyemne*, a thong; this species being used to be led in a thong, and slipped at the game. Our author says, that this dog was a kind that hunted both by scent and sight, and in the form of its body observed a medium between the hound and the grey-hound. This probably is the kind now known by the name of the Irish grey-hound; a dog now extremely scarce in that kingdom, the late king of Poland having procured from them as many as possible. I have seen but two or three in the whole island; they were of the kind called by M. de Buffon, *Le Grand Danois*, and probably imported there by the Danes, who long possessed that kingdom. Their use seems originally to have been for the chace of wolves, with which Ireland swarmed till the latter end of the last century. As soon as those animals were extirpated, the numbers of the dogs decreased; for from that period they were kept only for state.

The Vertagus, or Tumbler, is a fourth species, which took its prey by mere subtlety, depending neither on the sagacity of its nose, nor its swiftness: if it came into a warren, it neither barked nor run on the rabbits; but by a seeming neglect of them, or attention to something else, deceived the object till it came within its reach, so as to take it by a sudden spring. This dog was less than the hound; more scraggy, and had pricked-up ears; and by Dr. Caius's description, seems to answer to the modern lurcher.

The third division of the more generous dogs, comprehends those which were used in fowling; first, the Hispaniolus, or Spaniel: from the name it may be supposed, that we were indebted to Spain for this breed; there were two varieties

of this kind, the first used in hawking, to spring the game, which are the same with our starters.

The other variety was used only for the net, and was called Index, or the Setter, a kind well known at present. This kingdom has long been remarkable for producing dogs of this sort, particular care having been taken to preserve the breed in the utmost purity. They are still distinguished by the name of English spaniels, so that notwithstanding the derivation of the name, it is probable they are natives of Great Britain; we may strengthen our suspicion by saying, that the first who broke a dog to the net, was an English nobleman of a most distinguished character---the great Robert Dudley, Duke of Northumberland. The Pointer, which is a dog of foreign extraction, was unknown to our ancestors.

The Aquaticus, or Finder, was another species used in fowling; was the same as our water spaniel, and was used to find or recover game that was shot.

The Melitæus, or Fotor; the spaniel, gentle or comforter, of Dr. Caius (the modern lap dog) was the last of this division. The Maltese little dogs were as much esteemed by the fine ladies of past times, as those of Bologna are among the modern. Old Hollingshead is ridiculously severe on the fair of his days, for their excessive passion for these little animals, which is sufficient to prove it was in his time a novelty.

The second grand division of dogs comprehends the Rustici, or those that were used in the country.

The first species is the Pastoralis, or Shepherd's dog, which is the same that is used at present, either in guarding our flocks, or in driving herds of cattle. This kind is so well trained for those purposes,

as to attend to every part of the herd or flock be it ever so large, confine them to the road, and force in every straggler without doing it the least injury.

The next is the Villaticus, or Cantenarius, the mastiff or band dog, a species of great size and strength, and a very loud barker. Manwood says, it derives its name from *mase théfse*, being supposed to frighten away robbers by its tremendous voice. Caius tells us, that three of these were reckoned a match for a bear, and four for a lion: but from an experiment made in the tower by James the First, that noble quadruped was found an unequal match to only three. Two of the dogs were disabled in the combat, but the third forced the lion to seek for safety by flight. The English bull-dog seems to belong to this species; and probably is the dog our author mentions under the title of Laniarius. Great Britain was so noted for its mastiffs, that the Roman Emperors appointed an officer in this island, with the title of *Procurator Cynepii*, whose sole business was to breed, and transmit from hence to the amphitheatre, such as would prove equal to the combats of the place.

Strabo tells us, that the mastiffs of Britain were trained for war, and were used by the Gauls in their battles; and it is certain, a well-trained mastiff might be of considerable use in distressing such half-armed and irregular combatants, as the adversaries of the Gauls seem generally to have been, before the Romans conquered them.

The last division is that of the Degeneres or Curs. The first of these was the Wappe, a name derived from its note; its only use was to alarm the family by barking, if any person approached the house. Of this class was the Versator, or

turnspit; and lastly, the Saltator, or dancing dog, or such as was taught variety of tricks, and carried about by idle people as a shew. Those Degeneres were of no certain shape, being mongrels, or mixtures of all kinds of dogs.

On Mr. CUMBERLAND's Comedy of the LAST OF THE FAMILY, written by the Author of the Critique on the TATLERS,—see Page 75, in this Number of our Magazine.

THE Comedy, called THE LAST OF THE FAMILY, is the production of Richard Cumberland, Esq. the well known Author of the *West Indian*, the *Jew*, *First Love*, the *Wheel of Fortune*, and many other popular dramatic pieces. It was represented for the first time, for the benefit of Mr. Bannister, jun. (whose acknowledged talents as a Comedian, have contributed essentially to support the recent writings of the Author on the Stage,) and for the second, on Wednesday evening, May 10, on both which occasions it was received with great applause. This Comedy, without much nerve in its plot, or great originality in its character, from the ease and liveliness of the dialogue, and the artful disposition of some of the incidents, is interesting and entertaining. The mixture of whimsical humour, and sincere and active kindness of Tiffany, and the honest purpose of Abel Ap-origin, arrest attention, and gratify the best feelings of the mind, though their rage for goodness and fellow-feeling somewhat contradicts the ordinary practice of life. The mock madness of Lætitia is assumed; we scarcely know why, and thrown off on the sudden without any rhyme or reason. It is rather to be lamented, that comic writers give

give in to the use of a conceit, the acting of which too seriously affects the heart of sensibility to afford with scenes, that, properly speaking, should only excite pleasing sensations. In tragedy, Shakelpear has touched the idea with a masterly hand: but though Congreve's Valentine assumed madness for a wife purpose, and Mrs. Cowley has not unsuccessfully made use of the same kind of incident in one of her plays, a direct parody on Ophelia is fitter for the stage of the French *Comedie Italienne*, than an English theatre. Peregrine is amiably coloured, but not brought forward enough in the dramatic canvas for the hero of the play. The incident of his discovery, by means of a two-part locket, and much of the plot, is evidently taken, but fairly so, from Dr. Moore's Novel of EDWARD.

The characters were most of them well supported. Bannister and Suett deserved the Author's best thanks, and Mrs. Jordan's felicitous exertion of her wonderful and various talents, entitle her to more praise, than either the gratitude of the Author, or the power of the Writer of this article can put into words, if they were to club their wits for the purpose. R. Palmer was easy and well in Flaxible, and Mr. C. Kemble and Miss Pope, did every possible justice to their respective characters. It is not a very desirable thing to see either Wewitzer or Dowton in a laced suit of cloaths, unless in characters, the ridicule of which is meant to be heightened by tawdry trappings. Wewitzer is unrivalled as a Comedian, in his proper cast; but the truth is, he has not the good fortune, nor do we believe he gives himself credit for the power of being able, with any sort of facility, to assume the necessary grace and elegance of a person in polished life.

This play will probably hold its place on the Stage for some time, for the reasons before mentioned; but it is very inferior to any former Comedies of the same writer.

The WORDS of COMMAND, and a brief Explanation of the NEW SWORD EXERCISE. By Sholto Sorlie, serjeant in the 7th (or Queen's own regiment) of Light Dragons.

(Continued from page 390)

Method of preparing to perform the Six Divisions of Movements on Horseback.

THE same instructions to be observed by the single men, for the performance of it on horseback as on foot.

The drill will be fell in a rank entire, and told off exactly the same as when on foot, right, centre and left; but besides that, the drill must be told off in four divisions, upon a supposition of the four squadrons of the regiment, until such time as the whole of the regiment performs it, when there will be no further necessity for it; this dividing them into four divisions, is a preparation for performing it with speed, which will be explained hereafter; neither will there be any necessity of easing files as when on foot, for if the men have their usual distance of files, which is eight inches from knee to knee, when the centre and left files fall back, there will be plenty of room; yet it will be necessary to prove their distance of files, for fear of an accident, which is done on horseback the same as on foot, with this difference, that in proving distance of files

files on horseback, the men stand well upon their stirrups.

After having drawn their swords, the same words of command will be made use of as when on foot; but when the pivots on the right fall back, they will take care to have no more than half a horse's length from the one in front from them; your files having doubled, you proceed to perform the sword exercise, either by word of command, or by fugle men; but it must always be observed, both on foot and on horseback, that the men remain perfectly steady when at position of *slope swords*, between every division of movements.

N. B. When the sword exercise is performed by fugle men, either on horseback, or on foot, after the word *first division*, &c. is given, a pause of about three seconds must be made before the sword is brought to the *prepare to guard*.

The Meaning of the Six Divisions of Movements explained.

The use of the first division of movements are upon a supposition of advancing; the use of the six cuts, *left and right protest*, are exactly the same as explained in the explanation of the drill motions. It contains sixteen motions.

Second Division explained.

The use of the second division of movements, are upon a supposition of retreating; the commencement and cuts are exactly the same as the first division; the guards and cuts to the rear are also explained in the drill motions. It contains fifteen motions.

Third Division explained.

The use of the third division of movements, is also upon a suppo-

sition of advancing, and is nearly the same as the first, with this difference, that there are four cuts more than in the first, three to cut the horse's head, and one to cut the man, and two guards in it for the protection of the horse's head. This division of movements must be done much quicker than any of the others, as it is much the longest, otherwise the ground would not do. It contains twenty-two motions.

Fourth Division explained.

The sole intention of this division of movements, is an attack against infantry. Having come to your guard, you are upon a supposition that an infantry man is kneeling with charged bayonet against you; you therefore immediately prepare to parry the bayonet off with the back of the sword; having parried, you instantly cut at the man with cut two, in such direction as to cut him under the hat; as soon as you have cut two, the sword must be brought to the position of Saint George, to be in readiness to cut one on the other side of you; and in all cuts in the infantry movements, the sword must be brought to the position of Saint George, as it stands to reason, the greater height a man cuts from, the more force he cuts with. You next give point to the right and left, not in the same direction as if fighting a man on horseback, but downwards, as supposing a man lying on the ground. You next cut three and four, and in cutting three, you must take care to carry the sword well round the head, and cut strong up to the front in both these last cuts. It must always be observed in the infantry cuts, that in cutting two and one, after the strength of the cuts are made, the back of the sword must be turned towards the horse's rump; also in cutting three and

and four, that the sword is carried strait out to the front, in order to save the horse's head; for if a horse gets one cut, it makes him ever after shy. It contains fifteen motions.

Fifth Division explained.

This division of movements is on a supposition of fighting two men, or rather how to attack on either side of you; you therefore begin the attack on the near or left side of you, by cutting one and two at your antagonist, instantly bringing the sword round your head at the guard, and turning the body well to the right, you cut one and two again, and bring the sword to prepare to guard, then give point to the left, then to the right, and in giving point to the right, the instant you give point, the edge of the sword must be turned to the front, and the head to the left; you now cut five and six, guard and slope sword. This division contains fourteen motions.

Sixth Division explained.

This division which is the last, is an attack on the right, and defence to the left; the supposition is that you are attacking a man on the right of you. First give point to the right, then cut one at your antagonist's back of his head, instantly turning your sword you cut at his face with cut two, and bring the sword with the hilt against your left shoulder, point upwards, ready to parry; you will act the defensive part, by first parrying the point off which is given to the right; having parried, you instantly bring the sword back to the first position of the parry, to be in readiness to guard the cut which is made at the back of your head; having guarded the back of your head, you next guard your face, then give point to the front,

prepare to guard, guard, then slope swords. This division contains twelve motions.

Your men having performed the six divisions of movement, standing and formed to their former front, it is next to be performed in speed; it has already been mentioned also that your drills are to be told off in four divisions. You will therefore proceed as follows: *Ranks by threes from your center outwards. Wheel. March. Halt. Drills.* The two left hand divisions will wheel to their left, and the two right hand divisions to their right by threes. You will next give the word *March*. At which word of command the whole move strait forward, until they come to the ground appointed at each end for the leading threes to wheel, *i. e.* the leading three of the left half rank wheels to the right, and the leading three of the right half rank wheels to the left; then they move forward in that direction until the divisions that are in the rear of both half ranks come upon their grounds appointed, where they will be ordered to *Halt*, and *Wheel up*, the front divisions keep moving on, till they get about thirty yards off those divisions that are halted, then they *Halt* and *Wheel up*. You will have your men in two divisions, at each end of your ground, formed opposite each other; you will next give the word, *Perform the Sword Exercise in speed.* At which word of command, the right and left hand men of each division move forward one horse length, and wait there until the word, *First division* is given; as soon as that word is given, they will start off in speed, go through their division, and form up in the proper places in the rear of those divisions that were opposite them; as soon as one man has started, the next must forward a horse's length, and so on until they have all gone off. The second

man will go off with the second, the third with the third, the fourth with the fourth, the fifth with the fifth, and the sixth man with the sixth division; and should there be more than six men in each of your divisions, as there will be, when the whole squadron comes to act, the seventh man starts with the first, the eighth man with the second, and so on until the whole of your men are gone off. The men having all done one division of movements and formed up, the next thing to be done is the attack and defence standing, and in order to prepare for it, you will give the word, *Divisions wheel inwards. March.* At the word *march*, those divisions that belonged to the right half rank, wheel to their left, and those divisions of the left half rank, wheel to their right. *Halt. D:fs.* You have one division of each half rank formed in the rear, which divisions are to act as the rear rank; you will now give the word, *Divisions to your center extend your files. March.* At the word *march*, they will go off in a brisk trot, or a canter, casting their eye to the rear, and taking about two horse's lengths distance from the files in the rear of them, they will halt and front, the files in the rear taking care to cover those in the front; you will now give the word, *Rear rank move forward to the attack. March.* At this word of command, the rear rank moves forward and attacks the front rank, and goes back to their places; you will next give the word, *Front rank, to your right about, turn. Move forward to the attack. March.* At the word *march*, they will go and attack the rear rank, and come back to the ground they went from.

The Attack and Defence Standing explained.

As soon as the rear rank are ordered to move forward to the at-

tack, and have got the word *march*, (they advance a few paces) come to the *prepare to guard*, then *guard*. The front rank will come to the guard of *bridle arm protect*. The rank now comes up, 1st, Gives point to the right. 2nd, Cuts at the back of the head. 3rd, At the face. 4th, Horse's head near side. 5th, Horse's head off side. 6th, At the inside of the man's face. 7th, Guards against cut three. 8th, Cuts at his thigh, and walks off, protecting his bridle arm. Dressing by the center, when come on their ground, halt and front.

The front rank having come to the guard of *bridle arm protect*, as soon as they see their antagonists preparing to give point, they will prepare to parry; 1st, Parry. 2nd, Guard the back of the head. 3rd, Guard the face. 4th, Horse near side protect. 5th, Off side protect. 6th, Guard the inside of the face. 7th, Cut three. 8th, Guard the thigh. 9th, Cut six. The front having gone about, and ordered to attack the rear rank, they will, at the word *march*, also advance a few paces, and then come to their guard regular, each rear rank man taking the time from his front rank man for doing the same. The front rank now comes up and begins the attack on the off side: 1st, Cut at his horse's head off side. 2nd, Inside of the man's face. 3rd, Guards against cut three. 4th, Cuts at his thigh. 5th, Guards against cut six. 6th, Cuts at his sword arm. 7th, At his bridle arm. 8th, Gives point to the right. 9th, Cuts at the back of the head. 10th, At his face. 11th, At his horse's head near side, and walks off, protecting his sword arm. The rear rank will first guard the horse's head off side. 2nd, Inside of the face. 3rd, Cut three. 4th, Guard the thigh. 5th, Cut six. 6th, Guard

Guard sword arm. 7th. Bridle arm. 8th. Parry. 9th, Guard the back of the head. 10th, Guard the face. 11th, Horse near side protect, then as the front rank walks off, cut six at his sword arm.

The front and rear rank having attacked each other standing, it is next to be performed in speed: you will therefore prepare for it, by giving the word of command, *To your outward Flanks close your Files. March.*

Your men being formed into divisions again, you will wheel them backwards by going about by threes, the divisions that belong to the left half rank on their right backwards, and the divisions that belong to the right half rank on their left backwards; *The Attack and Defence in Speed. March.* At the word *March*, the two men that are on the right of the right hand division, belonging to the left half rank, will go off in a canter, when got about ten yards of the next two, and so on until the whole are gone off; the left hand division of the left half rank taking care to occupy the ground time enough that the right hand division went from, and as soon as the two first men that went off are got to the left flank of the left division belonging to the right half rank which they must run to, they will pull up their horses and walk slowly on, 'till the whole are come up, when they will walk out and go and form on the same ground, where they performed the six divisions of movements standing, each man taking care to get into his proper place, whilst he is in the rear of the right half rank. As soon as the whole of the men of the left half rank are clear of the flank of the left division of the right half rank, the right half rank will commence the attack, beginning the attack from the left of their left division, the right hand division taking care to occupy

their ground soon enough; and when the two first men that went off are come to the ground where the left half rank went from, they will also pull up, and follow the same instructions given for the left half rank, then walk out and form in their place.

Motions of the Attack and Defence in Speed explained.

The right hand man of the two, always when they start, must be rather in the front, with his sword hand at his left shoulder, ready to parry the point off that is made at him; the man who attacks comes up on the near side; 1st, Gives point to the right. 2nd, Cuts at the back of the head. 3rd, Cuts at his face. 4th, Cuts at his horse's head near side and rides on, guarding his sword arm, and bringing the sword round to the rear, as he sees the other advancing on him, when he will now prepare to parry, and be attacked in the same manner, as explained. The defensive part is, 1st, Parry the point off. 2nd, Guard the back of the head. 3rd, Guard the face. 4th, Horse near side protect, and cut six.

(To be continued.)

ODD BEQUEST.

THE late Mr. Langford of Balsall, Derbyshire, amongst other eccentric provisions in his will, left *three guilings* per week for the maintenance of a favourite little dog; with an express desire that on the day of his interment, it might be oatened with a fable maner, and set at his remains as one of the *chief ornaments*, which was accordingly done with the greatest pomp and solemnity.

THE FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE principle upon which the tax for doubling the duty on *Highways* is to proceed, may very easily be discovered. The Minister having already *double loaded* John Bull, is determined to make him pay in proportion to the *burden he carries*.

Mr. Courtenay, on being asked his opinion relative to the probable fate of Holland, said, that there was no doubt of its being declared an *independent Republic, dependant upon France*!

An impious punter, on hearing that the *spiritual* part of the community (the clergy) were about to *embody* themselves for the defence of the country, after making some observations on their *sable* attire, and how ill the sword would become it, exclaimed, "Oh! England, unhappy England, to what a condition are you reduced, when you are to be indebted for the defence of your rights and interests to a band of *black-guards*."

It is a curious circumstance, but it is a fact, that a cow in the neighbourhood of Manchester, amused herself a few days ago, with eating *seven caps* and *two white aprons* which were on a hedge to dry, and belonged to a servant girl at the farmhouse where the cow was kept.

Two sailors discussing the late mutiny at Portsmouth, one of them

affirmed that Lord K——n was at the head of it, on account of his having lately struck so many attorneys off the roll, who for the most part had entered into the *Fleet*.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

The celebrated Mr. Christie, in describing a mansion he lately sold, says, "That it is situated on an elevated bank of the Thames, whose silver surface reflects the simple and elegant elevation of the building. The approach to the eating-room is through folding doors, into a conservatory, forty feet by sixteen, imparting to the dwelling all the genial warmth of the Oriental or Occidental climates, and diffusing at pleasure through the apartments the perfume of the most odoriferous plants!"

CLASSICAL PUN.

By a gentleman not more distinguished for his abilities at the Bar and in the Senate, than for his wit and humour--" It seems extraordinary, (he remarked), that the English, who so earnestly wish for peace, should have given so favourable a reception to their visitor, the *weighty* Prince of Württemberg, who certainly must be considered as the *greatest* *Belli-gerent* Prince in Europe."

An honest Hibernian whose *bank-pocket* (to use his own phrase) had *soft payment*, was forced to the sad necessity of perambulating the streets in Manchester two nights together, for want of a few pence to pay his lodging, when accidentally hearing a person talk of the *Lying-in Hospital*, he exclaimed, " That's the place for me! honey, where is it? for

for by Jafus I've been *lying out* these two nights."

A set of tradesmen were expressing their astonishment a few days ago at the capture of *Kehl* in two hours, by the French, although the reduction of that fortress had cost the *Austrians* fifty-two days; when an honest carpenter remarked, "that he could account for it in no other manner than by supposing that the former worked by the *job*, and the latter by the *day*."

ANECDOTE.

The well-known Cardinal Angelotto, notorious for the weakness of his intellects, and the meanness of his disposition, was very fond of detracting from the merit of others. One day, when Pope Eugenio IV. was at Florence, a lad of ten years old was introduced to his Holiness in the presence of the Cardinal. The youth addressed the Pope in a speech, which for gravity and wisdom much exceeded his years. "It is common," observed Angelotto, when the rest of the audience praised the oration, "for young persons endowed with premature talents to fall into early decay of parts."—"Then, my Lord Cardinal," replied the lad, "you must have had very extraordinary talents when you was young."

Extraordinary Epitaph upon a Chorister to one of the Kings of Spain, in the Church of Scragoffa, in that kingdom.

"Here lies Juan Cabecca, chorister of our Lord the King:—When he was received into the

choir of Angels, in augmentation of that happy company, his voice was so distinguishable from the rest, that even God himself hearkened to him with attention! and at last said, rather severely, to the Angels, "Hold your tongues, ye calves! and let Juan Cabecca, chorister to the King of Spain, sing my praise."

THE UNEQUAL COMBATANTS.

An Epigram.

Mrs. Forty, who once kept at Cheit'nam the Spa,
And, 'tis like enough, now does the same:
One night, when at cards, her antagonist saw
That, by far, she'd the best of the game:
When a bye-stander asking him how stood the rub,
He reply'd in a pertinent pun—
"Twice twenty poor devils like me she can drub,
For the odds are just **Forty** to one."

BRUSH;

OCCASIONAL INOFFENSIVE MIRTH AN EXCITEMENT TO INDUSTRY.

Annual Subscription Jubilee, at Pinkies Green, near Maidenhead Thicket.

On Tuesday, the 6th of June, (being Whit-Tuesday) 1797, will be given by the surrounding inhabitants, for the promotion of holiday happiness amongst their rustic neighbours, the following prizes:

1. A set of variegated *Wirtemberg Ribbons*, to be played at Cricket for By any two Elevens of the neighbouring parishes; more than two sets offering are to draw lots for the

the preference, to be decided at a single innings, and the wickets to be pitched at eleven o'clock.

N. B. No *clerk* of a *parish*, or *grave digger* will be permitted to play, least an unintentional *solemnity* should be annexed to the match.

2. *A pair of Cockham made dancing Pumps to be Jumped for, one hundred yards, in Sacks,*

The best of three heats. No man under four feet nine, or over six feet six, will be admitted.

3. *A Holland Chemise, or linen convenience (vulgarly called a Smock) of large dimensions, to be Run for,*

By Young Ladies (poetically depicted *Nymphs*) whose characters are unfulfilled, and persons impregnable. To prevent disputes no *lady* will be permitted to start who has ever been *detected* in an improper situation. The second best will receive a pair of White Cotton Stockings, and the third a pair of Scarlet Garters.

4. *A Polished Beef Steak Gridiron to be Grinned for,*

By members of the Agriculturean Club, or Round Frock Society. No *pism* singer can be admitted a candidate without a written recommendation from the Churchwarden and Overseers of the parish to which he belongs.

Lastly. *A Saddle, Bridle and Whip to be Run for*

By Asses, the best of three heats. The winner to receive the Saddle, the second the Bridle, and the third the Whip.—To run accord-

ing to the King's Plate Articles, and that *croffing* and *jostling* may be the better avoided, no *party man*, or *political jockey* will be permitted to ride.

N. B. This day being intended as an annual dedication to *friendship, mirth, and good neighbourhood*, it is heartily recommended to those who are not disposed to be *pleased* at the happiness of others, to stay at home and endeavour to please *themselves*. *Husbands*, who *wish* to be their *own masters* for *one day*, (and have any doubt upon the subject,) are advised to leave their *Wives* at home to prevent even *a chance* of their own disappointment. *Maids* who wish to be *Wives*, cannot do better than run for the *Smock*, as it will afford ample opportunity to demonstrate their *strength* and *pliability* when called into *action*. In addition, both sexes and all ages are earnestly entreated to be "*Merry and Wife*."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FOX CHASE.

THE beginning of this month, the harriers belonging to A. Prattington, Esq. of Ribbesford, near Bewdley, found a fox in Owney Coppice, near Newnham's Bridge, Worcestershire. He immediately crossed the river Rea, and ran through the parishes of Knighton, Neen Sollers, Milfon, Coreley, Nash, Borafton, and Burford, leaving Tenbury a short distance to the left; thence to the farther part of the parish of Greet, on the confines of the county of Hereford, within three miles of Ludlow; from whence he reverted by a wide ring, and ran up through the

the parish of Hope Bagot, to Gosly Ruff adjoining the Clee Hill, where he was frequently viewed by the hounds, and with difficulty escaped. He then skirted the South west side of the hill, and returned, with some deviation, through each of the above-named parishes, to within a mile of the cover where he was found.—He again crossed the Reg, ran through Gaudywood Park, and was taken alive at Marbrook, in the parish of Neen Solters, after a chace of six hours, running more than fifty miles, and affording a day's sport scarcely ever equalled.

FOXES
SUCKLED BY TWO BITCHES.

At Goodwood, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, five young *foxes* are suckled and nurtured by two bitches belonging to his Grace's pack of *fox-hounds*!

RATS SUCKLED BY CATS.

The following circumstance is, however, still more extraordinary, and may be depended on as a fact.—A *cat* that had kittened in a barn at Horse-Lunges Farm, near Lewes, on having her brood taken from her, went in pursuit of them, but, instead of her kittens, she found some young *rats*, two of which, apparently not more than a day old, she brought to the place from which her young had been taken, and there suckled and defended them with as much care and tenderness as if they had been her kittens. One of them lived only about two days; the other the cat reared till it was able to run about, when one of the workmen,

unknown to his master, killed it, to prevent its escape.

THE ROBIN.

The robin has been long an occasional visitant in places of public worship, but we seldom hear of their choosing churches for the purpose of rearing their young. The following little interesting circumstance may, however, be depended upon:—In the Abbey church of Bath, one of these birds lately formed her nest, and the place the fixed upon was at the bottom of one of the recesses in which the Mayor's names are usually placed; and there

“The harmless tenant of the hallowed dome”

deposited two eggs; but which, on Good Friday last, were unwittingly crushed, by the City Serjeant placing the preponderous weight of his worship's glittering insignia in the poor robin's sacred depository.

At Albourne Parish Church, Sussex, a robin has built her nest in the pew used by the clerk, immediately under the desk of the clergymán. As the little red-breast at present sits closely on her eggs, Moses has kindly quitted his pew for her better accommodation, and that she may not be disturbed in her laudable endeavours to raise a set of truly musical and fine-toned choristers.

A robin's nest was lately discovered, with five eggs, built in a pair of old leather breeches hanging over a clothes-line in the garret of a dairyman at Northmarston, near Winslow, Bucks.

DUELS.

DUELS.

On Friday evening, May 12, Captain Allen Cameron was brought before the sitting Magistrate at the Public Office, Bow-street, charged with sending a challenge to Ewen Cameron, Esq. of Guildford-street. It appeared that a law suit is carrying on between the prisoner and the prosecutor's brother, and that the prisoner had repeatedly applied to the prosecutor for his interposition with his brother to stop proceedings, but which had been declined, and, at a late meeting, words arose, in consequence of which, last Friday morning, a gentleman called on the prosecutor, and requested to see him privately, which being complied with, he read a letter purporting to come from the prisoner, desiring him to meet the prisoner armed on Saturday morning to defend his honour and reputation. The prosecutor asked if he was to consider it as a challenge? which was answered in the affirmative. While the examination was going on, the prosecutor discovered the gentleman in the office who had read the challenge to him, upon which he was taken into custody, and proved to be Lieutenant Colonel Duncan John Cameron of the 13th regiment. The Magistrate said, he considered his crime equally great with the Captain's, and ordered them to find bail, themselves in 150*l.* each, and two sureties in 250*l.* each, which was, after some delay, complied with.

An affair of honour of a very extraordinary nature took place a short time since in the neighbourhood of Waterford, in Ireland: —a young Physician of that place having been grossly insulted, as he conceived, by two officers, he de-

manded satisfaction, and, in order to make short work of it, determined to fight them both at once: this challenge was accepted, and all three of them met the next morning, the Physician standing in a line between his adversaries, with a pistol in each hand, pointed to both of them; all the combatants fell on the first fire, the Physician was wounded in the breast, one of his opponents was shot through the knee, and the other in his right side; but they are all recovered.

Lieut. F—tz—ald of the marines, and Lieut. Sim—th of the 25th regiment, met lately to settle a quarrel which happened at the theatre in Dublin, a short time previous. —The first fire the balls took no effect, but Lieut. F.'s second fire wounded Lieut. S. in the side, on which the business was amicably adjusted.

A SPORTING NOBLEMAN MARRIED
TO A CELEBRATED ACTRESS.

On Monday, May 2, was married by special licence, at his house in Grosvenor-square, by the Rev. J. Hornby, Vicar of Winwick, Lancashire, the Right Hon. Earl of Derby, to Miss Farren, of Green-street, Grosvenor-square, and late of Drury-lane Theatre.

The above lady was presented to her Majesty at the drawing room on Thursday the 11th of May, and was very graciously received; she was introduced by Lady Cecilia Johnston, and accompanied by Mrs. Markham. The ceremonial, which naturally excited the curiosity of the courtly circle, was conducted on the part of the Countess, with an elegance of demeanor, equally free from affectation and embarrassment. After the Queen had conversed

verfed with her some time, and retired, she received the marked attention of the principal nobility, &c. present. She was simply dressed in a white Chambery gauze, and white bugles, and her head ornamented only with a single small white feather and spray, and a narrow bandeau of white bugles on her hair, which was lightly powdered. The Countess went to St. James's in the plain family coach, attended by two footmen in their usual liveries; indeed the whole appearance was devoid of ostentation, or parade. The Earl of Derby himself appeared in—**MOURNING!**

It was universally allowed at the above Drawing-room, that no lady at Court *acted her part* better than the Countess of Derby; and it is but justice to add, that she filled her new *character* with an ease and dignity every way becoming her rank.

Since the above introduction, Lady Derby of course, and in right, attended the Royal marriage and the Queen's subsequent Drawing-room.

DEATH OF A SPORTING BARONET.

Lately died Sir John Webb, Bart. well known on the turf for his racing establishment; he has left the bulk of his fortune to his *grand-child* by his daughter Lady Shaftesbury, but not a shilling of it is to be paid till the child is of age. He has not left a shilling to Lord Shaftesbury, and in general his property is very oddly disposed of.

IMPOSTORS AND SWINDLERS.

On Thursday evening, May 4, a person who assumed the name of

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Col. St. John, came in a hackney-coach to Nerot's Hotel, King-street, St. James's-square, pretending that he had just come to town, and said, that as his chaise was coming through Islington it was robbed of a trunk, containing all the wearing apparel he had brought with him from the country, and a number of letters from a lady of high distinction, with whom he had been particularly intimate, and which he was so anxious to recover, that he would give one hundred guineas to any person that would bring them, without asking a single question, as the lady's reputation would be entirely ruined should the letters be made public.—Mr. Nerot advised him to take the advice of Townfend, the Bow-street officer, as to the most proper means of proceeding to regain them; but who, on being sent for, discovered it was not Col. St. John; and on hearing his story, concluded the whole to be false, and he an errant impostor. At this interview, a very curious scene took place: Townfend in his usual knowing manner said, that he did not recollect him among the many persons of *rank* with whom he was acquainted, and desired to know whether he was related to the Bolingbroke family, or the St. John's of Yorkshire; he replied to the former; after some further conversation they parted. Townfend, before he quitted the house, apprised the master of it what a suspicious guest he had. The same night Townfend saw him at the Masquerade, and had some further conversation with him, but which only tended to strengthen the suspicion he entertained, which was confirmed the next day, by his being taken up on a warrant from the Police Office, Marlborough-street, for defrauding several shopkeepers of various articles, and for which he was

was committed to Tothilfields bridewell, for further examination. His real name, it seems, is Cleaver.

—
Last Holt fair-day, one Thomas Betts, of Salthouse, and Thomas King of Barningham, were swindled out of fourteen guineas by two sharpers, one of whom pretended he had found a pocket-book, containing a draft and notes to a considerable amount.

—
A poor man, named Lake, of Bale, who went to the above fair to buy a cow, was also cheated out of five guineas by the stale trick of chalking a letter under a pot.

—
LADIES FASHIONABLE RIDING DRESSES.

—
The front hair combed plain; the sides and hind hair in ringlets. Black beaver hat, with a gold band and tassels; round blue ostrich feather placed in the front of the hat. Riding-dress of blue cloth. Double plaiting of Valenciennes lace round the neck. Large gold hoop ear-rings. York tan gloves. Purple Spanish leather shoes.

—
PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

—
A remarkable instance of the interposition of Divine Providence occurred about six months since. Mr. James Burn, lately a hatter in the Country, but now of Westminster, having business in the North, took Berwick on his way home, for the purpose of going round by sea. He obtained a passage in one of the smacks bound

to London, put his baggage on board, and also went on board himself; but on being acquainted by the master that they could not sail for five or six hours, he took that opportunity to pay a visit. When he came to his friend's door, in putting his foot to the scraper, he lost his poise, and, falling, broke his leg short off by the ankle. In the mean time a breeze sprang up, and the smack failed, and after about six hours passage pitched and foundered, and all on board, except a little boy, perished; he, fortunately, was afloat, and was saved by a smack returning from Berwick.

—
ACCIDENT.

—
The following dreadful accident happened this month, at Towcester. A boy about ten years of age, son of James Williams, of that place, having been sent to take a horse into the lanes to graze, thoughtlessly tied the halter round his arm, in order to prevent the horie from getting away from him; when the animal taking fright, as is supposed, the poor boy was dragged a considerable way along the road quite into the town, where he was taken up a most shocking spectacle, and expired immediately.

—
REMARKABLE CASE.

—
A remarkable case came before the faculty at the Norfolk and Norwich hospital, a few days ago. A boy, between ten and eleven years of age (son of William Webb, of Shrimpling) was bit by a dog last harvest; in January he was evidently unwell, but shewed no signs of canine madness; about seven weeks since he began to bark,

bark, and would frequently take both his food and drink after the manner of canine animals: he has his senses, except for very short intervals, which is previous to his barking, when he appears convulsed, and frequently drinks water, which proves beyond a doubt his complaint is not the hydrophobia. The report of the faculty is, that it is a strong nervous affection.

THEATRICAL LEAP.

In the performance of "*No Song no Supper*," on the night of Miss Wallis's benefit, Storace in leaping into the arms of Fawcett, who performed Robin, overpowered his center of gravity so completely as to occasion a sort of *hugging roll* upon the stage. The House was so convulsed with laughter, and Storace herself so heartily joined in it, as to produce a suspension in the performance for several minutes.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

The following singular circumstance occurred at the Mayor's Office, in Brunswick-street, Liverpool, a few days since:—A woman applied to the Magistrates for a summons to enable her to recover wages, as a sea-man, from a Captain of a ship; when it appeared that she had served in men's habits as a sailor in various situations, for a space of not less than ten years. She has been several times in the Royal Navy; was on board the Phæton when she retook the famous St. Jago prize, and of course is entitled to her proportion of prize-money on that occasion. Having been recently impressed,

and being weary, as it seems, of serving in the Navy, she thought proper to discover her sex.

GREAT NEWS FROM THE TEMPLE OF HYMEN!

A few days ago was married at Adgbaston-church, near Birmingham, after a long and tedious courtship of three weeks, Mr. James Deakin, aged 66, guard to the Royal Mail Coach between Birmingham and Shrewsbury, from its first starting, to Miss Elizabeth Pickfort, of Sniffnall, aged 16, which is said to be his *fourth* wife within these *four* years.

TROTTING MATCH.

One day this month a trotting match, three miles for 100gs. was performed on the Church-Stretton-road, between Mr. Evalen's, of Henchimarsh, mare Intrepid, and Mr. Woofe's, of Cardington, mare Peggy-O! which was won by the former.

ORIGIN OF DRINKING HEALTHS.

In this country was pertinent and sensible Rowena, a beautiful daughter of Hengitus, General of the Saxons, who having the Isle of Thanet given him by King Vortigern, for assisting him against the Picts and Scots, obtained as much ground as he could encompass with an ox's hide to build a castle, which being completed, he invited Vortigern to supper; after the entertainment, Hengitus called for his daughter Rowena, who entered with great dignity and magnificence, carrying a golden bowl full

of wine in her hand, out of which she drank, and in the Saxon language said, "Be of health, Lord King." To this Vortigern replied—"Drink health."

This is the first health which we hear of in history, and boasts an antiquity of "thirteen hundred years."

The story adds, that the King Vortigern, enamoured with Rowena's beauty, married her in a short time after, and gave her father the whole kingdom of Kent.

ANECDOTE OF MR. GARRICK.

About forty years ago, a young lady, beautiful, and of an independent fortune, happened to see Garrick for the first time in the character of Romeo. She was so charmed with his appearance, that she wrote to him the next day, expressing a desire to be personally acquainted with him, and appointing an interview the day following. Unluckily Mr. Garrick was that evening to perform Scrub in the Beaux Stratagem. The lady hastened with impatience to the Theatre, but was so disgusted with the apparent alteration in the man she before desired as her lover, that immediately after the play, she wrote to him again, forbidding him ever to be seen in her presence, for that she would have no connexion with one, who, like Proteus, could appear in so many different shapes, and all to the life.

CHEATING.

A very interesting and remarkable Court of Enquiry has lately been held at the Horse Guards, by order of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to investigate

some charges brought by Captain Hankey against Cornet W. Moore, of the 3d Dragoon Guards, for having cheated him of nearly 1,500 guineas. After a very long hearing, the Board was of opinion,

"That Captain Hankey had been cheated, and that Cornet Wm. Moore, of the third or Prince of Wales's Regiment of Dragoon Guards, was the principal agent in the business."

His Majesty, to whom this decision was submitted, after having himself read over the proceedings, struck Mr. Moore out of the army.

The Court consisted of Lieut. Gen. Gwyn, President; Colonel Nesbitt, 52d regiment; Col. Calvert, Coldstream Regiment of Guards; Col. Hewgill, Coldstream Regiment of Guards; and Colonel Childers, 15th Light Dragoons.

DRAGOON HORSES.

A circular letter has been sent to the Commanders of Dragoon regiments by the Secretary at War, on the subject of many disputes arising between the Landlords of inns and the Serjeants, whose duty it is to attend to see the horses well provided with hay and straw. The regulations to be observed are:—

1st. The quantity to be supplied by the Innkeeper for each Dragoon-horse, per diem, shall be eighteen pounds of good hay, so long as the present ration of corn is allowed by Government, and six pounds of good straw.

2dly. The deliveries shall be either for one day, or for a certain number of days at one time, according as the Commanding Officer shall approve; and they shall be made at such hours, and in the presence of such description of Officers,

Officers, or Non-commissioned Officers, as he shall appoint.

3dly. The articles, after being weighed out, shall be deposited in store-rooms, of which the troops shall have the keys; and to which no other person shall have access without their concurrence.

4thly. Separate stables, into which no horses besides those of the Dragoons are to be put, shall be assigned, wherever it is practicable.

CRICKET MATCH.

On Friday, May 19, and the following day, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, on Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bonne, between eight Noblemen and three Players on each side, for Five Hundred Guineas. This Match was made between Earl Winchelsea and the Hon. Colonel Lenox.

Hon. Colonel Lenox.

FIRST INNINGS.

Hon. Col. Bligh	30	c. Hon. J. Tufton
Boxall	- -	4 c. Ray
Lord Dalkeith	-	5 b. Lord
Lord F. Beauclerk	32	leg before wicket
G. Louch, Esq.	-	1 b. Lord
Captain Lambert	2	c. Sylvester
Grayham	-	0 b. Lord.
Gibson, Esq.	1	run out
Hon. Col. Lenox	22	b. Lord
Capt. Coderington	10	not out
Buller, Esq.	0	c. Ray
Byes	-	0
	107	

SECOND INNINGS.

Hon. Col. Bligh	13	b. Sylvester
Boxall	- -	0 run out
Lord Dalkeith	4	b. Lord
Lord F. Beauclerk	17	c. Hon. A. P. Upton
G. Louch, Esq.	2	b. Sylvester
Capt. Lambert	0	b. Hon. H. Tufton

Grayham	-	4 c. Hon. J. Tufton
Gibson, Esq.	3	run out
Hon. Col. Lenox	2	b. Lord
Capt. Coderington	3	not out
Buller, Esq.	0	b. Lord
Byes	1	
	49	

Earl Winchelsea.

FIRST INNINGS.

Hon. A. P. Tufton	5	run out
T. Walker	- 125	c. Hon. Col. Bligh
Hon. J. Tufton	1	b. Boxall
Hon. H. Tufton	8	c. Ld. Fred. Beauclerk
Earl Winchelsea	0	c. Grayham
Lord	- -	20 c. Boxall
Sir H. Marten	0	run out
C. L. Oatlow	-	5 b. Boxall
Ray	- -	53 c. Hon. Col. Bligh
Sylvester	-	17 not out
White	- -	3 run out
Byes	3	
	250	

Earl Winchelsea won by one innings, and ninety-four runs.

ELOPEMENT.

On Monday night, May 15, Lieutenant Stawell, of the Chat-ham Division of Marines, recruiting at Trowbridge, Wilts, eloped with Miss Steel, daughter of the late Mr. Steel, clothier, of Hilp-ton; Mr. Stawell took her from the back window of an apartment in her mother's dwelling-house, and immediately went for Gretna-green in a chaise and four.

A Sky-lark, in the possession of Mr. Adams, at the Carpenter's Arms, Lambeth, has completed his Twentieth year; and, what is more remarkable, sings as well as ever, to the no small gratification of many persons, whose curiosity has led them to see this venerable songster! The present possessor has had him Nineteen years.

LAW

LAW REPORT ON THE GAME LAWS.

Court of King's Bench, May 14.

BETTS, *qui tam.* v. CAMPBELL.

THE Plaintiff belonged to the profession of the law till he was struck off the Roll. The Defendant keeps the Shakespeare Tavern, Covent Garden.

This action was brought for a violation of one of the Game-Laws, to recover a penalty of 5l. for exhibiting two Hares and a Pheasant in his area. This fact was proved by John Watts, formerly a midshipman, and by Richard Cox, both of whom were sent by Betts to the Shakespeare to look at the hares and the pheasant, that they might be able to swear to them. They said it was impossible to enter the house without perceiving them.

Lord Kenyon disapproved very much of this action, and said, if the Jury believed the evidence of the two witnesses, it would be their duty, to find a verdict for one penalty of 5l. If they did not believe the evidence, they would find a verdict for the Defendant.—Verdict for Defendant.

MORE THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane.

SATURDAY night, May 13, a new Masque, in honour of the approaching Royal Nuptials, called the *Fairy Festival*, was performed for the first time. It is a trifle, from its magnificence, well calculated to please the eye, and the music and dancing, with which it is

interspersed, render the whole a very entertaining bagatelle. The dresses are exceedingly pretty, and the scenery, which includes a fine transparent medallion of the Prince of Wurtemberg and his amiable Prince Elect, is at once interesting and grand.—It went off to the entire satisfaction of a crowded and brilliant audience.—The Duke and Duchess of York were in one of the private boxes on the King's side.

THE WANDERING JEW, A FARCE

Drury Lane.

Monday night, May 15, a new Farce, called the *Wandering Jew*, or *Love's Masquerade*, was performed, for the first time. The author, who we understand to be Mr. Franklin, a gentleman of no mean pretensions to literary fame, has in every scene proved himself to be possessed of an infinite fund of wit and humour, which, in general, he has applied with equal force and effect. The dialogue is neat and sprightly; and the incidents, although highly farcical, are exceedingly pleasant, and irresistibly laughable. The Farce takes its title from the character of a young adventurer, who, failing in other expedients, assumes the garb of the Wandering Jew, attended by a brother fortune-hunter, dressed in a similar habit. The latter, who is an Irishman, gives some very curious descriptions of the exploits in their days of Julius Cæsar, and other remote periods, blended with modern occurrences. This is a very excellent idea, but a part of the audience the first night, appeared to misconceive the meaning of the author. The piece was announced for a second representation with a few dissenting voices.

On

On the second night, the Farce was curtailed, and deservedly well received. There is not a doubt but that it will prove an universal and everlasting favourite of the public.

ORTRAIT OF MR. ROBERT JONES.

IN our last Month's Magazine, we promised an Engraving of the Portrait of Mr. Robert Jones, the successful Farrier of the Curtain road, Finsbury Square. That promise we now fulfil, and if there be anything to add to our former observations, it will be merely to say, that Mr. Jones's establishment is of the most respectable kind. His superior judgment in difficult cases as a Farrier is, as well as in the ordinary course of his business, unquestionably admitted, and his success hath not fallen short of his ability. Independent of his business of shoeing, and his practice in the diseases of sporting and nag horses, Mr. Jones is likewise Farrier at Mr. Whitbread's brewery, in Chiswell-street, where a number of the finest horses in the kingdom of the cart kind are kept, and which may be seen in all parts of the metropolis in the drays of their pulent owner.

Of a person living and in business, all biographical eulogiums must be dispensed with, hence it will be only necessary for us to recommend Mr. Jones to our readers as an eminent and skilful practical farrier. The engraving will do no discredit to Mr. Scott, indeed an indifferent artist would be unfit to exercise the graphic art from any performance by Mr. Marshall, who understand painted the original picture from which the print is taken.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

CURIOS ANECDOTE relating to
KING CHARLES the FIRST, and
a MR. SHUTE.

M R. Richard Shute was a Turkey Merchant, and one of the City Members, a true lover of his King and Country, and much favoured by King Charles the First, who gave him the name of *Sattin Shute* (by way of distinction from another branch of the same name and family, and from his usual wearing a fatten doublet cut upon white taffety). He was certainly very nice in the fashion of the age, as his servant was for some hours every morning starching his band and curling his whiskers; during these operations, a gentleman, whom he had entertained as a companion, always read to him in some useful subject.

Mr. Shute lived above forty years in one house in Leadenhall-street: he had also a country seat at Barking, in Essex, which, though near London, seemed to be formed for the habitation of a solitary. It struck off from the road through a long walk of elms, the branches of which almost met at the top: the building was a very antient one; it had been the castle of a Baron during the wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, but the situation was perfectly pleasant. In a court-yard before the house, there was a large basin, with a fountain; behind it, there was a flower garden walled in, and planted with the choicest fruit trees. On one side of the garden was a vineyard, in the French style; on the other, an orchard, which contained four hundred fruit trees, planted after an uncommon, but regular manner, forming several

several covered walks, which as they were kept neatly gravelled and rolled, had a very pleasing appearance. At the bottom of the flower garden was a spacious hall, paved with white marble; and over it, supported by pillars of the same, a summer house, curiously painted with scripture histories, and four windows opening to the four points of the compass. On the other side of this delicious bower, was a pond well stored with fish; at some distance from which was a small grove of venerable oaks, whose tops towered to the clouds.

From this spot, Mr. Shute cleared away all the trees, those excepted which surrounded it, and made it into a bowling-green: one of the prettiest, perhaps, as well as one of the most convenient of the kind. As he greatly delighted in bowling, and as he had a soul truly liberal, he kept up the old English hospitality, so that he never wanted visitors, nor did they fail to circulate the beauties which they admired. The king being soon acquainted with the beauties of Mr. Shute's villa, and being also fond of his favourite diversion, told him when he came next to court, that he would take a country dinner with him the day following, and try his skill on the new green. Mr. Shute received his Majesty's proposal with the highest satisfaction, and made the best preparations for the entertainment of his royal guest, which the shortness of the time would admit of.

The King was so well pleased with the place, Mr. Shute's skill, (he was reckoned one of the best bowlers in England) and his own entertainment, that when he had a mind to drop state, as he called it, and enjoy himself as a private man, he would frequently retire to Barking Hill, and pass whole days

in Shute's company, not as a sovereign with his guards, but as a friend, with three or four select gentlemen, his attendants. "Ah, Shute," said he one day with a deep sigh, "how much happier than I art thou in this blessed retirement, free from the cares of a crown, a factious ministry, and rebellious subjects."

They generally played high, and punctually paid their losses; and though Mr. Shute often won, yet the king would at one time set higher than usual. Having lost several games however, he withdrew. "One thousand pounds rubbers more, if your majesty pleases," said Mr. Shute, "perhaps luck may turn." "No, Shute," replied the King, "thou hast won the day, and much good may it do thee; but I must remember I have a wife and children."

A Short Essay on Puppyism.

THREE are puppies who have no canine appetites, who drink more than they eat, and sleep more than they live. There are puppies from the ducal coronet down to the shoe-black; puppies of every complexion, size, stature, and denomination. There are puppies in crape as well as in ermine; tie-wigs as well as crops. Puppies are cherished by the ladies, who consider them as innocent animals, and treat them as lap-dogs; they are admitted to female toilets, and are looked upon so insignificant, that they are not noticed. A hair-dresser is an animal of superior merit, a dentist is a king, and a dancing master an emperor, compared to a dangling puppy.

In the Senate, a puppy may be distinguished by the choice of hard words without any meaning, constantly

stantly speaking to every question without understanding it; addressing the chair without any address; joining the treasury bench, and dividing with the majority right or wrong.

In the pulpit, the stroking a white hand and admiring it with a ring in the middle of a sermon, a simpering ogre, an affected lisp, and a circling gaze for admiration, particularly from the ladies, all denote the clerical puppy.

At the bar, an affected pronunciation, and lugging in *my lud* and *authority*, without any sort of authority, brow-beating witnesses, whose ignorance and embarrassment prevent them from acquitting themselves with propriety, asking improper questions, and straining the meaning of answers, all argue the puppy.

In Medicine, a glaring chariot, a large wig, a pedantic selection of technical phrases, a dogmatic decision, an evasive replication, determine the faculty puppy.

From this specimen, the reader will be enabled to form some idea of *puppyism* in most situations; he will easily trace the puppy pop, the puppy sportsman, the puppy critic, the puppy connoisseur, the puppy poet, and even the puppy writer.

That I may not be clasped under the last, I shall here terminate this essay by declaring myself a sworn foe to puppyism in every class and station of life.

LADIES OF THE PHARO TABLE.

THE fashionable Ladies convicted of playing at unlawful games are, we believe, doomed to perpetual persecution and reproach; besides Lord Kenyon, the

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magistrate Conant, and the newspaper scribblers, they are at last attacked and censured by the sarcastic Mr. Anthony Pasquin, who in a Note in his pamphlet, called "*A Looking Glass for the Royal Family*," thus speaks of the Ladies in question:

Public Gaming Tables.

"However fashion may differ on the propriety of exacting from elevated rank the morals which the laws impose on lower society, yet an exterior respect is due to those laws by the very fashion that breaks them. Mr. Burke, the most polished advocate for immorality that the modern world has seen, says, that "Vice lost half its evil by losing all its grossness;" and we should imagine that those who are dead to indecorum would at least be guided by discretion. We are drawn to this observation from the conduct of a Countess; the sister of a Duchess; the sister of a Legislator, and another rapti-pole woman of quality; who, before the Magistrates of Marlborough-street, on a charge by their discarded servants of keeping a gaming table, made use of *subterfuges* that would have debased a solicitor at the Old Bailey. The law is, or ought to be, a noble profession; and these Right Honourable Sporting Ladies were ill advised to believe that they could so openly juggle with the laws and its administrators, as well as with public example. They have now made it a question of national interest; and every man who regards the peace of society is provoked. If a magistrate of spirit is to be assailed in the discharge of his duty by such contemptuous reasoning, and such insinuations as were made use of on that baneful occasion, every moral being must rally round the Magistrates, and turn that

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which was a mere matter of decency into a question of constitution.

“ One information was quashed because an *i* was wanting in the name! It was very creditable to the person, that she got off by an *icta*!

“ An alibi was set up for another! She was not committing the offence at one house, because on that particular night she was *practising* at another!

“ It likewise appeared in evidence, that there was frequently an interchange of hard names, and very coarse language, among those *Ladies of Distinction*, in consequence of a suspicion of *cheating*; and that on one luckless night, some of the vile host of *Pharo* carried off the Countess’s box, containing the whole bank of the establishment, amounting to five hundred guineas! Oh shame, where is thy blush?

“ We cannot dismiss this infamous statement without observing, that had the information been given against persons of less local power, similarly transgressing, that their houses would have probably been forcibly broken into, and the offenders taken into custody, and eventually sent to hard labour in bridewell; and why the law should bear so severely upon the poor, and so tenderly upon the rich, is an event which we have not the ability to reconcile. The time will arrive, when all these ruinous distinctions will be wholly done away, and Vice and Virtue have each their alienable basis.”

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

BY the late arrivals from India, we received a large packet of the Calcutta and Madras Newspa-

pers; from one of these we extract the following account of the sufferings and extraordinary escape of some gentlemen from Bombay, engaged in discoveries.

On the 29th of June, 1795, discovered an Island, from on board the ship Shaw Hormazier, of Calcutta, then in company with the Chesterfield, in latitude 9, 28, S. and 146, 57, E. long, by good observation. This new discovered land was called Tate’s Island, in honour of Mr. Tate, of Bombay.

On the 1st of July, the ships anchored in nine fathom water, twelve miles to the eastward of Tate’s Island, when they sent a boat from each ship, to sound two reefs of rocks, extending to the Northward, from the North point of the Island to the Southward, from the South point.

The natives made signs to the seamen to come ashore, but the day being then far advanced, and not having a sufficient quantity of arms and ammunition in case they were attacked, they thought it most prudent to make the best of their way back to the ships.

When the natives saw they were about to return, many of them leaped into the water, and swam after the boats; while others of them launched two or three canoes, and soon came up with them! —they then bartered bows, arrows, and spears, for small penknives, beads, &c.—some of the natives went also afterwards, on board the ships, and traded there in the same articles. They are a stout, well made people; woolly headed, and in stature resemble the description given of the new Guineas, as well as in complexion: they appeared to be a humane, and hospitable people, from their behaviour while on board. After they had left the Hormazier, it was perceived that they had stolen a hatchet, and several small articles.

On

On the 2nd of July, they manned one boat from the two ships, and sent her on shore, to see if there was any water to be had; and also, for a party to go up to the highest point of land, to see how far the reefs extended; and if there were any islands to the westward; as the ships were then looking out for Forrest's Straights.

Mr. Shaw, Chief Officer of the Chesterfield, was appointed on this duty; Captain Hill, of the New South Wales Corps; Mr. Carter, Purser of the Hormazier; and Mr. Haskett, passenger, accompanied him, in order to make some observations on the soil, produce and inhabitants, of this new discovered island. The natives received them very kindly, and conducted the boat to a convenient place for landing; after they had gone ashore, and distributed some presents among the natives, which they appeared to be very much pleased with, it was proposed, that Messrs. Shaw, Carter, and Haskett, should proceed to the top of a high point of land, and that Captain Hill should stay by the boat with the four seamen. They accordingly armed themselves, with a musket each, and a sufficient quantity of powder and ball, to begin their journey properly accoutred. There were by this time great numbers of the natives, men, women, and children, assembled round them; the men and children quite naked, and the women with no other covering than a leaf over such parts as nature had taught them to conceal.

The gentlemen now made signs to go up the hill, for some water; they were conducted near a mile up, and some cocoa nuts were given them, of which they drank. They then proceeded farther up the hill, against the inclinations of the natives; and were followed by them in great numbers, hallooing

and hooting. At the top of the hill, they had an opportunity of taking the view, which was the object of their journey; they saw the reefs extending as far as the eye could reach; but no land to the westward of the island, except a large sand-bank, nearly even with the water's edge, and not far from the island. At the same time, they also perceived a great number of the natives round the boat, who, they supposed, were trading with Captain Hill; when they had made their observations, they began to descend; and by degrees the natives contrived to separate the three gentlemen, at eight or ten yards from each other, insinuating themselves between them in the path, which was but narrow. Mr. Haskett perceived boys of about 14 or 15 years old lurking in the bushes as they passed, with bundles of spears and arrows: he informed Mr. Carter of it, who was the foremost in the path, and asked if he saw them! who answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Shaw begged the other gentlemen to be on their guard, and Mr. Haskett proposed to Mr. Carter, to turn all the natives before them, as he could plainly perceive they were bent on murdering them. They had got down the hill, the greatest part of the way in this manner, when they were met by a very old man, who killed Mr. Carter's hand first, and then attempted to kill Mr. Haskett's, but was not permitted; he then went on and killed Mr. Shaw's, who was in the rear. Immediately after, Mr. S. called out, "they want to take my musket from me," and Mr. Carter exclaimed, "My God! my God! they have murdered me!"—Mr. Haskett discharged his musket at the next man to him: and on the report of it, the natives all fled into the bushes.

Here was a horrid spectacle for

Mr. Haskett to behold! Mr. Carter laying on the ground, in a gore of blood; and Mr. Shiaw with a large cut in his throat, under the left jaw; but luckily they were both able to rise, and proceed down the hill, with all possible speed, firing at the natives, wherever they saw them. When they arrived on the beach, they found Captain Hill and one of the seamen dead, cut and mangled in a shocking manner, and the other two floating on the water with their throats cut; they however made a shift to get on board, and found every thing was taken away. They then with great difficulty hoisted a sail which the natives had left, and got out of their reach. Mr. Haskett bound up the wounds of his unfortunate comrades with their handkerchiefs; but Mr. Carter was so weak from the loss of blood, that he was obliged to lay down in the bottom of the boat. They saw very distinctly those voracious cannibals, dragging the bodies of Captain Hill and the seamen, up towards large fires, prepared on the occasion, yelling and howling at the same time.

After having cleared the point of land, they hauled up under the lee of the sand-bank; they saw from the top of the hill, they were carried far to leeward of the station in which they left the ships. In short, after some time spent in a situation beyond description horrid, they were picked up, and the wounded gentlemen miraculously recovered.

*

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

MR. EDWARD BRIGHT.

AS the corpulency of the Prince of Wirtemberg, has rendered persons of his magnitude subjects

of conversation, we here insert an authentic statement, extracted from the Burial Register of All Saints, in the Borough Town of Maldon.

EXTRACT.

“ Bright, Edward, a Tallow-chandler and Grocer of this town, was burried the 12th of November, 1750, in the parish church of All Saints, near the bellfrey-door. He weighed upwards of *forty-two stone, horseman's weight*; his coffin was three feet six inches over the shoulders, six feet seven inches long, and three feet deep. A way was cut through the staircase to let it down into the shop; it was drawn upon a carriage to the church, slid upon rollers to the vault made of brick-work, and interred by the help of a triangle and pulleys. He was 29 years of age the 1st of March last; has left a widow now big with her fifth child. He was a very honest tradesman, a facetious companion, comely in his person, affable in his temper, a kind husband, a tender father, and valuable friend.”

CRANBOURN LODGE.

CRANBOURN Lodge, in Windsor Forest, the Residence of the Lord Warden, is about to be pulled down, by order of his Majesty; from the elevated and romantic situation, some ruins are to be erected on the scite, which will form a grand and striking object to the surrounding country; some part of the forest, in the vicinity of Cranbourn, is to be inclosed, which, with the present inclosures, are to be converted into a farm, under the management of his Majesty.

POETRY.

POETRY:

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE,
TO THE NEW COMEDY CALLED
THE WILL.

Written by T. TAYLOR, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. R. PALMER.

No new offender ventures here to-night :
Our present Culprit is a well-known
wight,
Who, since his errors with such *cafe* obtain
A pardon, has presum'd to sin again.
We own his faults; but, ere the cause pro-
ceed,
Something in mitigation let us plead.
If he was found on *Fashion's* broad high-
way,
There Vice and Folly were his only prey ;
Nor had he in his perilous career
E'er put a single passenger in fear ;
All his unskill'd attempts were soon o'er-
thrown,
And the rash youth expos'd himself alone.

Let us the objects he attack'd review—
Unhurt they all their wonted course pursue.
“ * Bards still to Bards, as waves to waves
succeed,
“ And moft we find are of the † *Vapid*
breed ;
“ A truth, perchance, 'tis needless to de-
clare,
“ For ah ! to night, a luckless proof may
glare.”
Still Lawyers strain their throats with venal
fury,
Brow-beat an Evidence, or blind a Jury.
Still the High Gamester and obedient Mate
Veil deep-laid ichemes in hospitable state ;

* The lines marked thus “ were not
spoken.† Vide *The Dramatist*.

Pharo, though routed, still may Justice
dare,
Fine a few pounds, and many a thousand
share.
Still can our *Bloods of Fashion*, arm in arm,
March six abreast, and meaner folks alarm ;
Still saunter through Pall Mall with callous
cafe,
And jostle worth and beauty as they please ;
Still drunk in Theatres, with savage ire
Bid sense and decency abash'd retire ;
Or, more to dignify superior life,
Cheat their best friend of money and of
wife.
If such the age, in vain may Satire toil,
And her weak shafts must on herself re-
coil.

As some may wonder why our Author's
found
Poaching for prey on this unusual ground—
Why thus his old and fav'rite haunt forlorn,
Familiar to each secret dell and brake
The simple truth at once we fairly own—
His subtlest toils were in that covert known ;
The bushes he had beaten o'er and o'er
For some new quarry, but could start no
more :

Hence he resolv'd a vain pursuit to yield,
And abler sportmen left to range the field.
Besides, so many lenient trials past,
Well might he fear to suffer there at last.
At length to this dread Court he truits his
fate,
Where mighty Critics sit in solemn state ;
But, sure that candour will aff'rt her claim,
He scorns to sculk beneath a borrow'd
name :
And since no bad intention sway'd his
mind,
Whate'er the deed, it must indulgence find ;
Nor should a rigid sentence drive him hence,
For here, at leaft, it is his *first offence*.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME.

Written by M. P. ANDREWS, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

THE World's a Stage—and Man has
Seven Ages ;
So Shakespeare writes*—King of Dramatic
Sages ;

But he forgot to tell you in his plan,
That Woman plays her part as well as Man.

*First, how her infant heart with triumph
swells,*
When the red coral flakes its silver bills !
She, like young Statesmen, as the rattle
rings,
Leaps at the sound, and struts in leading-
strings.

Next, little Miss, in pin-a-fore so trim,
With nurse so noisy—with mama so prim—
Eager to tell you all she's taught to utter—
Lips as she grasps the allotted bread and
butter ;
Type of her sex—who, though no longer
young,
Hold every thing with ease, except their
tongue.

*A School-girl then—She curls her hair in
paper,*
*And mimics Father's gout, and Mother's wa-
pours ;*
Tramples alike on customs, and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows :
“ Betty ! ” she cries, “ it comes into my
“ head,
“ Old maids grow cross because their cats
“ are dead ;
“ My Governess has been in such a fuss
“ About the death of our old tabby puts—
“ She wears black stockings—Ha ! ha !—
“ What a pothe,
“ 'Cause one old cat's in mourning for
another ! ”
The Child of Nature—free from pride and
pomp,
And sure to please, though nothing but a
Romp !

Next riper Miss, who, nature more dis-
closing,
Now finds some traits of art are inter-
posing ;

* The idea of this Parody on the Seven
Ages of Shakespeare was suggested to Mr.
Reynolds by his friend Mr. Rogers (Author
of The Pleasures of Memory), and the lines
in Italics were furnished by him.

And with blue laughing eyes behind her fan,
First acts her part—with that great actor,
Man !

Behold her now an ogling, vain Coquette,
Catching male gudeons in her silver'd net !
All things rever'd—the neck, cropt close
and bare,
Scarce feels th' incumbrance of a single
hair ;
Whilst the thick forehead tresses, frizzled
full,
Rival the tufted locks that grace the bull —

Then comes that sober character—a Wife,
With all the dear, distracting cares of life ;
A thousand cards, a thousand joys extend,
For what may not upon a card depend ?
Though Justice in the morn claim fifty
pounds,
Five hundred won at night may heal the
wounds ! —
Now she'll snatch half a glance at Opera Ball,
A mimic trac'd by none, though seen by all ;
Till Spouse finds, while anxious to immure
her,
A Patent Coffin only can secure her !

At last, the Dowager—in ancient flounces,
With snuff and spectacles, this age denounces—
And thus she moralizes—

[Speaks like an old woman]
“ How bold and forward each young flirt
appears !
“ Courtship, in my time, lasted seven
years—
“ Now seven little months suffice of course,
“ For courting, marrying, scolding, and di-
vorce !
“ What with their trus'd-up shapes and
pantaloons,
“ Dres occupies the whole of honey-
moons :
“ They say we have no souls—but what
more odd is,
“ Nor men, nor women now, have any
bodies !
“ When I was young—my heart was always
tender,
“ And would, to every spouse I had, sur-
render ;
“ Their wishes to refuse I never durst—
“ And my fourth died as happy as my
first.”

True to such spleenetic and rash designs,
And let us mingle candour with our lines.
In all the stages of domestic life,
As child, as sister, parent, friend, and wife,
Woman, the source of every fond employ,
Softens affliction, and enlivens joy.
What is your boast, male rulers of the land ?
How cold and cheerless all you can com-
mand !

Vain

Vain your ambition—vain your wealth and power,
Unless kind woman share your raptur'd hour;
Unless, 'midst all the glare of pageant art,
She adds her smile, and triumphs in your heart.

GREAT FOLKS MAY HOLD THEIR HEADS TOO HIGH.

AN EPIGRAMMATIC TALE.

AS a lesson to those who look down with contempt
Upon folks of inferior degree;
And to teach them, that none from fate's frowns are exempt,
Nor from fortune's upsettings are free.
Two young roguish chimney-sweeps not long ago,
As they brawl'd for employ through the street,
With a poor shabby prig, who belong'd to a show,
In St. Giles's once happen'd to meet:
When they cry'd, "Smoke the quiz, with his long knuckle dubs,
And his coat as threadbare as a fack;
And his russety shoes, like the sheiks of two crabs,
And with scarce half a shirt to his back!"

Hip! You Mr. Scaramouch—Scarecrow we mean,
Though such fine things you boast to exhibit;
You had better turn tradesman, like us, than be feen,
In such duds, as if dropt from a gibbet!"

When their master thus gravely their mock'ry decry'd,
Saying—"Peace you two bantering elves,
Though you're tradesmen at present—to pull down your pride,
You may come to be showmen yourselves!"

BRUSH.

A SPORTSMAN'S VERSES ON HIS MISTRESS.

ALL good like the Woodcock—a Mif-tres I boast;
Like the Snip: she will make a most excellent toast;

Like the Quail she's compact, and as smooth as a Partridge
That never was ruffled by sound of a cartridge;
Like a well-fatted Landrail she's gentle and pleasant,
And in external ornament shines like the Pheasant;
Like the Hare and the Rabbit she's prudent and shy,
But sometimes like them is found out by her eye;
What more need be said? I must take her to house,
For her hands are as soft as the feet of a Grouse.

An OLD COCK of the GAME.
13 April.

ON THE LATE ELOPEMENT OF LADY C—S—R, WITH THE REV. MR. N—S.

MMR. N—s is a man of some note,
Then why at his cloth take offence,
Sir?
If no one would be in his coat,
We all of us wish for his *Spencer*.

EPITAPH,

ON A RETIRED ADJUTANT.

HERE lies honest Tom, who could drink and wench hard,
He once drill'd the Oxford as Adjutant T—d.
To stand still as Death he could make every clif;
Now silent as Death he lies *grounded* himself.
And here must he rest till the last *roll* is giv'n,
When each man must stand to be *muster'd* by Heav'n.
Of little importance, Stars, Garters, and Strings,
Since subje^cts may rise to be greater than Kings;
Since George, whose delight is to combat the French hard,
Must answer the *roll call* with Adjutant T—d.

CYPHER.

On LORD BROME, a Member of Parliament, requesting leave of absence on particular PRIVATE business, just after he was married.

FROM the Senate Lord B— wishes shortly to roam, And the Senate grants leave to the wishes of B—, Having business *delicately urgent* at home!

ALCEUS's REASONS FOR DRINKING.

IT is related of Alceus the Poet, that from every season of the year he derived arguments to give a warrantable title to his intemperance.

The Spring, he said, required liberal drinking, in sign of joy, for the renovation of nature. The Summer, to temper the heat, and refresh our thirst. It was due to Autumn, which was dedicated to the vintage; and Winter required it, to expel the cold that would congeal the blood and spirits.

Let us suppose him thus addressing the different Seasons :

*In measure, tho' not Lyric verse,
The Poet's maxims we'll rehearse.*

SPRING renew's the vernal hours,
Smiling meads are crown'd with flowers;
Prolific dew from Heaven descends,
And pleasure all our steps attends;
Nature's vigour sheers the soul,
Then grateful let us quaff the bowl.

SUMMER comes with parching heat,
Fever's throbbing pulses beat;
Blood inflam'd, to thirst inclines,
And seeks the aid of gan'rous wines,
To Summer, then, the goblet raise,
And pour libations to her praise.

AUTUMN, with her vintage crown'd,
Spreads her purple clusters round;
Grateful mortals, now the cries,
Taste the bounty Heaven supplies;
Autumn gives the sparkling juice,
Let not man disdain its use.

WINTER, wrap'd in sable cloud,
Rends the air with tempests loud;
Threat'ning storms pervade the skies,
Chilling vapours round him rise;
To chace the spleen his rigours give,
Bid the cheerful banquet live.

SONNET, BY T. R.

DEAR Sam, who the camp and the pulpit have tried,
You ask me what system of life I should choose:—
To manage my own little farm is my pride, —
And to lounge where I like, in my dirty old shoes.
In a patron's chill vestibule why should I freeze,
Why dance up and down at the smiles of the great;
When to warm my own hearth I can clip my own trees,
And pursue my own game on my own small estate?
Who would angle for meals that can catch his own fish!
As the honey unbought what desert half so sweet?
Give me eggs of my own in a clean wooden dish,
And my hind's lusty daughter to cook up the treat.
While for health I can plough, and for exercise dig,
May the wretch who dislikes me my system forbear;
May he veil his grey locks in an Alderman's wig,
Grow gouty while Sheriff, and die when he's Mayor.

MUTATIS MUTANDIS.

[*An Epigram, by the late Mr. Bifbop.*]

ONCE, in a barn, the strolling wardrobe's List,
Had but one ruffle left for Hamlet's wrist:—
Necessity, which has no law, they say,
Could, with one ruffle, but one arm display.
“ What's to be done!”—the Hero said
and sigh'd;—
“ Shift hands each scene,”—a brother Buskin cry'd:
“ Now in the pocket keep the left from sight,
“ Whilst o'er your breast you spread the
“ ruffled right:
“ Now in your robe the naked right repose,
“ Whilst down your left the dingy cambrick
“ flows.
“ Thus, though half-skill'd, as well as
“ half-array'd,
“ You'll make one change—which Garrick
“ never made.”

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
 OR,
 MONTHLY CALENDAR
 OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
 And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE,
 ENTERPRISE and SPIRIT,

For JUNE 1797.

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Embellished with a beautiful Etching of a Wolf Hunt, and an Engraving of an extraordinary Mastiff dog, called LION.

—
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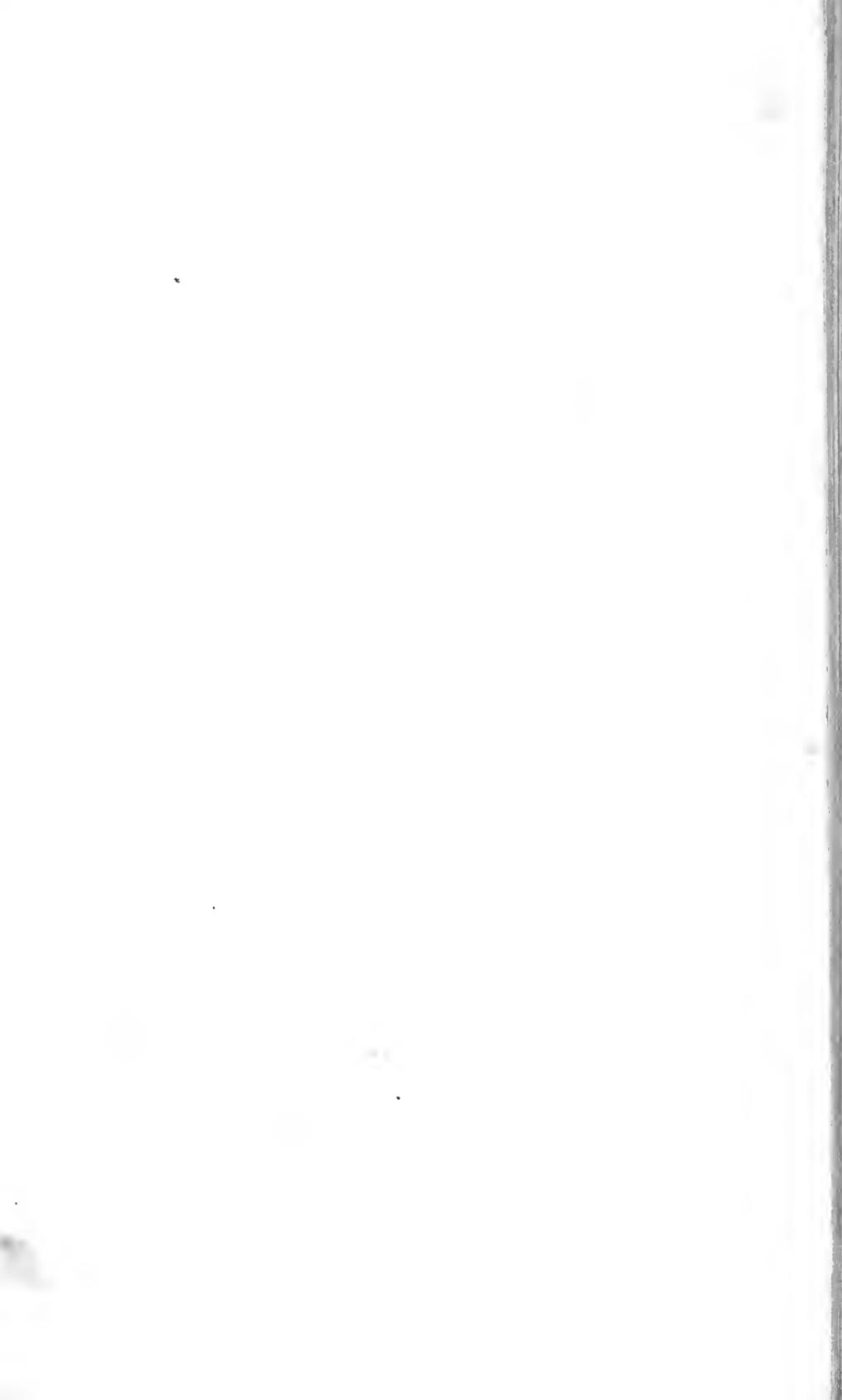
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the many frequent applications we receive for to give particular Portraits of Running Horses, one general answer must again be repeated, viz. if furnished with Paintings or good Drawings for the purpose, they shall be engraved; without such it will be impossible to fulfil the wish of our Correspondents.

Our Correspondent's favours from Ireland have in part been made use of; he has our best thanks for his communications.

The last-mentioned Correspondent desires us to give Portraits of Pantaloон and Chanticleer; and another Correspondent, who signs ROSOLIO DE YORK, further requests us to give the following:—Ld. Clermont's Spoliator; Sir H. V. Tempest's Hambletonian; Mr. Cookson's Ambrofio; Ld. Sondes's Doubtful; Mr. Hallett's Stickler; Mr. Delme's Stirling; Mr. Durand's Guildford; Ld. Grosvenor's Antæus; and Sir F. Standish's c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatia.—These Correspondents are informed by the first paragraph, in what degree it is in our power to comply with their request.

To the suggestion of W. M. of Liverpool, we were indebted for the idea of a set of Plates on Hare-hunting. W. M.'s. polite letter of the 26th of June, was duly received. He need not think of the trifling expence incurred on a former occasion. The Prints copied from Copper-plates were by *permission*.





W. C. L. H. 111. S. T. (1)

Published under the Attestation of

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For JUNE, 1797.

WOLF HUNTING.

Explanatory of the Copper Plate Etching on the Subject given in this Number.

FORMERLY there were many wolves in England, and though they are now totally extirpated, it may not be displeasing to mention the manner of hunting them. The speed of the wolf is very great, and he is likewise so strong, that he will stand up a whole day before a pack of good hounds; nor will he take the trouble to leave them far, unless greyhounds or mastiffs are mixed with them; they are more subtle (if more can be) than the fox himself, and when hunted will take all advantages, and never distress themselves unnecessarily. They were usually hunted in this manner:—An open spot was pitched upon a mile or more distant from the great covers where they were known to lie; and here, in some natural or artificial concealment, were placed a brace or two of greyhounds, (a great rough kind, bred almost on purpose); here a horse was killed, and the four quarters trailed in the day time through the paths and ways in the woods, and back again to the place where the carcase lay, where they were left. The wolves, when they came out in the night to prey, would naturally follow the scent of the trail, till they found the horse. In the morning before day was well broke, if they could be discerned feeding, the hunters en-

deavoured to hound their dogs in such a manner as should, if possible, prevent their return to the covers. If they were not to be seen, but were supposed to be in the woods near where the carion was placed for them to feed on, a number of men were sent in with axes, &c. and ordered to make as much noise as possible on every side, but that where the nature of the ground rendered it most adviseable to place the dogs; then the huntsman, with his leam-hound, drew from the carion to the thicket-side where the wolves had gone in; and nere about a third part of the best hounds were cast off, and every endeavour made, by keeping well in with them, and encouraging them as much as possible to force them from the cover, which they were sure to keep as long as they could.

When the wolf came to the greyhounds and mastiffs, those who held them suffered him to pass by the first, and the last he came to were let slip full in his face; and at the same instant, all the others were let slip also; so that the first staying him ever so little, he was sure to be attacked on all sides at once, and thus he was the more easily taken.

MR. COLLINS, AND BIRMINGHAM THEATRICALS.

IT was related two or three months ago in a Daily paper (the *Morning Herald*), that Mr. Col-

Collins, the author of the *Brush*, had settled in business at Bath. This, however, was not the fact, for Mr. Collins has been for a considerable time in partnership with Mr. Miles Swinney, in the Birmingham Chronicle; in which paper Mr. Collins occasionally furnishes little pieces of poetry that are much admired for their taste, humour, and epigrammatic point; they are in general signed *BRUSH*, and many of them have been copied into the numbers of this Magazine. We have ever noticed the productions of Mr. Collins with pleasure; his observations on theatrical subjects are always masterly, as witness the following on the opening of the Birmingham Theatre for the present season:

BIRMINGHAM, JUNE 21.

Our Theatre opened on Thursday last with Cumberland's Comedy of the Jew, in which Mr. Bannister gave us a highly-finished portrait of the benevolent Sheva; and indeed the performance at large was truly respectable; each character being appropriately cast, and, of course, well finished. The After Piece went off too with more spirit than could be expected from the unavoidable as well as sudden necessity of its substitution. Mr. M'Cready did ample justice to the occasional address*, and receives, as he merits, the Author's peculiar thanks; nor can we withhold our acknowledgments to the public for the candour and indulgence with which it was most unmeritedly favoured. The Young Quaker on Friday still tended to strengthen and increase our high opinion of Mr. Bannister, and we congratulate the town as well as the Manager, on so valuable a temporary acquisition to our Theatre. But before

we drop the pen, Justice, with sovereign dictatorship, commands the tribute of our praise to Murray, who on Monday night, in the Roman Father, called up our tenderest feelings, and awakened every finer sense which man can boast; so energetic, so tremblingly alive to every paternal and patriotic sentiment; so much the actor without seeming to be acting, that, since the days of Garrick, we have rarely seen the effects of Art so closely tread upon the heels of Nature. In short, we cannot but with pleasure premise, that if Mr. M'Cready, for the season throughout only keeps up to the sample of what we have already been treated with in the course of the first three nights, the Birmingham Theatre will this summer moult no feather of its wonted attractions, nor his own emoluments be found upon the wane; for, as good wine needs no bush, the bibbers will never cease to flock where the batch is so irresistible.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Before Lord Kenyon.

WILLIAMS against QUARRINGTON.

HORSE-STEALING.

[N. B. This Cause was omitted in course, it having been tried last Term.]

THIS was an action to recover back a sum of twenty-five guineas, paid by the plaintiff to the defendant for a horse, which, it afterwards appeared, had been stolen, and was claimed and taken away by the real owner.

Mr.

* See this excellent Address in our present Month's Poetry, Page 174.

Mr. Mingay, addressing the Jury for the plaintiff, observed, that he should avoid troubling them with the circumstances relative to the stealing of this horse, the trial of the supposed offender, or his subsequent transportation for that or for some other offence; neither would he hint at the probability of the defendant's knowing the horse was stolen; it was immaterial to the merits of the case, whether he knew it or not. It would be sufficient for him to prove, that the horse was sold by the defendant to the plaintiff, who paid him twenty-five guineas for it, that it turned out to have been stolen, and that the plaintiff was obliged to restore it to the owner.

It appeared from the evidence that the horse in question was stolen from a field in Harestead; that a man of the name of Chalk was afterwards apprehended for horse-stealing, and tried, but acquitted; and that the owner of this horse did not come forward, either to prosecute Chalk, or claim the horse. The horse, after being advertised by the Officers of Justice, and the owner not appearing, was delivered to Chalk. It was then sent to a livery stable over the water, where the plaintiff heard of it, and entered into treaty with the defendant, who had been the solicitor for Chalk for the purchase of it, and agreed for the price of twenty-five guineas. The plaintiff knew nothing of Chalk, but supposed the horse was Quarrington's; he accordingly paid him the money at a public-house, where Quarrington had contrived Chalk should be present. When the money was paid, Quarrington told the plaintiff he would give him a receipt. The plaintiff told him he did not want one, as the delivery of the horse was sufficient; but Quarrington insisted he should take one, and accordingly took out a stamp, wrote a receipt, pushed it towards Chalk, who signed it; then gave it to the plaintiff, who put it in

his pocket without giving himself the trouble to look at it. Chalk was afterwards transported. The ground of the defence, therefore, was, that Quarrington did not sell the horse, but that Chalk sold him; and that this trumped up receipt was, with the assistance of Quarrington's clerk, to prove it. As a reason for Quarrington's receiving the money of the plaintiff, it was alledged that Chalk was indebted to him for business done as his solicitor, to more than that amount.

Lord Kenyon by his countenance, which is very expressive on these occasions, seemed to indicate his disapprobation of the defence; but Quarrington, unwilling to give up the cause, was pressing several points to his counsel, which drew from Mr. Mingay an observation, "that if he rode the horse much longer, he would very probably ride off the roll."

Lord Kenyon said, a more gross defence he never had witnessed. It was evident Quarrington had sold the horse, and that the whole money was paid to him. From the conduct of the defendant on this occasion, his Lordship said he was inclined to make more unfavourable conjectures as to his honesty, than he had from former circumstances. His Lordship admitted the doctrine, that where a man had a lien on the property of another in his hands, he had a right to retain it; and if a man really, as the agent of another, sold property, which afterwards should appear to have been stolen, it would be unjust to make him liable to the consequences. But in this case, it was plain the defendant had not acted as the agent of another; he had put on the semblance of an agent, in order to cheat a man out of his money. The transaction would not pass muster.

Mr. Garrow. If your Lordship is of that opinion, I will examine no more witnesses.

Verdict for the plaintiff.

RECENT ELOPEMENT.

THE lady who has lately eloped from her husband at Bath, is Mrs. Boddington, wife of Mr. Boddington, an eminent West India Merchant of Mark-lane. Her gallant is a first cousin, and partner in the business with her husband, and bears the same name. Their fathers had been partners, and transmitted their business to their sons, who were bred together in all the intimacy of brothers from their earliest childhood.

On Mr. Boddington's arrival with his family at Bath, he received a letter from the seducer of his wife, requiring his immediate return to town on business of the utmost importance. Immediately on his arrival, he was followed by an express, communicating the intelligence of the elopement.

It was reported that Mrs. Boddington was gone off with her paramour to America, but that is not true.—The present history of that unfortunate family is briefly this: Mrs. B. wrote about the 22d of June, to the nurse in the country, informing her, she should come next day to see her children: when she arrived, she found they were removed: she returned in an agony of grief, and wrote to her gallant, Mr. Benjamin Boddington, “that she never wished to see him more!” The day succeeding, she was herself removed into the country, under the protection of her husband's friend, Mr. Morgan, of Hackney; and the place of her retirement is kept so secret, that even the postilion was sworn not to reveal it to any person whatever! The last tidings of her paramour, represent him to have been seen wandering about Enfield Chase in a state of extreme despair!—Mrs. B. was the daughter of Mr. Ashburner, a gentleman high up in the Council at Bombay: the

was brought to England for an education, which gave her superior embellishments of mind, and person. Previous to the time allotted for her return, the attachment, violent, as it was mutual, was formed between her and her husband. The match, however, not being approved of by her friends, Miss Ashburner was actually embarked to return to India, and had proceeded to the Downs, when the Indiaman was brought to by a *white flag* in the boat of her distracted lover, who, on coming on board, had the address to prevail upon her to return ashore with him, and there await his application for her father's consent; which in course of time he unfortunately attained, and thus laid the foundation of their future sufferings!

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

WOBURN ABBEY SHEEP-SHEARING.

ON Monday the 12th instant, his Grace the Duke of Bedford's sheep-shearing commenced, to which all the capital Farmers, Graziers, and Agriculturists, were invited, and his exhibition or view of his new Leicestershire breed of sheep. The company present were, Messrs. Coke, Colhoun, Bevan, and many other gentlemen and breeders of sheep of Norfolk and Suffolk; Lord Somerville, Sir John Ramsden, Mr. Bennett, Mr. Northey, Mr. Lee Antonie, and many gentlemen breeders of sheep from the different counties in England—Mr. Arthur Young, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Stone (his Grace's surveyor), and the principal breeders of sheep of Bedfordshire and the neighbouring counties.

Notwithstanding the short time his

his Grace has turned his thoughts to this species of improvement, it is astonishing to find to what perfection he has carried the breed of this truly valuable animal, scarcely to be exceeded by the Leicestershire monopolists, a combination formed there to engross the best breed of sheep to themselves, called the "Society."

This meeting lasted several days, during which time the ancient English hospitality prevailed in all its glory. Dinner was provided and served up each day, in the great hall, at three o'clock, and there was not one word of *politics*. His Grace and Mr. Stone, his deputy, presided; his Grace enlivened the upper part of the table, and Mr. Stone did his utmost at the other end.

Notwithstanding the short time (which is only three or four years) his Grace has paid attention to the breed of sheep, his bailiff set the use of some of his shearing rams (i. e. one-year old) for one season, for fifty guineas each.

It is astonishing the advantage the country might derive in its improvement, from thus bringing together scientific and public spirited men from different parts of England, to converse freely on the different topics which relate to the promoting the utmost produce from the earth. It should seem, that his Grace was sent by Heaven to exhibit a contrasted lesson to mankind, in opposition to that baneful waste of every blessing, and the dissipating lavish extravagance which characterizes the rulers of this devoted country.

been overtaken by those laws which he has hitherto eluded. His crime was a base perjury—and the sentence of the Court of King's Bench is as follows:—Mr. Justice Ashurst observed, that the defendant had been tried and found guilty upon an indictment for perjury. This was certainly a crime of a very heinous nature. It was against the laws of God, and very detrimental to society. This offence, said his Lordship, being satisfactorily proved against you, it is very necessary the Court should inflict a very heavy punishment. We therefore, having taken your case fully into consideration, do order, and adjudge that you be imprisoned in his Majesty's gaol of Newgate for six calendar months now next ensuing; that within that time you do stand in and upon the pillory for the space of one hour, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, in New Palace-yard, opposite to the gate of Westminster-hall; and at the expiration of the said six months, that you be transported for the term of seven years, to such parts beyond the seas as his Majesty, with the advice of his Privy Council, shall be pleased to appoint."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE COTSWOLD VOLUNTEERS.

Extract of a Letter from Stow-on-the-Wold, June 12.

"ON Saturday last the Yeomanry Cavalry raised in this neighbourhood, and commanded by Captain Hippisley were reviewed near the town, by Colonel Hugonin. This corps which consists of about fifty or seventy men, went

CROSSLEY THE ATTORNEY.

THIS notorious character, who has so frequently been the subject of enquiry in the several Courts of Justice, has at length

went through the different evolutions with a degree of spirit and address that astonished the Colonel and the spectators. Their charge was admirable; in short, the Colonel said he had never inspected a better corps, and paid the highest compliments to the fidelity and skill of the Commander, and to the dexterity and adroitness of the whole body, who had never been in training till the month of February last."

THE COTSWOLD VOLUNTEERS.

See the Genius of Britain descends from his car,
He presents you the ensigns and trophies of war!
See the high-crested warrior, how proud he's to yield
The sports of the chase for the deeds of the field.
While the charger impatient advances with speed,
Where the heart-cheering clarion and Hipp'sley shall lead.

From their high Cotswold hills see the heroes advance,
Charge in battle array the marauders of France;
Tho' numerous the legions that threaten their coast,
They're backed by Religion's invincible host.
Their freedom, their duty, a sanction they plead,
To glory and honour when Hipp'sley shall lead.

The cause they're embarked in, wherever they go,
Will strengthen each arm to chastise their fierce foe;
Whilst an Angel from Heaven as a Guardian attends,
Their parents, their infants, their helpmates and friends,
While they brandish their sabres, be this still their creed,
We fall not, we fall not, when Hipp'sley shall lead!

When valour restores them the blessings of Peace,
And the dread God of Battle bids discord to cease;

When the sword shall be sheath'd, and each heart-rending sigh
Be repaid by a tear from each joy-streaming eye;
Then Fame on his roll shall emblazon each deed,
Where loyalty, love, and where Hipp'sley did lead.

When the nations are glad and the floods clap their hands,
They triumphant return to their own native lands;
Then hills shall rejoice, and their vales laugh and sing
And greet those who fought for their country and King.
All shall bless those protectors who feared not to bleed,
But faced danger or death where'er Hipp'sley did lead.

On Monday, June 26, Colonel Hugonin reviewed the Cheltenham Yeomanry, commanded by Major Snell, and expressed himself highly pleased with the military appearance of the corps.

CRICKET MATCH.

ON Monday, June 26, and the following day, was played a Grand Match of Cricket, in Lord's Ground, Mary-le-Bone, between eleven Noblemen of the Mary-le-Bone Club, against eleven Gentlemen of the Montpellier Club, for Five Hundred Guineas a side.

The account of this match coming to us so very late, we can only state the totals of the game, which were as follows:

MONTPELLIER CLUB.

First innings	—	47
Second ditto	—	153

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

First innings	—	161
Second ditto	—	40
Mary-le-Bone Club won by five wicks.		cts.

AT TRE-

**A TREATISE on FARRIERY, with
ANATOMICAL PLATES.***(Continued from page 73.)*

IN the third stage, the nutricious juices of the part can easily come as far as the lips of the wound, and cover the extremities of the divided vessels, to repair the loss of substance. In the fourth stage, when the wound is filled up with new flesh, the surface of the wound begins to dry from the edges, and form a pellicle called a cicatrix, which is different from the teguments of the rest of the body.

Nature carries on the cure of a wound in the manner just mentioned, and art removes all impediments out of the way, by bringing the lips together by particular operations, by promoting the suppuration, by removing any thing that may prevent the regeneration of flesh, and promoting the formation of a cicatrix, and by preventing all accidents as much as possible, that may retard any of the intentions of nature.

The cure of a wound must be begun by the removal of all the strange substances, such as clotted blood, earth, sand, &c. which would hinder the closing of the lips of the wound, and consequently hinder their re-union. The lips of these sorts of wounds are to be brought together with the fingers, and they are to be kept in that situation, by such methods as the situation of the wound will allow, as bandage, agglutination, and sutures. When the wound is not deep, and happens on the limb, a bandage will serve to keep the lips together, which must be left to the ingenuity of the operator. When it is in the parts about the head, the dry suture will be sufficient. When the wound is

deep in the muscular parts, a real future must be made use of.

The future is an operation, which, by the means of a needle and thread, or two or three together, bring together the lips of a wound, and keep them together till they are perfectly united. The needle must be crooked, and of a size sufficient to compass the wound: with this you must enter the flesh at a distance from the lips, almost equal to the depth of the wound, or the stitches will be apt to cut through the flesh, or when the lips are drawn together, there will be a hollowness left at the bottom, where matter may lodge and do a great deal of mischief. Waxed thread is better than silk, because it rots more easily, and is not so apt to cut. One stitch in the middle is sufficient for a wound of two or three inches long; and where wounds require more stitches, they may be at an inch distance from each other; or, if the wound be deep, somewhat farther.

Horses are so apt to burst the stitches when they get up or lie down, that this operation should be omitted, unless the wounds are large and gaping, or lacerated and torn. Wounds that enter the cavity of the body, should always be kept open with a tent or dossil, armed with a digestive of turpentine, honey, and the tincture of myrrh, or the tincture of myrrh and aloes alone.

The tents or dossils should be soft, loose, and very short, when they are put in the wounds of the fleshy parts, which is not convenient to stitch up; for when they are long, they are apt to breed sinuous ulcers, and foul the bones and sinews in those of the joints. Indeed it would be well if these sorts of things be always avoided, because they hinder in some measure the filling up of the wound

with good flesh, and more so when they are crammed in hard; besides causing other bad accidents.

When a wound is deep, and does not penetrate inward to the bones, it will be best to make a counter opening, to prevent an abscess; but if it penetrates obliquely downward, a bandage will be proper, if the part will allow it to be used. When this cannot be done, it will be proper to use an injection with tincture of myrrh and aloes. But if the abscess is already made, and has continued some time, the injection must be of a sharper nature, such as this which follows:

Dissolve half an ounce of Roman vitriol in a quart of water, and pour the water gently off into a large bottle. Then add half an ounce of camphorated spirit of wine, with the same quantity of sharp vinegar; shake them together, and then add two ounces of the Egyptian ointment: shaking it as before.

Four ounces, more or less, of this, according to the capacity or depth of the abscess, should be injected with a syringe that has a pipe that will reach pretty near the bottom, when the wound will not admit the body of the syringe itself, as they seldom will those that are large. When this has lessened the discharge, and brought it to a better consistence, it may be used once a day, and then once in two or three days. The matter should first be squeezed out from below or upwards, when the situation of the abscess renders it necessary.

Concused wounds of the joints should always have a pledgit laid over them, spread with the common digestive, and bound with a roller of broad tape or list. Before which, and when the wound is opened, bathing it with spirit of wine will be very proper. When you perceive any little abscesses

lie under the skin, they must be snipped with the scissars to let out the matter, to prevent its corroding the ligaments.

In all the joints, but more particularly the knee, great care must be taken to prevent inflammations and fluxions; and when they are already begun, these symptoms may be abated by the following fomentation:

Take the tops of lavender, rosemary, thyme, sage, camomile flowers, wormwood, bay-berries, and juniper-berries, of each an ounce; of water two quarts and a pint: boil them a little while, and then strain off the decoction; to which add a pint and an half of common proof spirit.

Some put two ounces of potashies, and as much sal-ammoniac, into a decoction of this kind; but I can't pretend to say what great advantage it can be of. This fomentation is good in all bruises and punctures of the legs, especially where the wound is dry, and does not run: and it will be the more necessary, because these sort of accidents are often attended with the most violent pains. This liquor must always be made hot at the time of use, and a flannel cloth must be dipped in it, wrung out, and applied five or six times, one after another, when they begin to cool. This must be repeated morning and evening, till the wound begins to digest; and after the first small appearance of matter, the danger is generally over. This method is likewise exceeding useful for the swelling of the plate-vein after bleeding, and to stop the mortification sometimes brought on by rowelling.

The cure of small simple wounds is easily performed by laying on dry lint first, and then tow upon that; or the lint may be dipped in friar's balsam, and laid on, and then if there is any bleeding, it will

will soon stop it. When a large vessel is divided, and the bleeding or haemorrhage is great, it will be best to apply slices of puff-ball, or agaric of the oak, called touch-wood or spunk, and nothing else will be wanted for that purpose.

In gun shot wounds the bullet must always first be extracted if possible; but when it has passed quite through the limb, it seldom wants any thing but the pouring of spirit of wine into both orifices, and then a short tent armed with turpentine, honey, and tincture of myrrh. It ought always to be remembered, that spirituous medicines, and bathing with them, always agree best with these sorts of wounds. Profuse bleedings, if the vessels can be come at, may be stopped as above. If not, inject the royal tincture, to be had at the chemists in London, with a syringe that has a pipe of sufficient length. Both orifices must be kept open, till the wound is filled up with sound flesh. When there are any splinters of the bone, or it is become foul, the wound must be enlarged with a sponge tent, or an instrument. But then these caes are always dangerous.

When there is a symptomatic fever, it must be cured with bleeding, laxative clysters, scalded bran, and water gruel.

Burns of gun-powder may be cured by binding common salt thick on the part, and letting it continue for twelve hours; this will either prevent a blister, or dispose it to heal soon. And so will bathing it with rectified spirits of wine for an hour or longer, and afterwards once a day. If the burn is very great, make a poultice with salt, soap, and spirit of wine, and apply to the parts. When it is attended with a great swelling, lay on a poultice made with milk and elder-flowers. When there is proud flesh, mix two drams of red

precipitate with an ounce of yellow basilicon to bring it down.

OF ULCERS.

An ulcer is a solution of continuity in a soft part; for when it affects the hard parts, that is the bones, it is called a caries. It may arise from an internal as well as external cause, and generally succeeds an abscess.

With regard to their dimensions, they are distinguished into great and little, deep or superficial. With respect to the place, if they are deep, they are called cavernous; when they are attended with a carnous excrescence, they are termed ulcers with an *hypersecretion*. When they are surrounded with hardness and callosities, they are called callous ulcers; when the ulcer is inveterate, sinuous, and callous, it is termed a fistula. They are also called varicous, when attended with varices of the veins.

When they are joined to any other disorder, they have their name from thence; thus they may be said to be inflamed ulcers; painful, tumified, or ulcers with a caries. With regard to the matter that flows from them, they may be fainous, fordid, virulent, or verminous. The fainous ulcers abound with a serosity or *ichor*. Sordid ulcers send forth a thick fainous of different colours, as black, livid, ash-coloured, and the like. A virulent ulcer is full of a limpid corrosive matter. The verminous ulcers produce animalcules, or small worms.

The causes from whence they proceed, give a different denomination to ulcers. Those that succeed wounds and open abscesses, and whose cause is only local, are said to be well-conditioned or benign. When they proceed originally from any disorder of the

blood, they are called malignant. Cancerous ulcers are of the very worst kind.

The causes of ulcers are of two kinds; the one internal, the other external. The internal proceed from a depravation of the nutritious juices, or they are hindered from flowing to the extremities of the vessels, and without these the ulcers can never be incarned and cicatrized. Remedies designed only to consume fungous excrescences continued long on wounds, or after the opening of an abscess; dressings performed with an improper apparatus, such as tents, dos-fils, pledgits, canulae, &c. and other things, improperly applied, may be the external causes of ulcers.

Ulcers attending particular distempers already mentioned, I shall now pass by; varicous ulcers are known by the varicous dilatations of the veins round about them. A fungous ulcer may be distinguished from others, by a large quantity of fungous matter which colours the compresses black. A fistulous ulcer is generally straiter at the entrance than at the bottom, and the sides are hard and callous; verminous and fungous ulcers are evident to the sight. A cancerous ulcer has hard elevated reverted edges, and is soon filled up with fungous fungous flesh, and a stinking corrosive *ichor* proceeds therefrom, which eats by degrees into the flesh, and forms sinuosities on every side. The veins of the tumour are dilated and varicous, and the ulcer itself has a very disagreeable aspect.

The prognostic signs of ulcers are taken from their causes, and the parts in which they are seated; the more difficult it is to determine the cause of an ulcer, the more dangerous it is; simple superficial ulcers are attended with little or no danger, unless the blood is greatly vitiated. But when the

edge rises above the surface, and grows callous, they are not soon levelled, in such a manner as to be fit for cicatrization. An ulcer with a caries of the bone is much more difficult to manage than a simple ulcer; and this is more or less, according to the place where the ulcer is seated, and to the good or bad state of the blood; as well as the causes from whence it proceeds. Cavernous ulcers are not so dangerous as sinuous ulcers, especially when the sinuosities terminate near a joint. Fistulous ulcers are still more dangerous, because they are often seated near the joints and other dangerous places, which render horses of little use when the cure is compleat-ed. Malignant or putrid ulcers are always dangerous, because they are a sign of a vitiated blood, and when they have a carrion smell, with a large discharge of stinking ill-coloured matter, they generally end in a mortification. Cancerous ulcers are the worst of all, only they do not terminate so suddenly, but will suffer a horse to languish a considerable time before they kill. Varicous ulcers, which are seated among the blood-vessels, are spungy and hard to digest, being full of a bloody *ichor*. These are very difficult to cure. But a simple varicous ulcer may be cured with great facility.

The cure of ulcers in general need not be largely insisted on, because, besides those already treated of, the poll-evil, fistula on the withers, the glanders, and quittors, will be mentioned in distinct sections.

A simple ulcer needs only be brought to the state of a clean wound, and then it may be treated as such, by incarning and cicatrizing applications. In order to perform this, it will be necessary to lay the ulcer open if there be occasion, that its whole surface may be cleansed

cleansed and deterged. This may be done with tincture of myrrh and aloes, and with yellow basili-
con, and red precipitate. Also with two ounces of turpentine and honey, mixed with a dram of ver-
digrease. When the ulcer is deterged, it may be incarned with lint alone, provided the matter is laudable; if otherwife, a vulnerary balsam may be spread on lint, and applied. But no tents must be used, because they retard the cure, by preventing or destroying the sprouting granulations of the good flesh, or produce callosities. Deep ulcers should be kept open by filling them with lint, lest the lips should close too soon, and prevent the dressings from reaching the bottom. When the cavity is filled up with good flesh, it will be best to cicatrize with dry lint or friar's balsam. If there should be any inequalities, they should be taken down with blue vitriol, powder of myrrh, burnt allum, red precipitate, &c.

(To be continued.)

To the Editors of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is now I believe nearly twelve months, since I addressed you upon the subject of the improvement of the breed of horses, and flattered myself that ere this, some plan would have been adopted to encourage a more useful and serviceable breed, than our present racers, of that noble animal. In my former letters, I hope I have fully proved the folly of giving such extravagant prices for stallions; and in this, shall endeavour to point out a method by which it will be possible always to have

horses of eminence in every country, and yet their price such as would enable every farmer to breed from them.

The prevailing practice of giving plates, is certainly very proper; but notwithstanding the number annually subscribed, they conduce but little towards the general improvement of the breed of horses; for from the light weight usually carried for every fifty, horses of such little bone are enabled to start for them, that the idea of speed is ever uppermost in the minds of breeders, and entirely obliterates every consideration for those more essential and necessary qualities, strength and utility; so that numbers, after having run a few times are, from their weakness, broke down, and after having passed the fiery ordeal, condemned like "*DIBDIN's high-mettled racer*," to drag out the remainder of their days in poverty and misery. This it is to be lamented too frequently occurs, as it is obvious that out of six horses which start for a plate, we seldom see three able to carry so trifling a weight as 9st. four miles, with any proportionate degree of ease: and this will ever be the case while horses are permitted to start so young; for if a foal indicates a superiority in bone and size, he immediately becomes the victim of his own excellence, and is completely ruined by being trained when perhaps only a yearling; otherwife, had he been permitted to remain unbroke to a more mature age, would have won a good number of plates without the least distress. Indeed *ECLIPSE*'s wonderful superiority may in a great measure be justly attributed to his never having started until five years old, by which means he was at that age able to beat with ease, for the *KING'S PLATES*, all those six-year olds which had unfortunately been trained so much earlier.

Should

Should fortune favour me with an opportunity of purchasing a well-bred, good sized boney horse, which had been treated in this merciless manner, I would certainly buy him, and permit him to cover for a trifle; and if those persons who bred from him would send mares of equal goodness, I have no doubt but they would be equally successful, and rear as good stock as those who, without consideration, resort to stallions of the highest price, under the idea that because they are dearest they must be best. As a remedy for these evils, I would propose, that wherever there are annual races, there should be one plate at least for horses, &c. of a specific qualification; that is, they should be bred in the county, and got by a stallion which covers in it: they should not be considered as qualified to start until four years old; and in order to prevent the introduction of any

horses belonging to the *family*, and to put every sportsman and breeder upon an equality, they should be *bona fide* the property of freeholders, or inhabitants. Suppose, for instance, I name the four following places of sport all in this county, viz. ASCOT, LAMBOURN, ABINGDON, and READING. *Ascot* should give a plate of fifty pounds for *maiden* four-year olds, who should run three mile heats, carrying 10st. *Lambourn*, fifty pounds for five-year olds, who should run four mile heats, carrying 11st. 6lb. *Abingdon*, fifty pounds for six-year olds, who should also run four mile heats, carrying 12st.; and *Reading*, fifty pounds for all ages, one four mile heat, four-year olds carrying 9st. 6lb. five-year olds, 10st. 10lb. six-year olds, 11st. 8lb. and aged, 12st. Mares allowed three pounds for all the plates; and the winner of this plate in any former year, carrying five pounds extra *, and that

* HIS GRACE the DUKE of RICHMOND gives an annual plate of fifty pounds, which is run for at LEWES by SUSSEX bred horses, &c. all ages, one four-mile heat, carrying the above weights: their only qualification is, being foaled in the county; but they are not restricted as to being the property of freeholders, or got by a county stallion; so that the plate is, as will be seen by the annexed list, generally won by some horse or mare, whose dam was perhaps covered in another county at as high a price as the value of this prize, and purposely brought here to *foal*, in order that her produce might be qualified to start for this plate, by being *dropped* in SUSSEX.

Owners.	Winners.	Ages.	Got by.
1769 Not run for, no horses being entered.			
1770 } Sir Ferd. Poole's	Sharpshins	aged	Unknown
1771 } —	Prospereine	6	Henricus
1772 Sir Mat. Featherstone's	Shepherdess	5	Driver
1773 Sir Ferd. Poole's	Don Dun	5	Brilliant
1774 Mr. Belfon's	Staing Tom	4	Laubam's Snap
1775 Sir J. Shelley's	Secret	4	Apollo
1776 Duke of Richmond's	Mister Slender	5	Latham's Snap
1777 Sir Ferd. Poole's	Gay	aged	Surly
1778 Duke of Richlmond's			
1779 } Sir J. Shelley's	Everlasting	{ 4	Eclipse
1780 } —		5	
1781 Ditto	Bay Filly	4	Goldfinder
1782 Sir Ferd. Poole's	Sulix	4	Eclipse
1783 Mr. Panton's	Glider	4	
1784 Earl of Egremont's	Camilla	4	
1785 } Ditto	Brighton	{ 4	Trentham
1786 } —		5	
1787 } —		4	
1788 } Ditto	Driver	5	
1789 } —		6	

that the expence of breeding may be reduced as much as possible, it would be adviseable as the means of inducing persons to breed from untried horses, and of obliging the owners of stallions, to permit them to cover at a moderate price, that every horse, &c. got by an untried stallion, should be allowed three pounds; and that every horse, &c. whose fire covered the season his dam was put to him at a higher price than *one guinea* and *half a crown* a mare, should carry three pounds extra for each plate; and if at *two guineas* and *half a crown*, seven pounds; and no horse, &c. whose fire covered at a higher price than that, to be permitted to start. This plan, if universally adopted would, I am confident, be of more real service to the breed of horses, than all the matches and sweepstakes which have been run at NEWMARKET: it would also rescue the turf from its present ignominy, by effectually banishing the *black-legged fraternity*, and prove a source of great pleasure and benefit to equestrians in general; as from the weight those horses are to carry, some attention would be requisite as to a proper portion of bone in both fire and dam, by which they would, if unsuccessful as racers, be of sufficient strength for the generality of sportsmen, to whom they would doubtless prove valuable hunters. In fact, some plan of this sort is become absolutely necessary, for whe-

ther from the number exported to the continent, or a degeneracy in the breed, I cannot determine, but there are fewer good horses now than ever.

Hoping these hints will meet with that attention from sportsmen and breeders, which the subject so justly demands, I shall conclude with apologizing for having taken up so much of your Magazine, and am, Gentlemen,

Your much obliged,
A LOVER of the TURF, &c.
Wargrave, Berks,
June 4, 1797.

EPSOM RACES, 1797.

A dispute having arose on Friday in the race week at Epsom, from an accident which happened in running the second heat for the three and four year old plate, we understand is to be referred to, and decided by, the Members of the Jockey Club. The following circumstances occasioned the dispute:—The race was contended principally between Sir F. Standish's Paroquet, and Mr. Hide's Coiner, the latter of which won the first heat; but in running the second, Mr. Hide's colt, *after* passing the distance post, several persons very incautiously crossing the course within the ropes at the instant, ran over two or more of

Owners.	Winners.	Age.	Got by.
1790 Sir Ferd. Poole's	Jemina	4	Satellite
1791 Lord G. H. Cavendish's	Elous	4	Garrick
1792 Sir H. Featherstone's	Quetzalvaca	4	Diomed
1793 Earl of Egremont's	Cinnabar	4	Mercury
1794 Sir Ferd. Poole's	Waxy	4	Potso's
1795 Earl of Egremont's	Gohanna	5	Mercury
1796 Sir Ferd. Poole's	Waxy	6	Potso's

Lately there has also been a plate given at HAVERFORDWEST, for horses, &c. *foaled in* either of the counties of PEMBROKE, CAERMARTHEN, or CARDIGAN, three mile heats, weight 12st. So far both those plates are advantageous; but were the horses obliged to conform to all my restrictions, I think they would prove more so, as it would induce many persons to breed, the expences of which would also be considerably lessened, and the free-holders not have to contend with greater jockeys than themselves.

them,

them, the Jockey was thrown a considerable distance, and received material injury by the fall, so much that it was humanely suggested, that if he was conveyed to the scales, to prove the colt had brought in his weight, it would endanger his life. The second heat, of course, was won by Paroquet. Mr. Hide conceiving the colt entitled to start for the third heat, as did those persons who had betted on him, engaged another Rider; but those who had money on the filly objected, stating that there was no proof of the colt having brought in his weight.—The greater part of the bets will remain unfettered, it is said, till the affair is decided by the Jockey Club.

The CHACE, a POEM. By William Somerville, Esq.

(Continued from page 79.)

BOOK I.

THE Chace I sing, Hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou Great Prince!
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous shew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th' exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and, as the Royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft-warbling; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the sleepy rock,

Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light-bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore.

Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth! And if in future times, some envious prince, Careless of right and guileful, shou'd invade

Thy Britain's commerce, or shou'd strive in vain

To wrest the balance from thy equal hand; Thy Hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd, (A band undaunted, and inur'd to toils) Shall compas thee around, die at thy feet, Or hew thy passage thro' th' embattled foe, And clear thy way to fame; inspir'd by thee

The nobler chace of glory shall pursue Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of death.

Nature, in her productions slow, aspires By just degrees to reach Perfection's height: So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time Improve the piece, or wise Experience give The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold, That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New, and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;

No stated rule, his wanton will his guide. With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,

He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch

Their artless toils, then range the desert hills, And scour the plains below; the trembling herd

Start at th' unusual sound, and clam'rous shout

Unheard before; surpriz'd alas! to find Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their lord,

But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain

Wide-waiting, and grim slaughter red with blood;

Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,

Their rage licentious knows no bound; at last

Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear

Upon their shoulders broad, the bleeding prey.

Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice To that all-gracious Pow'r, whose bounteous hand

Supports his wide creation; what remains On living coals they boil, inelegant Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts

Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first b^rgan
The chace of beasts; tho' bloody was the
deed,
Yet without guilt. For the green herb
alone
Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race,
Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
Was granted him for food. So just is
Heav'n,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after times
Some few improvements made, but short as
yet
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor skil'd nor studious; till from Neuftria's
coasts
Victorious William, to more decent rules
Subdu'd our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the bufy hound, whose well-known
cry
His list'ning peers approve with joint ac-
claim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to
join
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispers'd, to size, to sort their various
tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favor'd isle,
And Heav'n's peculiar care! To thee, 'tis
giv'n
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than
those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides thro' the prefs
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded
ranks!
Which proudly neighing, with the sun be-
gins
Cheerful his course; and ere his beams de-
cline,
Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and
speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degen'rat^r race.
In vain malignant tempests, and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts,
The huntsman ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raze
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with
joy.

Ye vig'rous youths, by smiling Fortune
blest
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,

Vol. X. No. LVII.

Heap'd copious by your wife fore-fathers'
care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
T' enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too
strong,
Too costly for the poor: to reign the steed
Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the
pack
Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What tho' the gripe
severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and flow disease
Creeping thro' ev'ry vein, and nerve un-
strung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the
bolts
Of angry Jove; tho' blasted, yet unfallen;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full
bowl
Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding
way:
Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded vet'ran's sole delight.

First let the Kennel be the huntsman's
care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
On either hand wide op'ning to receive
The sun's ail-cheering beams, when mild he
shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much
the pack
(Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to
stretch,
And bask, in his invigorating ray:
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry
lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful
throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light! if
chance
Some envious cloud veil thy resplendent brow,
In vain the Muses aid, untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding
bard
Sits darkly musing o'er th' unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expence, on charable de^rds
Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch,
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the
poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want: For use, not
state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.

O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Besrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd
bones,
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's
hope,
And all his future triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or
eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well-pav'd, nor spare thy
pains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky
steep,
And brush th' entangled covert, whose nice
fent
O'er greasy fallows, and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far of
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
The nitrous air, and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care:
In a large square th' adjacent field inclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading
elm,
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court,
A large canal fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams an-
noy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd
tongues,
And drop their feeble tails; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt thou
find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts re-
vive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the
stream,
Their lave their reeking sides, with greedy
joy
Gulph down the flying wave, this way and
that
From shore to shore they swim, while clau-
mour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled
flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and
stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton
rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursu'd,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy
head

Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in
sport
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they
seize
Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws,
in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on
the ground,
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion
lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clam'rинг seize the helpeless wretched,
And thirsting for his blood, drag diff'rent
ways
His mangled carcase on th' ensanguin'd plain.
O breasts of pity void! t' oppres the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendle's
head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n.
Emblem too just of man's degenerat race.

Others apart by native instinct led,
Knowing instrutor! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand di-
vine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribe
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff
with age,
And many a painful chace, the wise old
hound
Regardles of the frolick pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade; there many a
ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful
foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds, then wing'd with all his
speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting
prey:
And in imperfect whimp'rings speaks his
joy.

A diff'rent hound for ev'ry diff'rent chace
Select with judgment; nor the timorous
bare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile of-
fence
To the mean, murd'rous, coursing crew;
intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes,
just Heav'n!
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope

To all her subtle play : by nature led
 A thousand shifts she tries ; t' unravel these
 Th' industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
 Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
 Her dolefull knell. See there with count-
 'nance blithe,
 And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
 Salutes thee cow'ring, his wide op'ning nose
 Upward he curls, and his large floe-black
 eyes
 Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;
 His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,
 In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
 Reflects the various tints ; his ears and legs
 Fleckt here and there, in gay enamel'd
 pride
 Rival the speckled pard ; his rush-grown
 tail
 O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch ;
 On shoulders clean, upright and firm he
 stands ;
 His round cat foot, strait hams, and wide-
 spread thighs,
 And his low-dropping chest, confess his
 speed,
 His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill,
 Or far-extended plain ; in ev'ry part
 So well proportion'd, that the nicer skill
 Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice.
 Of such compose thy pack. But here a
 mean
 Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
 Gigantic ; he in the thick-woven covert
 Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
 Torn and embarras'd bleeds ; but if too
 small,
 The pygmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims ;
 Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they
 lag
 Behind inglorious ; or else shivering creep
 Benumb'd and faint beneath the shelt'ring
 thorn.
 For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
 Will better answer all thy various ends,
 And crown thy pleasing labours with suc-
 cefs.

(To be continued.)

in Hare-hunting is worthy a place,
 you will indulge me.

Twenty-five years ago (a young man) I had a most capital pack of high-bred harriers, horses, and sportsmen in the field, as most masters. The *agenda* was our motto ; the slow and dull science only, the "*odora canun vis*," we procrastinated to these years. A sharp run was the *parole*, counter-sign *neck*. Before Christmas, we wished to have the *hares of March*. The circuiteneing mazes of the animal, brought the dobbins as soon in at the death, as our heroes on the breed of Snap, Regulus, and Babraham ; for we all had that blood.

However, a young chymist one night over our bowl, found a capital method of procuring a straight forward run. "Suppose (says he) we have a small phial of spirit of vitriol, or even of turpentine, and tie it firmly by a wax thread, at right angles, to a long steady wand, (such as a sheriff's for instance) within an inch of the end of the staff. When a hare is found sitting in furzes, it is a very easy matter almost to catch her sometimes. By creeping gently, and turning the little phial, at arm's length, so as to drop some of the drops on her loins, the animal springs off at a tangent tickled (perhaps, I fear, tortured) by this volatile spirit, that there is no period to her flight, till tired nature droops, or the hounds cause her exit."

This was practised with uncommon success, but I forbear the repetition, as I am sure the public eye of late has been pretty severely imposed on by real or fictitious Fox-hunts.

I am, Sir, your's,

CAPTAIN SNUG.

To the CONDUCTORS of the SPORT-
 ING MAGAZINE.

Curious method of Catching a Hare
 with Spirit of Vitriol or Turpen-
 tine.

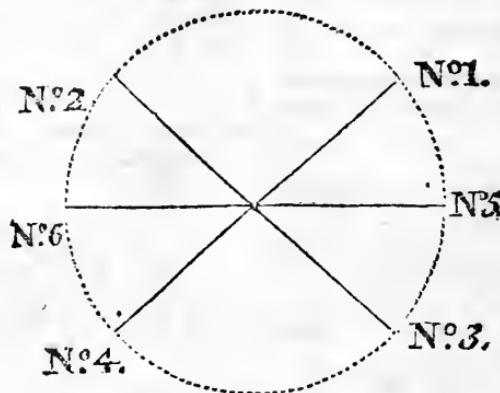
SIRS,

I Have never written to you prose,
 but if the following experiment

The WORDS of COMMAND, and a brief Explanation of the NEW SWORD EXERCISE. By Sholto Sorlie, serjeant in the 7th (or Queen's own regiment) of Light Dragoons.

(Concluded from page 93.)

The following Type of the Six Cuts should have appeared in our first Extract. Page 388, first Number in this Volume.



OF PRACTICAL MOTIONS.

THE men having performed the attack and defence in speed, the next thing to be done, is to give point to the right and left at the ring. There should be a ring post and ring for each division. The divisions are to be formed about thirty yards from the ring posts they are to run at, the right hand man always taking care to advance one Lorie's length in front of the division.

They will set off in a canter, and increase their pace as they approach the ring. Come to *prepare to guard*; then *guard*; then come to the position of *first give point*, resting the sword firmly on the

peak of their helmets, drawing the sword hand well back, and looking stedfastly at the ring, taking care to have their left shoulders well up to the front; they will give point strong, and immediately guard their sword arm, as we now suppose they are giving point to the right. They will ride about thirty or forty yards on the other side of the post, where they will form up in their proper places, fronting the posts. They will next give point to the left; the same instructions with respect to starting, &c. as in giving point to the right, with this difference, that after giving point to the left, they guard their bridle arm instead of their sword arm, taking care always to look the way they guard.

No. 1. *Ring Post.*No. 1. *Ring Post explained.*

A. The part that fastens in the ground.

B. The center piece that slides up and down.

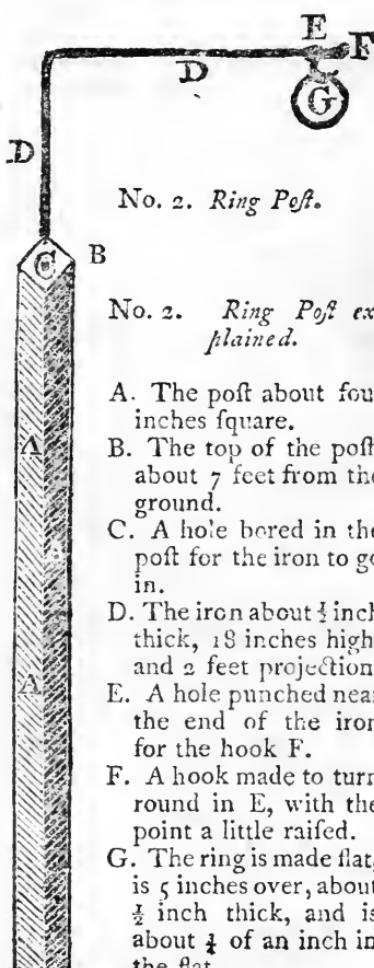
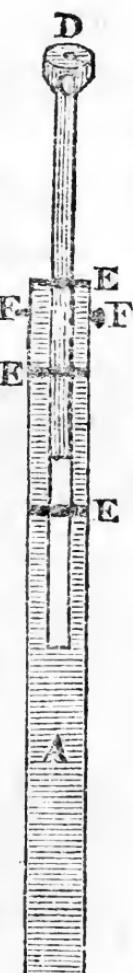
C. The top of the centerpiece, made stronger than the other part, to support the ring iron.

D. A hole bored to put the ring iron in.

E. Iron straps nailed on the standing piece to keep the center piece ready.

F. A bolt made to keep the center piece to its proper height.

N. B. This is the poorest post to be made use of, as the height can be varied.

No. 2. *Ring Post.*No. 2. *Ring Post explained.*

A. The post about four inches square.

B. The top of the post, about 7 feet from the ground.

C. A hole bored in the post for the iron to go in.

D. The iron about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, 18 inches high, and 2 feet projection.

E. A hole punched near the end of the iron for the hook F.

F. A hook made to turn round in E, with the point a little raised.

G. The ring is made flat, is 5 inches over, about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, and is about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in the flat.

**OF GIVING EDGE, OR PROVING
CUT 5 AND 6, CAVALRY MOVE-
MENTS.**

The next thing to be done after running at the ring, is giving edge. The ring irons are to be taken down, and sticks about six inches in length put in the holes of the posts were the ring irons were fixed, with a potatoe on the top of each stick; the right hand men advance a horse's length the same as mentioned before, and go off in a canter, increasing their pace as they approach the post; they will come to the *prepare to guard*, then guard; will make a feint of cut five, instantly cut six strong at the potatoe, and immediately after the cut six, guard their sword arm, ride on about thirty or forty yards on the other side of the post, and form up again fronting the post, and having proved cut six, will return and prove cut five, making a feint of cut six, and cutting five strong at the potatoe, taking care, as soon as they have made the cut, to guard their bridle arm. Having proved cut five and six, cavalry movements, they will proceed to prove the infantry cuts, which is done as follows:

**OF GIVING EDGE, INFANTRY
MOVEMENTS.**

The starting, &c. the same as already mentioned. Having come to the position of *guard*, they will come to the position of *on the right to the front parry*, and just before they come to the post, they will parry, and instantly cut (two) at the potatoe, bring the sword to the position of St. George, and when come opposite to the other post, cut (one) and bring the sword to the position of the *prepare to guard*, ride on about thirty or forty yards,

and form up as before-mentioned; they will return by cutting (three) at the first post, and cutting four at the second; after cutting three, the sword must be brought to position of St. George, and after cutting four, to the *prepare to guard*: for in the infantry cuts, the men are never to guard themselves after they make a cut.

**HOW THE POSTS ARE TO BE FIXED
TO PROVE INFANTRY CUTS.**

There is nothing better for this busines than two picquet posts, with holes bored in the top of them to put the sticks in; but if you have none, you must have posts about four feet six inches long; they must be drove down about seven paces from each other, not in a direct line, but one to be fixed about one pace and an half to the left of the other, at the extent of those seven paces.

*To the EDITOR of the SPORTING
MAGAZINE.*

SIR,

BY giving the annexed account of a very extraordinary severe Fox chace, a place in your next Magazine, you will much oblige a constant reader.

I. S.

BEWDLEY, MAY 29, 1797.

A short time since, the harriers belonging to A. Prattinton, Esq. of Ribbesford house, near Bewdley, in the county of Worcester, found a Fox in Owney Coppice, near Newnham's Bridge. He immediately crossed the river Rea, and ran through the parishes of Knighton, Neen Sollers, Milsom, Coreley,

ley, Nash, Borafton, and Burford, leaving Tenbury a short distance to the left; thence to the farther part of the parish Greet, in the county of Hereford, within three miles of Ludlow, from whence he reverted by a wide ring, and ran up through the parish of Hope Bagot to Gasty Ruff on the Clee Hill, where he was frequently viewed by the hounds, and with great difficulty escaped. He then skirted the south west side of the hill, and returned with some deviation through each of the above named parishes, to within a mile of the cover where he was found. He again crossed the Rea, and ran through Gaudywood Park, and was taken alive at Marbrook, after a chase of six hours, running more than sixty miles, and affording a day's sport scarcely ever equalled. Upwards of thirty horses were out, but only two were in, when the Fox was taken, viz. Mr. Prattinton, and Mr. Wheeler's. Most of the others had been done up some hours.

*A CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY of
BOXING.*

(Continued from Page 374.)

GEORGE Taylor succeeded Fig, as Proprietor of the Amphitheatre or Booth, at Tottenham Court, about 1740; and here was fought several battles by Broughton, who beat all who opposed him, particularly George Taylor, Jack James, Field a sailor, &c. but that which deserves most notice is, his battle with Stevenson a coachman, of which Captain Godfrey, in his "Treatise on the Art of Boxing," gives the following account:

"This battle, for a considerable sum, was fought April 24, 1741: it continued forty minutes with vari-

ous success. After about 35 minutes, being both against the rails towards the pit, and scrambling for a fall, Broughton got such a lock upon Stevenson, as no mathematician could have devised a better. There he held him by this artificial lock, depriving him of all power of rising or falling, till resting his head for three or four minutes on his back, he found himself recovering; then loosed the hold, and on setting too again, he hit Stevenson as hard a blow as any he had given him during the battle, that he could no longer stand, and was forced to yield."

The next battle of any consequence, was between Tom Smallwood and — Dimmoks, a carman. Smallwood, thought inferior to none in point of bottom was, after a severe contest of three quarters of an hour, obliged to yield to the superior strength and skill of his antagonist.

June the 16th, 1741, Taylor beat the noted Prince Boswell, a gipsey, and son to the king of that wandering people. He was remarkable for a particular blow with his left-hand at the jaw, which seldom failed of breaking it, but with all his judgment he wanted spirit or bottom, by which Taylor obtained an easy conquest.

July 19th, a severe battle, though of short duration, was fought between Jack James, and the noted Chicken Harris, a poultreer, which was won by the former.

November 23d was fought, one of the most severe boxing matches that had been for many years before, between Richard Hawes, a back-maker, and Thomas Smallwood,

wood, for 50l. The hardiness and intrepidity of these men, continued the fight with alternate success upwards of an hour, but at length victory decided in favour of Smallwood.

On the same day were several bye-battles, particularly a very good one between the noted Buckhorse, and Harry Grey, a clog-maker.

April 28, 1742. A long expected battle was fought for 100l. between William Willis and Smallwood, which was won by Smallwood.

As there is something extraordinary in the challenges of this time, we shall insert that, that preceded this battle as a specimen.

DAILY ADVERTISER, APRIL 26th,
1742.

"At the Great Booth, Tottenham Court, on Wednesday next, the 28th instant, will be a trial of manhood, between the following champions:

"Whereas I, William Willis, (commonly known by the name of the *Fighting Quaker*) have fought Mr. Smallwood about twelve-months since, and held him the tightest to it, and bruised and battered him more than any one he ever encountered, though I had the ill fortune to be beat by an accidental fall, the said Smallwood flushed with the success blind fortune then gave him, and the weak attempts of a few vain Irishmen and boys, that have of late fought him for a minute or two, makes him think himself unconquerable; to convince him of the falsity of which, I invite him to fight me for one hundred pounds, at the time

and place above-mentioned, when I doubt not but I shall prove the truth of what I have asserted, by pegs, darts, hard blows, falls, and cross buttocks.

WILLIAM WILLIS."

"I Thomas Smallwood, known for my intrepid manhood and bravery on and off the stage, accept the challenge of this *puffing Quaker*, and will shew him, that he is led by a *false spirit*, that means him no other good, than that he should be chastised for offering to take upon him the *arm of flesh*.

THOMAS SMALLWOOD.

"Note. The doors will be opened at ten, and the combatants mount at twelve.

"There will be several bye-battles as usual; and particularly one between John Divine and John Tipping, for five pounds each."

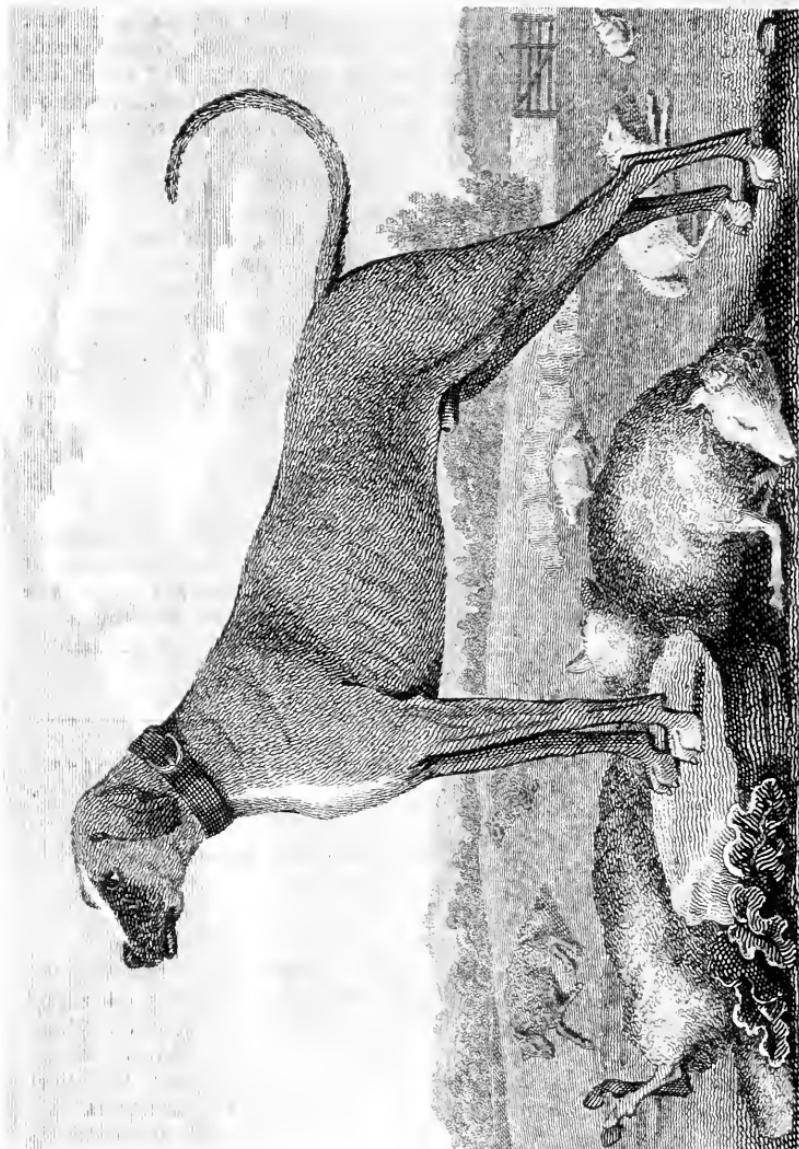
May 5th, a battle was decided in favour of Patrick Henley, by beating a noted boxer, named John Francis, alias the Jumping Soldier.

The Nobility and Gentry having complained of the inconveniences sustained at Taylor's Booth, prevailed on Mr. Broughton, who was then in note as the first bruiser in London, to build a place better adapted for such exhibitions. This was accordingly done, principally by subscription, and opened on Tuesday, March 13, 1743, when four battles were fought between eight picked men, viz. Evans, Weeps, Belos, Glover, Allen, Spikes, Grey, and Milbourn, who were matched according to the approbation of the amateurs present. There were also several bye-battles, and a battle royal between the noted Buckhorse and seven or eight others.

All

1

2



Drawn by R. C. of the Museum, & the Originals in the Museum of the Royal College of Physicians.

All the principal encouragers of the science giving their sanction to Broughton and Taylor, and the others finding that their exertions could not prevent the Tottenham Court booth from being deserted, for Broughton's more commodious theatre, gave up the contest; and on condition that Mr. Broughton engaged to make good to them the los incurred by the forfeiture of the articles, they agreed to leave the booth, and to fight no longer but on his stage.

Mr. Broughton thus became sole manager and proprietor of the boxing theatre, engaged all the first performers, and reared many pupils, who were afterwards expert professors of the gymnastic art.

(To be continued.)

LION---A MASTIFF DOG.

With an Engraving of his Portrait.

THIS dog, says our valuable correspondent, who sent us the drawing from which the print is taken, was a remarkable good one, for protecting the house and property for some years; but at length he got out at nights, though he must have leaped a park wall eight feet high. Several sheep were killed round the country, but as he was always at home early, he was not suspected; however, Lion one night in the year 1739, was found in the midst of a field near the park, belonging to a Farmer Wood, of the neighbouring village, standing (as in the picture) looking about, with slaughtered and wounded sheep and lambs, amounting to the incredible number of **SIXTY-THREE**, all bitten in the throat, and the shoulder of one eaten. They were all brought to Mr. Snell, the proprietor of the dog,

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who paid 20l. for him; some were recovered, the meat ones given to the poor, and the others to his hounds. Being a great favourite, Mr. Snell did not kill him, but gave him to Mr. Wilcox, a mercer at Gloucester, whose servant, on a Sunday, taking a walk with him to Cheltenham, he, on the road, took a fancy to the calf of an old woman's leg (an easy transition from *lamb* to *calf*), and tore it much, for which he was hanged. An itinerant painter coming about soon after the immense slaughter, Mr. Snell had his picture drawn. One incongruity may strike, that he should look so empty, when so gorged; but the painter took him as he saw him. Moreover, Mr. Snell wished to have his shape delineated, he was so exceedingly well made, and very large; he was of a bay colour, and from the appearance of his head, of the mastiff genus.

It may be necessary to mention, that Mr. Snell, the proprietor of the dog, was a country gentleman of Gloucestershire; but the name of his seat we are not acquainted with.

For the **SPORTING MAGAZINE.**

The Horse's Expostulation with his MASTER. A Dream.

IN consequence of having been safely and pleasantly conveyed on horseback, through the whole course of a long journey, on my return home, I was led to reflect on the various and unwarrantable methods too frequently practised, seemingly with no other view, than to deprive us of every convenience which nature has designed a horse to afford us; so various, that to re-

T cite

cite them would be endless; and so unwarrantable, that could the recital be faithfully accomplished, it would be deemed to exceed the bounds of probability.

It is a very old observation, that the most striking incidents of the day, often make part of our dreams the night following; and thus it happened with me; for in my dream, my horse appeared before me, and to my no small astonishment, addressed himself to me in a clear masculine tone of voice, in words to the following effect:

"Sir, I hope you have found me somewhat serviceable in your late excursion; and I should esteem myself ungrateful, if I did not acknowledge that your humane treatment of me, ever since I have been under your protection, did justly lay claim to every return in my power. My present situation is the more sensibly pleasing to me, as I can compare it with some others; for though I am but little advanced in years, I have nevertheless endured many hardships. The three first years of my life would have indeed passed in perfect tranquillity, had not a farrier almost burnt me to death with a *comfortable* drink, composed of the most fiery ingredients, which he drenched me with when I had the strangles. This struggle over, I was again suffered to graze quietly, till the horse-breaker was ordered to make me gentle, who, to do him justice, was well qualified to have tamed a far more dangerous animal than myself, if blows, and almost starving, had been the properst means to obtain this end. He was paid liberally both for corn and hay; the former I never tasted, and the latter, when given me, was scarcely eatable: reduced to a shadow, I was brought home, and pronounced thoroughly broke. The groom then took me under his care, and if before I had too

small an allowance, I am certain I had now a too plentiful one; voracious from the famine I had lately sustained, I devoured all the abundance he so constantly tempted me with, the natural consequence of which soon shewed itself in those various forms, which make it necessary to call in the farrier! a name I can never think of but with horror! as I cannot forget the torment he occasioned me to endure, by cramming, and that repeatedly, his nauseous black balls down my throat, which the next day produced a sickness and pains, which no description can equal. With youth, and a good constitution on my side, I escaped with life, and as soon as I was able to crawl about, the servants were ordered to ride me by turns, to make me quite fit for his *Honour's own riding*; from which period, you may be well assured, I could not want employment. But the busyness of the day did me no prejudice, in comparison with that of the night; how frequently have I been taken from a hot stable, been galloped (after I had eaten plentifully) for miles without mercy, and afterwards been left tied to an alehouse door, exposed to all the rigours of the most inclement season? Or how could it be any matter of wonder, if with this treatment, my master should dislike my looks? especially when the groom told him, that good keeping was thrown away upon me, and that he did verily believe I was quite rotten. Alarmed at this dreadful word, he ordered me to be offered to a neighbouring dealer, and to part with me at any rate. The groom and the dealer understood each other perfectly well, and to his stable I was led that afternoon. My exultation at this change was but very short; for although my new master suffered me to wallow in luxury and idleness, yet he was sure to make

make me smart for it in some part or other of my body. His first whim (and most severely did I feel it) produced 'four deep gashes in my tail, and then, as if he gloried in his conceit, and my misery, he improved both, by suspending a heavy weight to a rope through a pulley fixed to the cieling, and tied to the extremity of the tail; so that on every variation of posture, my wounds, when they began to heal, were perpetually torn open; and thus did he amuse himself with my rather pitiable condition, for a whole fortnight. His next frolic was to punch out two of my teeth; after which, he marked some with a burning iron, and filed some others, because, forsooth, he said it was pretty to see them all level, white and even. At length, as I suppose, merely from being at a loss for new experiments, he sold me to a wealthy citizen, who wanted a safe horse to carry him to his country house every Saturday evening. In this service I had no reason to complain of any hard-ships; the only inconvenience I found, was breathing the air of a close stable for five days in a week. My service here was near its expiration; for my master having it laid somewhat later than usual one Sunday evening, and having taken his glass rather too freely, rolled off my back on his return to town; and although I could not in pity to his helpless condition, find in my heart to stir one step, yet had lie the conscience to tell his wife that his blundering horse threw him, and that he had made a firm resolution never more to venture his neck, by mounting again so arrant a stumbler; and, accordingly, to carry on the farce, actually sold me in a day or two to a country squire, who kept hounds, for a trifle, who was hugely delighted with his purchase, saying, if the beast proved too light to carry him, he

would fuit little Davy, his whipper-in, to a hair. And here it was that I enjoyed what I so lately wished for, more exercise and a purer air. But unfortunately for me, the person who shod *all the 'Squire's horses*, was one of those obstinate bunglers who hate all improvements, and will neither endure contradiction nor instruction; the very first time he shod me, he pared my sole to the quick, scooped my frog quite hollow, and set me upon two points of iron at my heel; in short, he disabled my foot from ever being in its proper position, or from performing any part of its proper office. Inevitable lameness was the natural consequence, which the smith boldly asserted to be owing to an old grievance in the shoulder, and that boring that part with a red-hot iron would be an infallible cure. To this proposal, my master had too much humanity to consent, though I remember he swore, that if grafts and rest did not cure me, the dogs should; which merry conceit the by-standers applauded with a loud laugh. My thoes once removed, my feet at liberty to receive their natural form, all appearances of lameness vanished; but as the idea of my being chest-foundered dwelt uppermost in my master's mind, he was determined, by that opinion, to take the first opportunity to part with me. When you purchased me, he told the strictest truth, in warranting me a sound horse; though he had but little merit in this declaration, as he was conscious that he believed the very reverse to be the case: my sufferings from that happy period were at an end. Of all my services, it is from your's alone, Sir, that I can truly say (whilst you think me deserving of it) that I shall depart with regret, as it will become doubly grievous to me, when I have tasted so much good fortune, to become a post-chaise horse,

horse, and be flayed alive; or be doomed to groan out the remainder of my days, under the oppressive shafts of a dung or a gravel cart."

Here my emotion was so great, that it awoke me from sleep. Hurrying on my cloaths I hastened to the stable; and for some time (so forcibly had my dream impressed the belief of its reality) I could hardly be convinced that I must necessarily be in a dream, ere I could again reasonably expect to hear my horse talk.

EXTRACTS from THE WILL, A COMEDY—[See an account of this Play in our Magazine for April, page 400.]

First interview between SIR SOLOMON CYNIC, and CICELY COPSELEY, the Game-keeper's daughter.

SCENE in ACT I.

An Apartment in Sir SOLOMON's House.

Enter Sir SOLOMON, followed by CICELY.

Sir Sol. **I** Tell you, it's in vain—your application's useless—you are useless—your whole sex is useless.

Cic. Nay, Sir Solomon—

Sir Sol. I tell you, women are of no use—none! but to nurse children, mend linen, make puddings, and beat their husbands.

Cic. But consider, your Honour, the hare was killed by accident, not by design; the dogs chased it into your grounds; and I hope Mr.

Realize wont dismiss my poor father—

Sir Sol. Keep off—keep within your magic circle—I hav'n't been within the reach of a woman these twenty years; and you are the very last I'd suffer to come near me. I have often observed you in my walks—often noted your mischievous smiles, your penetrating eyes, and I don't like them—I say, I don't like them—so keep your distance. I won't be made a fool of a second time.

Cic. A second time, Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. Aye; I was once as much in love as Mark Antony, and like him I was deserted by my Cleopatra. His queen chose a mighty conqueror to be false with; but my Susannah, my fantastic Susannah, fixed her affections on a dancing-master—a caperer! and ever since I have had such a contempt for the sex—[Cicely lays hold of his hand]—Holloo! you touched me! I feel the shock—I'm electrified—I'm—What sweet lips the gipsy has!

Cic. If you would only pay a visit to our cottage, and be eye-witness to the distresses you will occasion! Your nephew, Mr. Howard, has often been there; and if you would come and imitate his charitable conduct, I and my sisters would be so grateful—[Still laying hold of his hand.]

Sir Sol. Your sisters! Pooh! nonsense! what should I do amonst a parcel of young giddy, romping—Hark'ye! are all your sisters as handsome as yourself?

Cic. Handsome! How you flatter, Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. I don't—You're the most lovely, most bewitching—Susannah was a dowdy to you! Look here, now—look at the omnipotence of Love! a man is never secure from its influence; and if he lives independent of the sex till he is

is so old and decrepid that he cannot stir from his bed, yet then, even then, he may fall a victim to its power.

Cic. 'Tis Mr. Howard!—Now I'll ask him to intercede for me.

Sir Sol. Howard!—So it is! and somebody with him—Go—don't let us be seen together—I'll come to the cottage soon after sun-set; and if the hare was really killed by accident—Hush!—begone—no carefessing—we'll reserve all that for by and by—[Cicely exits.]—So—I have once more the true Mark Antony feel.

SCENE in ACT III.

A Room in COPSLEY's Cottage—
Birds of Prey painted on the Wall—
A Recess, with several Trusses of Straw in it—Before Recess, an old green Curtain, partly broken down—
A Table and two Chairs—Basket with Apples—Jug of Ale, and small Mug.

Sir SOLOMON discovered kneeling to CICELY.

Sir Sol. Oh you loveliest of all creatures! When I railed at the sex I did not know you—You have converted me! your charms have made me a proselyte, and here I swear—here in this low, submissive, suppliant—Wheugh! [Whistling with pain.]—This it is to be out of practice! My knees are so unaccustomed to the office, that I believe I'd better get up while I'm able—[Rises]—So, Come, I'll give you a toast, my little Cherub—[Goes to the table, and takes up a jug of ale]—Here's Cupid! victorious Cupid!

Cic. Lord!—You're so gallant, Sir Solomon!

Sir Sol. Gallant!—I have more requisites for a lover than any man since the days of Mark Antony. I can write sonnets, throw glances, talk nonsense, tell lies, sing, dance—No, hang it! I can't dance—if I could, I shouldn't be compelled to drink—“Confusion to all dancing masters!” [Drinking.]

Cic. Well; but your Honour! I hope my poor father will be restored to his situation—I am so unhappy—

Sir Sol. I see you are, and I know the cause—Take comfort—I'll give you love for love!—But how shall we meet?—How carry on our amour in a snug, private, pastoral way?—How shall I steal to you unnoticed and unseen?—And now I think on't—Zounds! I hope nobody's observing us—if I should be detected in an intrigue!

Cic. An intrigue, Sir?

Sir Sol. Hark'ye: to make all safe, we'll go to London. There we may make assignations without being talked of or interrupted.

Cic. [with anger] Indeed!

Sir Sol. Yes. There half the town are playing at the same game—But here in the country, if one gets a fly kis, the whole village is sure to hear the smack of it.—So Marybone is the mark—a new house and smart liveries!—a curricle and a pair of greys! a piano forte and a lap-dog—and you shall go by another name.

Cic. What! shall I change my name?—Oh, Sir!—[curtsies very low.]

Sir Sol. To be sure: you shall no longer be called Cicely Copsley.

Cic. Shall I be your wife!—Oh dear! [with great joy.]

Sir Sol. My wife?

Cic. Shall I be Lady Cynic?

Sir Sol. You Lady Cynic!—You my— Ha! ha! ha!—Why, my

my dear girl, you misconceive---I wish to intrigue myself; I don't want to be the cause of intriguing in others---Marry you!--Lord help you---I wouldn't take such a liberty. [Knocking at the door] Hah! What---Who's here?

Cic. Heaven knows---Perhaps my father, perhaps Mr. Howard, perhaps—

Sir Sol. A dancing master!—Oh you force me, you've lured me here to expose me!

Howard. [without] Holloo! Copeley! Cicely!

Sir Sol. Howard's voice! Mercy on me! If you don't get me off, I'll have your father hanged—I'll—Here—I'll go into this room.

Cic. Stop, that's my chamber—Here, Sir, go into that place [pointing to the recess], and I'll draw the curtain before you.—Quick!—quick!

Sir Sol. This is my first amour these twenty years: and if ever I come near a petticoat again, may Cupid fly away with me!—[He enters recess, and sits on a tuft of straw]—So—draw the curtain.

Cic. I can't—You see it's broken down, and—Dear! dear!—How shall I fasten it?

Sir Sol. Here—here!—My cane has a sword in it—[Draws the sword out of the cane, and gives it to Cicely]—If there's a cranny in the wainscot, run this through the curtain; if not, run it through my body.—[Cicely gets upon a chair and runs the sword through the curtain, which supports it]—Oh woman! woman!—Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!—[Sir Solomon is concealed, and Cicely opens the doors.]

Enter MANDEVILLE and HOWARD.

Howard. [Holding the door open, and looking out].—Look out—look out, I tell you—'Tis Realize and the Governess; and by their com-

ing this way, I fear you are discovered—Hush!—observe.

Man. I do; and see! the young naval officer is advancing towards the cottage!

Howard. So he is!—We must avoid him.

Albina [without]—“The stormy main, the wind and rain.”—[singing]

Howard. Ah, you chirruping scoundrel!—I tell you what—We had better step into this apartment, and let Cicely get rid of him—Mind, nobody is here, Cicely.—That a naval officer!—Pooh!—Don't you see through his disguise?

Man. Disguise!

Howard. He's a bailiff!—Can't you discriminate between the navy and the law?—between a sea officer and a sheriff's officer?—I know by the rascal's impudent swagger that he's a bailiff!—Here he comes!—Mum!—Retire. [Exeunt at the opposite door.]

Enter ALBINA in a Naval Uniform.

Alb. [Spying and walking round the room.]—“The stormy main, the wind and rain!”—[singing] I don't see Mr. Howard!—“My ardent passion prove!”—He's concealed somewhere, I suppose—“Lash'd to the helm”—[Goes up to the curtain] He's here!—“Should seas o'erwhelm”—

Cic. [Stopping her.] What do you want, Sir?

Alb. “To think of thee, my love!” [Trying to undraw the curtain.]

Cic [Pulling her away.] There's nobody there, Sir.

Alb. Then they're here!—“And think of thee, my love!”—[Goes toward the door.]—Perhaps, after all, he is really gone to Bristol; and his lungs are so much out of order. [Trying to open the door, and finding it locked] Lock'd! Where's the key?—Oh! oh! [Stoops down] I see him through the key-hole!—Oh!

Oh! you barbarian! [Cicely tries to pull her away] If you touch me, you little vulgar thing, I'll cut you into atoms! ---I see you, Mr. Howard. [Hollooing through the key-hole.]

Cic. Sir, I beseech you---

Alb. [Trying to pull the door open] Oh! if I could but get at him! ---Come out, Sir; or I'll pull the door ---[Shaking it violently.]

Enter HOWARD.

Howard. Well, Sir! What do you want, Sir? ---What have you to say?

Alb. Say, Sir! I'm glad your lungs are better.

Howard. [Standing before the door.] My lungs! ---Hark'ye, Sir; if you want Mr. Mandeville---

Alb. I wⁿnt you, and only you, Sir! ---My name is Herbert---I am first cousin to Albina: and if you don't instantly fall on your knees, and ask pardon for the insults you have put upon her, I'll make you a companion for that wild goose---I'll run you through the body, and pin you against the wall---'Slife! now I look at you, I wonder what she could see in your ugly face to be so fond of you.

Howard. I'm glad it's not a bairf, however. [Aside] Sir, if you are that lady's cousin, I must inform you she isn't worth my pity, or your resentment. She is neither faithful to her lover, nor affectionate to her father---In short, Sir, I thought her a child of nature, and I found her a Becky.

Alb. A Becky!

Howard. Yes: a Becky, Sir! ---And till she reforms her conduct, not all the fighting men in Europe shall make me alter mine. This is my determination, and so you may tell her, good Captain Bobadil.

Alb. Bobadil!

Howard. Yes: Bobadil may tell Becky---

Alb. Draw, Sir. [Pulls out her sword.]

Cic. Hold! I entreat you--- What is the cause---

Alb. You---Come, Sir. [Flourishing her sword.]

Cic. Me!

Alb. His love for you is the cause--- Sir Solomon told me of his falsehood, and now---

Cic. Sir Solomon told you? --- Oh! base, slanderous man! ---Love never brought Mr. Howard to our cottage. No: he came from a far better motive---to bring money to my father---to relieve the distresses of his family: and, with gratitude I speak it, he has already saved us from ruin.

Alb. Indeed!

Cic. Yes: but for him we should have perished; and, as a proof I wasn't the object of his affections, often and often have I heard him say, that Miss Albina was the girl of his heart, and that he never would or could love any other.

Alb. [Smiling.] Oh! did you say this, Mr. Howard?

Howard. You have heard my determination. I will not be teased with interrogatories.

Alb. [Going up to him] Nay: don't be so hasty, Mr. Howard. Consider, if Sir Solomon has deceived me---

Howard. 'Tis now too late, Sir. ---Your visit; her partiality for her perfidious governors; and her neglect of a too liberal parent, are all---all so disgraceful, that, if ever I love again, depend on't Albina won't be the object.

Alb. [Sharply.] She won't! --- Who will then, Sir?

Howard. Who, Sir?

Alb. Ay: who, Sir? ---Will this little, coarse, insensible peasant?

Howard. Insensible! Look him in the face, Cicely [taking her hand]: tell him you would die to serve your father; and ask him if Albina would shed a tear to save her's.

Alb. He presses her hand! ---Let it

it go, Sir!---If you value your life, take away your hand, Sir!

Howard. Why? She deserves it as much as your cousin!

Alb. I can't bear it! Take it away! Then say your prayers, for you hav'n't a moment to live!---
[Poking at him with her sword.]

Howard. Keep off, Sir---You see I've no arms.

Alb. No arms! That's a poor evasion, coward!

Howard. Coward! Oh! that I could find a weapon!---Is there no poker---no knife---no---Ha!--what do I see?---A sword! Now, villain!---

Cic. Hear me, Sir---Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

Alb. Hear her, Sir---Don't touch it, for Heaven's sake!

Howard. Thus I expose folly and deception! [Pulls out the sword that supports the curtain; it falls, and Sir Solomon is discovered sitting on one tuft of straw, with others around him.]

Howard. Expose folly and deception, indeed!

Alb. He's innocent! he's innocent!---Oh! Howard!

Howard. What! the old woman-hater turned poacher! Ha! ha! ha!--Why, uncle!

Alb. Why, man of straw! Ha! ha! ha!---Look,---how the old fox squats in the stubble!---Come! [handing him out] What have you to say?

Sir Sol. Nothing. I'll go home, and read *Paradise Lost*!

Howard. And curse Cupid and Mark Antony.---And now, Sir! [to Albina] What have you to say?

Alb. That I sincerely ask your pardon: that I see you have been slandered---cruelly slandered---And if Albina was before partial to you, she shall now esteem you more than ever. Will you forgive me, Sir? I'll tell her all that has passed---every thing.---No; I wont tell her you called her Becky. You

don't call her Becky now, do you?

Mrs. Rigid. [Without.] Mr. Herbert! Mr. Herbert!

Alb. You hear I'm called, Sir---Do we part friends?

Howard. We do: I'm satisfied.

Alb. And I needn't mention Becky?

Howard. No! no!

Alb. Then, let my Governess say what she will, Howard is the husband for Albina! [aside]---Farewell, Sir?---we shall meet again. Cicely, there's money for you. And, Sir Solomon---the next time a game-keeper catches one of your hares, don't share one of his daughters, and make him starve for it into the bargain! And also, to cover your own poaching practices, don't slander an innocent Gentleman. If you do, I'll chain you to your bed of straw, depend on't. Adieu! Mr. Howard!

“ Lash'd to the helm, should seas o'erwhelm,
“ I'll think on thee, my Love! ”

[Exit.]

Sir Sol. Sir, you may smile, and chuckle, and triumph; but I'll be revenged on you and Mr. Mandeville yet. I know he is in that room. I saw him sneak in there; and while Realize secures him, Veritas shall secure Albina. I'll overtake Mrs. Rigid---the match shall take place this very night; and then, Sir---

Howard. Nay; why should you fret? Upon my soul, I think you're a very lucky fellow---If you had not been in the straw, somebody else might! You understand?

Sir Sol. I do: and I've plague enough with nephews, without wishing for children to torment me. Let me go---let me fellow Mrs. Rigid [Cicely slaps him]. Out of the way, Jilt! Sorceress! Jezebel! or, to sum up all in one emphatic word---Out of the way, Woman!

[Exit.]

LAW REPORT.

CUILDHALL, LONDON, JUNE 14.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon and a Special Jury of Merchants.

DUNNAGE, ESQ. v. SIR T. TURTON, BART. FOR CRIM. CON.

THIS action was brought by the Plaintiff to recover a satisfaction from the Defendant for criminal conversation with his wife. The damages were laid at Ten Thousand Pounds.

The cause lasted the whole day. Mr. Erskine, Mr. Garrow, Mr. Dallas, and Mr. Giles, were Counsel for the Plaintiff; and Mr. Perceval, Mr. Adam, and Mr. Warren, for the Defendant.

The Plaintiff is a Merchant in the City; and the Defendant a person of distinction and rank, and reported to be a gentleman of very large and ample fortune. One part of his history, and which perhaps in the course of this cause would not be immaterial, was, that he had been bred to the profession of the law, and called to the practice of it. He had therefore been bred to a profession which had for its object to contemplate and to estimate the moral and civil relations of life which he had thought fit to violate; to contemplate the nature of crimes in general, as well as of this particular crime, which he was charged with having committed. At what time Sir Thomas Turton first became acquainted with this lady was not known. She was the niece of a Mr Fryer, formerly an eminent Merchant in this City; being the daughter of his brother, he educated her, and

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considered her as his child; and by his will gave her an ample fortune. The case he should be able to prove, would compel the Jury to give the Plaintiff all the damages he had stated in his declaration. The Plaintiff's lady was possessed of great beauty and accomplishments. The Defendant also had been married eleven years to an amiable and accomplished woman, and was the father of seven children by her. For the purpose of seducing the wife of the plaintiff, the Defendant took a room in the Carolina Coffee-house, in the City, and went there by the name of Mr. Thomas. While the Defendant was engaged in this deliberate seduction, a very young person, of the name of Sarah Sefton, assisted in carrying on the criminal intercourse between him and this lady. This young person was an orphan, and left under the protection of Mr. Dunnage, senior. She was entitled to some little fortune on her coming of age: she went and lived as a sort of companion to the plaintiff's wife. Sir T. Turton had been engaged in destroying her mind, destroying her character, and ruining her prospects in the world. She regarded the Plaintiff and his lady as her relations. Mr. Erskine here stated the substance of her evidence, and which, as she was the first and principal witness for the Plaintiff, we shall state at length.

After the Rev. Mr. Hughes had proved that he had performed the marriage ceremony between the Plaintiff and his lady, on the 15th of April, 1788,

This young lady, Sarah Sefton, was examined. She said, she was sixteen years of age, was an orphan, and had been left under the protection of Mr. Dunnage, sen. In the year 1795, she went into the service of Mrs. Dunnage, by Mr. Dunnage's desire, and lived in the

U family

family as a companion to her. She said, she was acquainted with the person of Sir T. Turton, whom she saw about three months after she had been in the family. She first saw him in Gray's Inn Gardens. She had gone there with Mrs. Dunnage, in their chariot, which set them down at the end of Warwick-court, which leads up to the gardens. The carriage and servants remained there till she and her mistress returned to them. The first day they went there, Sir Thomas did not come at all. The second day they went, he was there when Mrs. Dunnage and she got into the gardens. She was left at one end of the gardens, while Mrs. Dunnage and Sir T. Turton walked together. She was directed to walk by herself. They continued together about two hours. He then left her at the end of the gardens, when Mrs. Dunnage and she returned to the carriage that was waiting for them at Warwick-court. The place where Sir Thomas took leave of her was not within sight of the servants. These visits were repeated for two months, sometimes once, sometimes twice a week; and the same course was pursued when they met in the gardens, till towards the latter end of that time, when Mrs. Dunnage and Sir Thomas went out of the gardens and left the witness there. They might be absent two hours. When they returned, Sir Thomas remained in the gardens, and Mrs. Dunnage and she returned to the carriage. Mrs. Dunnage and the Defendant retired in this manner out of the Gardens five or six times, leaving her there, and returned after a considerable time. She said, she once accompanied Mrs. Dunnage to Kensington Gardens in the chariot, attended by her own servants. The carriage stopped at one of the gates, when Sir Thomas was there waiting. The

carriage was ordered to stop, and Mrs. Dunnage, Sir Thomas, and she, went into a hackney-coach, and, after driving she knew not where, the coach stopped, and Mrs. Dunnage and Sir Thomas went together into a house, after which the hackney coach drove to a public house in another street. She continued in it all the time. It remained there about two hours, when the coachman was called. Mrs. Dunnage and Sir Thomas came into it, and the coachman drove them to Kensington Gate again. Sir Thomas did not accompany her to her chariot. This only happened once. She said, she knew the Carolina Coffee-house, and that Sir T. Turton had a room there. He went by the name of Mr. Thomas. She carried letters to him there from Mrs. Dunnage, and took answers back to her. The answers which she carried back were directed to Mr. Wilkin. She delivered those answers to Mrs. Dunnage, who opened them. She kept those answers a day or two and then destroyed them. She did not know any person of the name of Wilkin. She carried letters twice or three times a week to the Carolina Coffee-house. When Sir Thomas was not there, she received letters from the bar which he had left there, and these she delivered to Mrs. Dunnage when alone. They were all addressed to Mr. Wilkin. Mrs. Dunnage sometimes read these letters to her. They contained expressions of Sir Thomas Turton's love, and affection for Mrs. Dunnage. They sometimes began with *My Dear Love*, and sometimes with *My Dear Margaret*. There were some letters addressed to the witness by the name of Miss Seston; these commenced with *My Dear Sister*. She said she always burned them after she had shewn them to Mrs. Dunnage. These letters were signed *John Anstey*. The letters that

that were addressed to her were mere appointments, by which Mrs. Dunnage might know when to meet Sir Thomas. This correspondence was carried on about three months, and till they were detected. Sir Thomas Turton only visited privately at Mr. Dunnage's house. She used to go up to a bed-chamber, and look out at a window in the front of the house communicating to the street. She went there sometimes at six o'clock at night, and sometimes earlier in the evening. She placed herself at the window, sometimes with a candle and sometimes not, and Sir Thomas used to stand on Mr. Thellusson's steps, a house nearly opposite, in Philpot-lane. The moment she saw him, she used to go down and let him in. The plaintiff's house was so constructed, that there was a door leading to the private house, unconnected with the house of business. Sir Thomas did not knock or ring. He used to go up to the two pair of stairs dressing room, where Mrs. Dunnage usually was. She knew when to expect Sir Thomas on those evening visits. Mrs. Dunnage used to order the dressing room to be cleaned more particularly than usual, when she expected Sir T. Turton; and she generally put on a clean gown and clean stockings. When Sir Thomas and Mrs. Dunnage were in the dressing-room, she, the witness, was ordered into the bed-room. The door was locked in the inside after Sir Thomas came in. They continued there sometimes an hour, and sometimes an hour and an half, and then she used to let him out in the same manner as she let him in. On those occasions she used to observe powder on the carpet. Mrs. Dunnage wore powder. There was usually a round place of powder on the carpet. She never observed it except after Sir T. Turton had been there. She generally cleaned

the carpet after he was gone; sometimes it was difficult to get out; she never washed it out but twice. She let Sir Thomas Turton in often, and when he and Mrs. Dunnage did not continue in the dressing-room, they went into the bed-room, and locked it fast: she then remained in the dressing-room. They might continue in the bed-chamber an hour and an half. She then let him out in the same private manner as usual. After Sir Thomas was gone, she once made the bed with the assistance of one of the servants; Mrs. Dunnage herself once assisted in making it. The powder used to stand on the bed-room table. Mr. Dunnage once returned home while Sir T. Turton was there. She put Sir T. into a closet that was in the bed room. She was in the bed-room when Mr. D. returned; and Sir T. and Mrs. D. were in the dressing-room. She knocked at the door, and told her mistress Mr. D. was come home. After she had put the Baronet into a closet, Mrs. D. remained in the dressing-room; and had told her before Sir T. came, if Mr. D. should come home while he was there, to put him into this closet. Mr. D. came up into the dressing-room, where he only continued about two minutes, and went out again. Sir T. then came out of his lurking place, and after wishing Mrs. D. good night, went away. She remembered another time, when the Baronet and her mistress were alarmed: Mr. D. had a party of friends to dinner, and Mrs. D. dined with the company: after dinner she retired to her dressing-room, about six o'clock at night. Sir T. came about half past six, in the usual way. She looked out for him, and he was introduced in the usual way into the dressing-room. They were in the dressing-room when Mr. D. came up to desire

Mrs. D. to go down to supper. Sir T. was put into the closet again. Mrs. D. did not go down to supper; she said she was not well enough to go; at that time, Sir T. was in the closet in the bed-room. Mr. D. returned down stairs to his friends. Sir Thomas then came out into the dressing-room, and after remaining there about a quarter of an hour, went away. He was let out in the usual private manner. She remembered another time when Sir T. and her mistress were together, when an alarm was given. They were in the dressing-room, where they had been for an hour. Mr. D. and his brother both came home. It was about ten o'clock at night. Mrs. D. came down stairs and played upon the harpsichord till she let Sir T. out. He was obliged to pass the door of the room where Mr. D. and his brother was. On the evening when they were detected, she knew Sir Thomas was to come. She did not see him that evening till some time after she had been watching. She let him in as soon as she knew he was there. He went into the dressing-room to her mistress, and she went into the bed-room. He had been there about ten minutes before any alarm was given. She heard a great noise coming up stairs. She locked the bed-room door. The dressing room door, she believed, was locked. Mrs. D. locked it. She knocked at the door of the dressing-room as soon as she could. Mr. James Dunnage, the Plaintiff's brother knocked at the bed-room door, and Mr. Foster, the clerk, at the dressing-room door, at the same instant. As soon as the knocking began, Mrs. D. came into the bed-room, where the witness was, leaving Sir Thomas in the dressing-room; but the Baronet in his fright, ran after her into the bed-chamber. The Plaintiff's brother

and the clerk broke both doors at once. Mr. James Dunnage then asked Sir Thomas, what business he had there? Sir Thomas, in reply, said, he came there on business with Mrs. D. and then took his hat and went down stairs. There was a great deal of confusion on this discovery. As she had to answer before God at the day of judgment, what she had sworn was true, and the person who was found by the Plaintiff's brother and clerk with this lady in the bed-room, was the same man who had been with her in Gray's Inn Gardens, at Kensington, and whom she had frequently introduced into the Plaintiff's house in the private manner she had described.

On cross-examination, she said, she had been living at old Mr. Dunnage's house since this discovery was made. The Plaintiff and his wife lived comfortably together, though they sometimes quarrelled. He was frequently intoxicated. The plaintiff was frequently intoxicated, with parties of his own. She remembered him once going to bed drunk, before the company broke up. He left his wife with the company, who had dined with him, and went to bed at nine o'clock, and she not till twelve. There were no ladies at all of the party. She recollects him once brought home drunk, and remembered his coming home very frequently intoxicated. Sometimes he used to sit and sleep in the parlour. She had cleaned the sheets of the bed of the effects of his intoxication, before Mrs. D. could go to it. She had been requested by Mrs. D. sent to say things which she told her she could not say consistently with truth. She said to her (the witness) it would be but a white lie, and was what trades-people did every day, and what the rest of the servants would do.

John Chambers said, he was a waiter

waiter at the Carolina Coffee-house, and confirmed the last witness, as to what she said respecting the Defendant's assuming the name of Thomas.

Martin Foster, the Plaintiff's clerk, confirmed Miss Seston's testimony as to the manner of the detection of this criminal intercourse.

Lucy Rogers was the Plaintiff's cook, and spoke to a number of meetings between her mistress and the Defendant in the course of last summer, when the family resided at Clapham Common: after she and the Defendant had been walking about the Common, which they often continued to do for the space of two hours, she fell ill, and was confined to her bed for ten days. The Defendant was every day riding about the Common near the house; and the first day she went out to meet him after her illness: when they met, they shewed great eagerness. He embraced her, and seemed almost to eat her up. She was once called up at ten o'clock to make the bed, when there was an impression of two bodies having been in it, and the cleaths all tumbled. Mrs. D. was in a loose dressing-gown, powdering her hair. Miss Seston informed them when Sir Thomas was expected; and she, the witness, used to go up stairs and hear two voices in the room, when there was only her mistress in the house. She never saw any gentleman there, but several times heard two voices, and one of them the voice of a man. Mr. D. was not then at home.

It appeared from the will of this lady's uncle, that she had a fortune of 16,500*l.* for her sole and separate use, exclusive of her husband, and not subject to the payment of his debts, during her life.

Mr. Percival made a very able speech for the Defendant, in which he endeavoured to shew, that no

adultery had been committed, though he readily admitted his Client had been guilty of great indiscretion and imprudence. Sir Thomas was possessed of considerable property, which he had chiefly acquired by marriage; and if the Jury should find a verdict for the Plaintiff for any considerable damages, it would not only be punishing the Defendant, but his innocent wife and children. To that hour the report of that criminal intercourse had produced no abatement whatever of affection between Sir Thomas and Lady Turton. He certainly had put himself in a situation of temptation, in which no wise man would wish to be placed. The learned Counsel made a great number of very ingenious observations on the evidence given for the Plaintiff, and thought it clear, that the Plaintiff had not paid such attention to his wife as such a wife deserved. She was told by her husband, that it was by no means clear that she was possessed of an independent fortune, and was threatened by him with respect to it; the consequence was, that as Sir T. Turton was acquainted with the law, this lady was glad to have his opinion with regard to the arrangement of her affairs. It was therefore on that business that she and the Defendant had a number of private meetings, and not for the purpose of carrying on any criminal intercourse.

Lord Kenyon, in a most excellent summing up to the Jury, said, whatever might be the effect of this cause, whether it was or was not favourable to the Defendant, he believed that all who had heard the Counsel who had just sat down, would not impute it to any want of abilities or exertions in him. There were two points which presented themselves for the consideration of the Jury. The first was the basis and

and substratum of the whole cause. Whether the *fact* which was the foundation of the action, had been committed or not. If they were satisfied on that point, the second was the damages they ought to give. Before they examined the evidence that had been given, it was fit to see whether the witnesses stood *recti in curia*, or whether there was any imputation, on account of which their evidence ought to be rejected. His Lordship here directed the attention of the Jury to the most material parts of the evidence, and told them, if they deemed it necessary, he should go through the whole of it. If the Jury, after sifting the evidence, were satisfied the fact took place, then the question was, what reparation they were to make to the man who had been injured. To the feelings of a virtuous husband, who had a strong affection for his wife, the Jury's own consciences, their own feelings, would tell them, no reparation adequate to the injury could be made. A wounded spirit---who could bear? or who could repair it? It had been said, if damages should be given against Sir T. Turton, the interests and the feelings of a virtuous wife, and of innocent children would be involved. His Lordship said he felt, and his heart bled for them; but it had been a part of the law of all nations, from the time of Imperial Rome down to the moment he was then speaking, that among the several checks to rein people and to keep them within the paths of virtue, not only their own interests were to be involved, but also the interests of those who were nearest and dearest to them. It was supposed that when men knew they could not violate the laws of their country without at the same time involving the dearest interests of all who were connected with them, that it would operate as a powerful curb

to deter them from the commission of crimes. One was sorry for the Defendant's wife and children. The Jury would take them into their consideration, with all the attention they ought to pay to them. Some had been of opinion, that the laws of high treason ought not to continue in all their penal consequences. One of the greatest and most polished geniuses of the country had demonstrated, to the satisfaction of most, that these laws ought to exist; because it was supposed they would act on the minds of people, having in view the interests of those who were dear to them, would secure their walking in the paths of virtue, and conformably to the laws of the country. There was one other topic. Mr. Dunnage, it had been said, had not behaved himself as a decent and delicate husband. His Lordship was sorry to say that up to a certain degree he thought that had been proved. A man leaving his wife in jovial company was likely to break in upon her delicacy; and delicacy was the best guard of female virtue. If he had put her in that situation, though not intending it at the time, his Lordship thought it weighed a little in the scale against him.

The Jury, after considering of their verdict for a few minutes, found for the Plaintiff---

Damages 500*l.*

CRICKET MATCHES.

MONDAY, JUNE 5.

A Match was played on Linton Green, between the gentlemen of Stowmarket and Eye, when after the most capital and manly handling the game, was terminated in favour of the gentlemen

men of Eye, with only six men out.

TUESDAY, JUNE 6, AND THREE FOLLOWING DAYS.

A Grand Match of Cricket was played on Lord's Ground, Mary-le-bone, between five noblemen of the Mary-le-bone club with six players of Surrey, against five noblemen and six players of England for One Thousand Guineas each side.

SURREY.

FIRST INNINGS.

T. Walker	101	Run out.
H. Walker	56	b. Boxall.
Robinson	17	b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Beldam	0	b. Boxall.
J. Wells	3	b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Hon. Col. Bligh	15	b. Ditto.
J. Walker	1	c. Hammond.
G. Louch, Esq.	9	c. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Hon. H. Tufton	3	b. Boxall.
Earl Winchelsea	6	Not out.
T. Mellish, Esq.	0	c. Fennex.
Byes	4	
	215	

SECOND INNINGS.

T. Walker	0	c. Hon. Col. Lenox.
H. Walker	13	c. Hon. J. Tufton.
Robinson	2	ft. Hammond.
Beldam	0	b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
J. Wells	9	c. Harding.
Hon. Col. Bligh	4	c. Hon. Col. Lenox.
J. Walker	4	b. Boxall.
G. Louch, Esq.	2	c. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Hon. H. Tufton	4	Not out.
Earl Winchelsea	5	b. Boxall.
T. Mellish, Esq.	2	Run out.
Byes	0	
	45	

ENGLAND.

FIRST INNINGS.

J. Small, jun.	1	c. Hon. Col. Bligh.
Harding	2	c. H. Walker.
Hon. J. Tufton	2	b J. Wells
Lord F. Beauclerk	53	c. Hon. Col. Bligh.
Hammond	82	b. Robinson
Fennex	11	ft. Hon. H. Tufton.
Boxal	41	Not out.
Hon. A. P. Upton	0	ft. Hon. H. Tufton.
— Hussey, Esq.	2	b. J. Wells.
Hon. Col. Lenox	0	ft. Hon. H. Tufton.
Freemantle	20	c. Ditto.
Byes	1	
	215	

SECOND INNINGS.

J. Small, jun.	12	b. J. Wells.
Hon. J. Tufton	7	Not out.
Lord F. Beauclerk	1	b. J. Wells.
Hammond	22	c. Hon. H. Tufton.
Hon. A. P. Upton	4	Not out.
Hon. Col. Lenox	0	b. J. Wells.
Byes	0	
	46	

England won by six wickets.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 7.

A match was played on Amberley Hill, by the gentlemen of Arundel, and the gentlemen of Chichester, which was decided in favour of the latter, by 101 runs.

The same day the match between eleven of Hatfield, and eleven of Hertford, was won hollow by the former.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

A match was played at Maldon, between eleven gentlemen of that place,

place, against the gentlemen of Purleigh, for Fifty Guineas.

MALDON.

FIRST INNINGS.

Linnor	5 c. by Isaac Rush.
J. Pond	4 b. by J. Harris.
Drake	8 c. by Chapman.
Frances	2 b. by J. Harris.
Hunsdon	0 b. by Ewers.
White	8 b. by J. Harris.
Gurr	5 b. by Ewers.
Polley	6 b. by ditto.
Wynn	0 b. by J. Harris.
Gowers	9 c. by ditto.
W. Pond	0 c. by Kemp.
Byes	2
	—
	49

SECOND INNINGS.

Linnor	did not go in.
J. Pond	5 b. by J. Harris.
Drake	6 c. by C. Harris.
Frances	8 c. by ditto
Hunsdon	2 run out.
White	3 not out.
Gurr	2 ditto.
Polley	did not go in.
Wynn	19 b. by Ewers.
Gowers	did not go in.
W. Pond	1 c. by Payne.
Byes	1
	—
	46

PURLEIGH.

FIRST INNINGS

Chapman	5 run out.
J. Harris	3 c. by White.
C. Harris	8 b. by Linnor.
Kemp	2 c. by Wynn.
Stead	0 run out.
Threadgold	1 b. by Linnor.
Payne	0 put out by ditto.
Ewers	5 b. by ditto.
John Rush	8 c. by Gowers
Isaac Rush	1 c. by White.
Beard	5 c. by Gowers.
Byes	3
	—
	41

SECOND INNINGS.

Chapman	0 b by Linnor.
J. Harris	4 run out.
C. Harris	19 b by Linnor
Kemp	1 c by Hunsdon
Stead	6 c by J. Pond
Threadgold	5 b by Linnor
Payne	5 b by Gurr
Ewers	7 b by ditto
John Rush	0 c by Drake
Isaac Rush	0
Beard	5 b by Gurr.
Byes	5
	—
	52

Two in favour of Maldon, and four wickets to go down.

GARRICK'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS interesting and well executed tribute of a private friend, to the memory of a man to whom the public owe amusement of the highest kind, being now opened for inspection, some description of it, by explaining the sculptor's designs, may be useful and proper. Garrick is represented at full length, in an animated position, throwing aside a curtain, which discovers the medallion of the great Poet, whom he has illustrated; while Tragedy and Comedy, adorned with their respective emblems, and half seated on a pedestal, seem to approve the tribute. The curtain itself is designed to represent the Veil of Ignorance and Barbarism, which darkened the drama of the immortal Bard till the appearance of Garrick. The carressing attitude, airy figure, and smiling countenance of the comic muse, is intended to describe the satisfaction she derives, from at length beholding a memorial to her favourite; while Melpomene, with a more majestic and dignified mein, raising her veil, gazes with characteristic admiration on the “sovereign

"sovereign of the willing soul," whom she at once delights in and deplores.

The similitude to Garrick will immediately be felt by every spectator who has his features in remembrance: and where is the person of taste who has ever once seen him can forget the resemblance? The whole is indeed very finely executed. The curtain is light and elegant; the back ground is composed of beautiful dove-coloured marble, relieving the figures, which are in pure statuary marble; and thus the harmony of the composition is complete. The artist is Webber, who served his apprenticeship to Bacon, from whose successful school he went to Rome, and studied the antique.

This monument of Garrick was a subject worthy of his improved talents, and affords a happy earnest of what in future may be expected from them.

The inscription, by the muse of Mr. Pratt, is as follows:

To the memory of DAVID GARRICK, who died in the year 1779, at the age of 63.

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakespeare rose—then to expand his fame,
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe a-new.
Though like the Bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick called them back to day;
And 'ill eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary time,
Shakespeare and Garrick, like twin stars
shall thine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

*This monument, the tribute of a friend,
was erected 1793.*

VOL. X No. LVII.

THEATRICAL LIBERALITY.

Covent Garden.

ON Wednesday night, June 14, the Comedy of *THE COUNTRY GIRL*, supported by the imitable Jordan, with the favourite ballets of *PEGGY'S LOVE* and *CUPID AND PSYCHE*, and the Comic Opera of *NO SONG NO SUPPER*, were performed at this Theatre, for the benefit of the Widows and Orphans of those brave men who perished, and those who were wounded, in the glorious action of the 14th of February, under Sir John Jervis, now Earl of St. Vincent's. The several performers, who voluntarily rendered their services on this laudable occasion, are entitled to the utmost praise; and the conduct of the managers of Drury-lane and the Haymarket Theatres, in shutting up their Houses for the night, in order to promote the success of the charitable purpose, cannot be mentioned but in the highest terms of commendation.

Mrs. Abington, ever obedient to the calls of humanity, although for many years removed from the busy stage, and enjoying all the comforts of respectable retirement, came forward with a cheerful alacrity, highly creditable to her feelings, and spoke a favourite Epilogue, after the performance of the Play. She was received with a torrent of applause, which she returned with all her wonted elegance of manners. The Opera Dancers displayed their graceful attitudes and astonishing agility, to the great entertainment of the whole house; and the exertions of Signora Storace and Mrs. Martyr were crowned with the most deserved success.

The audience, which was both numerous and brilliant, afforded a

most grateful display of British benevolence and humanity. The Prince of Wales, Dukes of York, Clarence, Bedford, and Leeds, Earls Spencer and Chesterfield, Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Grey, and several other gentlemen of distinction, were present. The female circle boasted much beauty and fashion.

A TRIP TO MARGATE, or ADVENTURERS ON BOARD A PLEASURE BOAT, during the MUTINY at the NORE.

THE three gentlemen Mr. N—, of Aldersgate-street, Mr. Payne, of Ludgate-street, and Mr. R—, of London-road, who were taking an excursion in a pleasure yacht belonging to them, called the Vigilant, respecting whom so many ludicrous and false reports have been made in the public prints of their conduct on board the mutinous Fleet at the Nore, the following may be relied upon as a true account of the situation those gentlemen were forced into.

They had obtained the countersign or pass-word from his Majesty's ships at Gravesend, to pass the forts below, and put in at South-End, on the coast of Essex. They came out from that place next morning, and were fired at by a man of war's pinnace with twelve armed men, who took and carried the vessel along-side the Standard, of 64 guns, Captain Parr. The three gentlemen were then taken on board, and were examined by the delegates of that ship, (twelve in number), who detained them nearly two hours, and then permitted them to pass through the fleet for Margate, by signal made on board the Standard to the other ships.

Upon their return from Margate, they were fired at, and taken by the delegates boats, and brought again on board the Standard, (and not the Sandwich as represented in the papers.) They underwent the like examination, but were not detained above an hour. While they were in the delegates birth or cabin, letters were brought in there by the officers, ship's company, marines, and others, which were put all together in a canvas bag. These letters the delegates compelled them to take, and on those conditions they permitted them to pass for London.

That night being obliged to bring up at a place called Holy-Haven, on account of the tide, on the shore they related all the above circumstances to a man of the name of Pearce, of Gravesend, who was very inquisitive, and proved to be an informer. This man made a tool of the conversation, and gave information against the three for having had correspondence with the delegates of the fleet, and made very false representations. In consequence of this information, three armed boats were immediately dispatched from Gravesend, in quest of the pleasure vessel; and the next morning the boat was taken, and the gentlemen put into a severe and close confinement, under a guard of marines, on board the gun-vessel No. 16, where they continued seven days.

During that period, they underwent several examinations, which (with the evidence of another man who was present when the conversation passed at Holy Haven) clearly proved their innocence, and of having no intentional or designed correspondence with the delegates, and at the same time shewed the infamy of the spy or informer.

Their discharge was on Tuesday the 13th instant, (June) sent them by

by the Duke of Portland: and they were accordingly released from the harsh treatment and confinement they experienced, their vessel restored, and permitted to return to their families, whose distress and anxiety during their confinement may be conceived, but not described.

PEDIGREE OF CHANTICLEER.

CHANTICLEER was bred by Lord Egremont, got by Woodpecker, his dam by Eclipse, god-dam, (Rosebud) by Snap, out of Miss Belvea, by Regulus, Bartlet's Childers, Honeywood's Arabian, dam of the two True Blues.

Woodpecker was bred by Sir Charles Davers, got by Herod, his dam (Miss Ramfden) own sister to the dam of Kingston, got by old Cade, dam by Lord Lonfdale's Bay Arabian, Bay Bolton, Darley's Arabian, Byerly Turk, Place's White Turk Taffolet Barb, Natural Barb Mare.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF PANTALOON.

HE was got by Match'em, his dam (Curiosity) by Snap, god-dam by Regulus, great god-dam by Bartlet's Childers, great great god-dam by Honeywood's Arabian, out of the dam of the two True Blues.

Second October Meeting, Oct. 23, 1770. Lord Bolingbroke's Pantalo, then 3 yrs old, won a Sweepstakes of 200gs. each, beating Lord Carlisle's Colt by Captain; Mr. Oglevie's Colt, Lockton, pd. ft. 2 to 1 on Pantalo.

Houghton Meeting, November 5. Mr. Vernon's Pantalo, 8ft. 2lb.

beat Lord Farnham's Guardian, 8ft. 7lb. R. M. for 200gs. Odds at starting, 7 to 4 on Guardian.

Nov. 10, at 8ft. 7lb. he beat Mr. Pigot's Lady Betty, 8ft. from the ditch in. 7 to 4 on Lady Betty.

Craven Meeting, March 18, 1771. He won the Craven Stakes of 5gs. each, 21 subscribers, beating Hemp Coquette, Sportsman, Coffmo, Tamerlane, &c. &c.

First Spring Meeting, April 2, he received 150gs. ft. from Ratoni.

Second Spring Meeting, April 22, he received 200gs. from Mr. Pigot's Lady Betty.

April 26, he received from Lord Marche's Sober, 200gs. P. P.

July 23, he won a Sweepstakes of 25gs. each, P. P. 22 subscribers, beating Juniper, Quill, Catch-penny, Furiband, &c. &c.

Second October Meeting, Pantalo then 4 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. beat Lord Farnham's Charon, 5 yrs old, 8ft. over B. C. for 100gs.

Craven Meeting, April 6, 1772. Pantalo, 8ft. beat Mr. Crew's Mittimus, 7ft. 9lb. R. M. 300gs.

April 9, he beat, carrying 8ft. 10lb. Mr. Pigot's Pan by Squirrel, 8ft. 3lb. B. C. for 200gs.

First Spring Meeting, April 24, then Mr. Fox's, he won the Plate of 50l. beating Ratoni and nine others.

April 25, he beat Mr. Wentworth's Mark, for 200gs. 5 to 4 on Pantaloons.

May 2, then 5 yrs old, he beat Mr. Vernon's Hyder Ally, aged, 8ft. 4lb. each, B. C. for 400gs.

Second Spring Meeting, May 14, 5 yrs old, 8ft. he beat Mr. Ogilvie's Pincher, aged, 8ft. 4lb. B. C. for 1000gs.

May 22, at 8ft. 7lb. he beat Mr. C. Blake's Florizel, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 9lb. B. C. for 500gs. 5 to 1 on Florizel.

July 9, he beat Mr. Pigot's Lycurgus, 8ft. 7lb. each, both 5 yrs old Mr. Fox staked 1000gs to 600gs. B. C. 5 to 2 on Pantaloons.

First October meeting, he recd. ft. from Mr. Blake's Amphion, 8ft. 7lb. each, 1000gs. hf. ft.

Second October Meeting, Monday the 12th, at 8ft. 6lb. he again beat Pincher, 8ft. 7lb. B. C. for 1000gs.

October 17, at 8ft. 10lb. he beat Lord Marche's Pan, 7ft. both 5 yrs old, B. C. for 300gs.

Houghton Meeting, October 26, he recd. 140gs. from Mr. Vernon's Shepherds.

October 30, he recd. from D. Ancaster's Cleomenes, 500gs. hf. ft.

Craven Meeting, Monday, March 29, 1773, he beat, at 8ft. Mr. Blake's Sober, 7ft. Slb. B. M. for 500gs. 3 to 1 on Pantaloons.

First Spring Meeting, he recd. from Mr. Wentworth's Mark, 500gs. hf. ft.

April 16, he recd. from Julian, 100gs.

April 17, he recd. 40gs. compromise from Firetail.

Second Spring Meeting, he recd. from Carbineer, 500gs. hf. ft.

And October 1, at Thetford, he won a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, 9 subscribers, beating Pulpy, Gertrude and Princess; the rest paid forfeit; after which he covered at Knavestock, near Brentford, at 10gs. each mare, and 10s. 6d. the groom.

SINGULAR MEMORANDUM.
From Warner's Topographical Remarks on Hampshire.

THE following curious entry is inserted in the Register of Lymington Church, under the year 1736.—“ Samuel Baldwyn, Esq. sojourner in this parish, was *immered*, without the Needles, in Scra'chen's Bay, *sans ceremonie*, May 20th.”—This was performed in consequence of an earnest wish he had expressed to that effect, a little before his dissolution.—And what reason dost thou think, reader, could induce him to have his body cast into the ocean, rather than quietly committed to the earth? No motive of erring superstition—no whim of bewildered reason—but a determination to disappoint the intentions of an *affectionate* wife, who had repeatedly assured him in their domestic squabbles, which were very frequent, that if Providence permitted her to survive him, she would revenge her conjugal sufferings, by occasionally dancing on the turf that covered his remains.

Tantæ animis cælestibus icæ?

THE

THE FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

ANECDOCE OF MR. FOOTE.

THE late Mr. Foote used to pass much of his time at the feast of Sir Francis Blake Delaval; during one of his visits he happened to be looking at some pigs belonging to Sir Francis, which had a few minutes before been served with their morning's meal, and perceived a silver spoon amongst their victuals; the grunting community making more than common noise, caused the maid to go and endeavour to silence them, and not observing Mr. Foote, she cried in a pet, " Deuce take the pigs what a riot they make." " Well they may you jade," replied Foote, " when they have got but one silver spoon amongst them all."

ANECDOCE OF DR. JOHNSON.

After one of the solo musicians of the time, had been playing a number of unmeaning tricks upon his instrument, and was receiving yet more unmeaning praise, a lady observed, " that the performance was vastly difficult."—" Madam," said the Doctor, " I wish it had been impossible."

ANECDOCE.

Dr. Schmidt, of the Cathedral of Berlin, wrote a letter to the King of Prussia, couched in the follow-

ing terms, viz. " Sire, I acquaint your Majesty, 1st. that there are wanting Books of Psalms for the royal family. I acquaint your Majesty, 2ndly, that there wants wood to warm the royal seats. I acquaint your Majesty, 3rdly, that the balustrade, next the river, behind the church, is become ruinous.

SCHMIDT,
Sacrist of the Cathedral."

The King, who was much amused by the above, wrote the following answer:—" I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 1st. that they who want to sing psalms, may buy books. I acquaint 2ndly, Mr. S. Schmidt, that those who want to be kept warm, may buy wood. I acquaint 3rdly, Mr. S. S. that I shall not trust any longer to the ballustrade next the river. And I acquaint Mr. Sacrist Schmidt, 4thly, that I will not have any more correspondence with him.

FREDERICK.

ANECDOCE OF A GREAT EATER.

When Prague was besieged by the Swedes under Charles the XIIth, a very great glutton eat in the presence of the king, a hog alive! General Konigsmark was also a spectator. This veteran officer told the King, the fellow was a scoundrel, and that it was by enchantment and deception, that he appeared to eat, what in fact he did not. The operator being nettled at the General's incredulity, told the King, that if he would command his officer to pull off his sword and spurs, he would eat him; which so terrified M. Konigsmark, that he retired with great precipitancy, choosing rather to put up with a little confusion, than be convince

vinced, at the price of his body, of the goodness of this fellow's appetite.

When the celebrated St. Leger was in the career of dissipation, he sat in company with two gentlemen who quarrelled, and in consequence of the interference of the gentlemen present to reconcile them, became so furious, that it was thought necessary to controul their seemingly impassioned resentments, by holding them. St. Leger held one, whose enterprize in danger he had some reason to doubt; but from whom, during the coercion, he received a kick on the shins: "by G—," said St. Leger somewhat anger'd, "if you do that again, I'll let you go!"—St. Leger received no second hurt, and the matter was most honourably settled.

COMFORT.

A gentleman, whose lady produced a fine boy six months after marriage, applied to a Physician to account for this expedition. "Make yourself easy," answered the Doctor, "this very often happens in the case of the *first* child—but *never afterwards*.

At the close of Smithfield Market on Monday, June 12, a man who keeps a public-house in the neighbourhood of Lisson Green, brought his wife, to whom he had been married about two months, for sale into the market, where having, by means of a rope, made her fast to a railing opposite St. Bartholomew's Coffee-house, she was exposed to the view of hundreds of spectators for near a quarter of an

hour, and at length sold for half a guinea to one Thomas Noissey, a dealer in flowers at Paddington: he was to receive with the woman, from her original owner, twenty pounds in bad halfpence. After the business was finally settled, the parties all went home together to make merry on the occasion.

ANECDOTE OF DOCTOR JOHNSON,
not to be found in any of his biographers—by Peter Pindar.

When Johnson lodged at Kettle-Hall in the University of Oxford, at a Mr. Thompson's, a cabinet-maker, the maid, by an unfortunate mistake, brought him one day a chemise of Mrs. Thompson's to put on instead of his own shirt. Contemplating on nothing but Ramblers, Idlers, and Colossal Dictionaries, he shoved his arms, head and shoulders, into the lady's linen, before he discovered his error. 'Who has cut off the sleeves of my shirt? who has cut off the sleeves of my shirt?' exclaimed the enraged and hampered Moralist, with stentorian vociferation, dancing, and tugging, and foaming for freedom. This roar brought up poor trembling Mrs. Thompson, who, with the most consummate delicacy, shutting her two chaste ey's, slipped her hand into the room, and delivered her giant guest from his enchanted castle.

A MUNCHAUSENTIC.

Some persons relating to each other the many wonderful objects they had seen in the course of their travels, one of them asserted that he had seen, in Africa, some grass growing that was as high as a house, and

and appealed to his companion for the truth of his story: this his companion made no hesitation in confirmiting, and declared, that, in the very field where this grafts grew, after having walked some time, he sat down to rest himself, and in the course of a few minutes found himself raised thirty feet from the ground, in consequence of having sat upon a mushroom that was growing!

At a late court-martial held on board one of his Majesty's ships on a sailor who was accused of theft, one of his messmates, who was a witness on the trial, was asked, after he had delivered his evidence, "what was his opinion of the prisoner's character?" "Why, please your honour," said he, "I can't say I ever liked him, because he never would drink any thing but small beer, and your honour knows there never was a sober fellow but what was a rogue!"

David Garrick, Esq. some years ago, had occasion to file a bill in the Court of Chancery, against an attorney, at Hampton, to set aside an agreement surreptitiously obtained for the purchase of a house there, and while the late Edmund Hopkins, Esq. was preparing the bill, Mr. Garrick wrote him the following lines:

To his Counsellor and Friend, Edmund Hopkins, Esq. Tom Fool sends greeting.

On your care must depend the success of my suit,
The contest I mean 'bout the house in dispute;
Remember, my friend, an attorney's my foe,
And the worst of his tribe, tho' the best are so.
In law, as in life, I know well 'tis a rule,
That a knave will be ever too hard for a fool;

To which rule one exception your client im-
plores,
That the fool may for once turn the knave
out of doors.

ANECDOCE OF QUIN.

This celebrated actor being one night to perform Justice Balance in the Recruiting Officer, had spent the preceding part of the evening at the Shakespear Tavern, with Thompson the poet, and some other convivial friends, where the bottle circulated briskly. The liquor operating powerfully at the commencement of the fourth act, the rosy veteran, who seldom made mistakes of any kind, when he was to rebuke his daughter Silvia, for her partiality to Captain Plume, instead of saying according to the author, "Silvia how old were you when your mother died?" addressed Mrs. Wottington with—"Silvia, how old were you when your mother was married?"—The actress tittered, and the audience laughed heartily. When Quin assuming a surly kind of dignity, and thaking his head with a frown, said, "Pscha, I mean, Silvia, how old were you when your mother was born?"

The late Doctor Glover, well known for being one of the best companions in the world, was returning from a tavern one morning early across Covent Garden, when a chairman cried out, "A chair! your honour, a chair!" Glover took no notice, but called his dog who was a good way behind, "Scrub, Scrub, Scrub." "Och, by J—s!" says the chairman, "there goes a pair of you!" The facetious Doctor gave his countryman half a crown, for his saucy witticisim.

Lord

Lord Mansfield examining a man who was a witness in the Court of King's Bench, asked him what he knew of the defendant? "O, my Lord, I knew him; I was up to him!" "Up to him," says his Lordship, "what do you mean by being up to him?" "Mean, my Lord; why, I was down upon him!" "Up to him and down upon him," says his Lordship, turning to Counsellor Dunning, "what does the fellow mean?" "Why, I mean my Lord, as deep as he thought himself, I stagg'd him!" "I cannot conceive friend," says his Lordship, "what you mean by this sort of language, I don't understand it." "Not understand it," rejoined the fellow with surprize, "Lord what a flat you must be then!"

A gentleman being at an auction of books which is held frequently in the evening, requested leave to pass through the crowd, which were numerous within side the door, saying, "he wished to make a good *biding* to the auctioneer." A passage being made, and Mr. Auctioneer expecting a good purchaser, says, "A going,—a going—an excellent lot—going for six-pence—who *bids* more." To which the gentleman very gravely said, "I will *bid* more." "How much more will you *bid*," says the auctioneer. "Why, I'll *bid* you *good night*," says the gentleman, and walked off with philosophic gravity.

LITTLE B.

Mr. Bannister, Jun. one night playing a character, in which was a dark scene, where 'twas supposed he was to be conducted down stairs by a servant, having groped

their way to the stair-head, Bannister said, "Aye, aye, we are right enough—I will descend first, and you follow me—but take care you do not fall over the *Bannister*."

LITTLE B.

EPITAPH.

Beneath this stone lies Peter Foster;
He married a wife and then he lost her;
He married a second, then a third,
Then a fourth, upon my word
He would have wedded a fifth they say,
But death pepp'd in, and cried out—NAT.

A gentleman going through one of the streets of London, in which lived a man whose name was *Hecan*, which name is written in large letters over the door, a poor beggar accosted the gentleman nearly opposite to this house, by begging "for God's sake to give him an halfpenny." To which the gentleman replied, "I can't afford you any relief, my poor fellow—I am sorry I can't—but (pointing to the other side) *Hecan*."

LITTLE B.

FOURTH UNIVERSITY.

Hic Alter.
Let Oxford boast her store of knowledge,
And science Cambridge greet,
To me give that instructive College,
In London called—the *Fleet*:

Where students come from every part,
Italian, Irish, Danisli,
And learn that very useful art,
To live without—the *Spanish*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SOME time since a Mr. Powys, of Morcham, near Preston, Lancashire, advertised a reward of an annuity of 50l. a year for life to any man who would undertake to live seven years under ground, without seeing any thing human, and to let his toe and finger nails grow, with his hair and beard, during the whole time. Apartments were prepared under ground, very commodious, with a cold bath, a chamber organ, as many books as the occupier pleased, and provisions served from his own table. Whenever the recluse wanted any convenience, he was to ring a bell, and it was provided for him. Singular as this residence may appear, an occupier offered himself, and is now in his fourth year of probation: he is a labouring man, who has a large family, all of whom are maintained by Mr. Powys.

TURF CLUB, IRELAND.

JUNE 15, 1795.

The Hon. Mr. Cavendish, betted Mr. Leonard 200gs, that he trotted his English mare, 15 miles over the Curragh, in one hour; which he performed on Tuesday the 28th of June, in 58 minutes and an half, with very great ease. Mr. C. rode himself.

ANECDOTE.

Some time ago, a remarkable incident happened at a gentleman's house in Dawson-street, Dublin. A spaniel bitch happened to pup

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at a time that a favourite cat had a litter of kittens. The pups being thought of an inferior kind, it was determined to drown them; but when the servant went to perform the sentence, he found one of them had been taken away, and search being made, it was at length discovered among the young kittens sucking the old cat, who continues to pay it extraordinary care and attention.

WONDERFUL CURIOSITY.

London, October 1, 1792.

A most wonderful curiosity was lately sent to John Steward, Esq. of Portman-square; it is a hawk of a very large size, caught at the Cape of Good Hope: round its neck is a gold collar of curious workmanship, on which have been discovered the following words: "This Goodlie Hawke doth belonge to his mest excellente Majestie James King of Englaunde, A. D. 1610." The hawk still betrays a degree of vigour, and the only symptom of old age discoverable, is a dimness of sight, and a change in the colour of the feathers round the neck, from brown to white.

The following ludicrous circumstance happened some time ago: Mr. C—r, of Chigwell, in Essex, sent a fine hare to his friend in London: the man by whom it was sent having occasion, stopped at an ale-house near Stratford, called for a pint of beer, and went backwards: in the mean time the landlord killed his cat, and put it into the basket, in lieu of the hare which he concealed. The man pursued his journey, sent in the basket, was called in himself, and asked if he had stopped on the road? he answered in the affirmative,

Y tive,

tive, and the mystery was cleared up. He received a reward with thanks to his master for the intended present. He marched back with the cat, called again at the pot-house, where he found only the servant girl, and a pot boiling; he called for another pint, and sent the girl for a pennyworth of tobacco. In the mean time, he took a fine piece of beef out of the pot, and put in the cat, taking away the beef, and leaving the cat for the landlord's dinner.

TO CURE CHAFFING OCCASIONED
BY RIDING; AND WILL PRE-
VENT ITS HAPPENING EVER
AFTER.

Wash the part affected with warm milk and water, then anoint it well with the following ointment: One spoonful of milk, one spoonful of honey, and one spoonful of brandy, well simmered together: then apply some white diachylon plaister, spread on white-brown paper.—An infallible remedy.

TO SPORTSMEN.

A horse is wanted by a friend,
Which horse's picture now I send:
He must be handsome, sound, and strong,
His back or legs must not be long,
His neck not short, with fine curved crest,
His head not large, but broad his chest;
His nostrils wide must still appear,
His under jaw be thin and clear;
His eyes alive, his movements smart,
He neither stumble must—nor start.
Must leap a ditch, or five feet wall,
And he must neither baulk nor fall.
His colour brown, or black, or bay,
I don't admire a frosty grey.
His eyes must not be dim nor squint,
Nor must he spavin have nor splint.
On road or hunt he must not fail,
But hold in style his head and tail;
Be fifteen hands about his size,
For that's a height I greatly prize.

Another hint.—I wish the prancer
May forward step like a good dancer;
Yet gentle—that a child may guide him,
Or e'en a London man may ride him.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

GAME LAWS.

MONDAY, JUNE 12.

Mr. Jolliffe gave notice, that on Thursday next he will move for leave to bring in a Bill to amend the Game Laws.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15.

Mr. Jolliffe moved for leave to bring in a Bill to amend an Act of last Session, which fixed the fourteenth of September for the commencement of Partridge Shooting. He wished that it should commence on the first of that month.

Mr. Wigley said, that on the first of September the corn was seldom off the ground. He thought the injury which therefore would be done to the farmers was more to be considered than any delay which may arise to the sport of Gentlemen.

The motion was negatived without a division.

VETERINARY COLLEGE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

One Thousand Five Hundred and Twenty Pounds were proposed to be voted for the support of the Veterinary College.

Mr.

Mr. Hulley wished to know the benefit the Public were expected to derive from that College.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said, that there was a prospect of great public benefit from the improvements which had been already made by this college in the course of its labours; and even if there had not been any, he thought it would be a wise measure to devote that sum for its encouragement.

The resolution then passed.

A gentleman ordained some time ago, that if his son kept a running horse, or made a bet on a race, his estate (nearly 10,000l. a year) should devolve to a distant relation: An old sportsman did the same, some years ago in Suffolk, and his *bit o' blood* of an heir kept within the letter of his father's will, till he had lost his whole patrimony in trotting matches.

The Duke of Bedford in winning the Derby Stakes at Epsom this year, contrary to the opinion of the *knowing ones*, picked up three thousand guineas by taking all the odds against him.

The Hon. Mr. Butler Danvers has betted a turf friend 1000gs, that he rides two hundred miles within thirteen hours and an half; he is not confined to any number of horses, nor road, nor turf, on which this extraordinary equestrian feat is to be performed!

ROWING MATCH.

One of the annual wherries was on Wednesday, June 7, rowed for by seven pair of oars, who started

each heat from Westminster-bridge, went round a boat off Hungerford to another off Vauxhall, and returned to the center arch of Westminster-bridge. The first heat was won by Westwood and Griffin. The second, which was much contested, by Tomlinson and Leonard; the third by W. Brommel and his partner: and the fourth by Westwood and Griffin, who were immediately declared the winners of the boat. The former is a well known young waterman, who has been successful in several matches; the latter had not before been engaged in any.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

FRIDAY, JUNE 23.

THE KING v. MILLER, FOR KEEPING A COMMON GAMING HOUSE.

The defendant was some time ago found guilty of the misdemeanor of keeping a gaming-house, and this day appeared to receive the judgment of the Court for that offence.

Four respectable persons made affidavit, that he is a young man of good character, has given up the gaming-house, and that they are so well satisfied of his integrity, that they will, to any amount, within the extent of their fortunes, become bail for his future good conduct.

An affidavit on the part of the prosecution stated, that the defendant treated very roughly the officer who came to arrest him: time was requested on the part of the defendant to answer this affidavit.

Mr. Erskine made a very able speech in favour of the defendant.

Mr. Garrow pressed for a severe judgment

judgment, as a warning to others against the dangerous vice of gambling.

Lord Keston ordered the defendant to be taken to the prison of this Court, and brought up the third day of the next term, to receive the judgment of the Court.

A new *gambling fracas* has recently sprung up between Mr. H—dg—s and C—n—c—n, about twelve *yellow figures* coming up awkwardly in succession, by which the former lost a good round sum, and was, besides, three hundred guineas indebted to the *bank*. Mr. C. who happened to be only a *spectator* on this occasion, was appealed to on the *fairness* of the play, when he naturally enough gave it in favour of the *bank*: a sharp remonstrance was the consequence, in which Mr. C.'s conduct in support of all *sins* was smartly touched upon: this produced the *retort courteous*, wherein it was as pointedly remarked, that this was not the first curious attempt which he, Mr. C. had seen practised by the same person to ruin a *bank*!—*Slugs* and a *sawpit* have been talked of, as the only means of adjusting this dispute; but among gentlemen of refined ingenuity, some other mode, it is thought, will be adopted for the preservation of their *honour*, and the public peace!

CALCULATIONS.

The following extraordinary calculations were made by the learned Dr. Price.—This great mathematician says, “One penny put out at our Saviour's birth to five per cent. compound interest, would in the year 1781, have increased to a greater sum than would be con-

tained in 200,000,000 of earths all solid gold; but if put out to simple interest, it at the same time would have amounted to no more than seven shillings and sixpence. All governments that alienate funds destined for re-imbursements, choose to improve money in the last rather than the first of these ways.” He adds, “a million borrowed annually for twenty years, will pay off in this time, fifty-five millions 3 per cent. stock, if discharged at 6*cl.* in money for every 100*l.* stock; and in forty years more, without any further aid from loans, 333 millions (that is, 388 millions in all) would be paid off.

“The addition of nineteen years to this period would pay off 1000 millions.

“A surplus of half a million per annum, made up to a million by borrowing half a million every year for twenty years, would discharge the same sums in the same periods.”

DUELS.

On the 8th instant in the evening, at eight o'clock, a duel took place on the Forest near Newport, in the Isle of Wight, between Capt. Allen, of the 8th regiment, and Lieut. Jenkins, of the 10th regiment of foot. They fired twice, when the ball of the latter entered the right groin of the former. Capt. Allen was brought to Newport, and with great difficulty the ball was extracted from the left groin. He is so dangerously wounded that there is very little hope of his recovery.

On Sunday morning, the 11th instant, at four o'clock, a duel was fought near York, between Lieut. Colonel Bell and Mr. Crigan, surgeon,

geon, both of the 46th regiment of foot, quartered in that city, in which the latter was shot through the body.—He died on Tuesday evening. The Lieut. Col. and the seconds had previously left the city. We understand that the cause of this unhappy rencontre originated in the West Indies.

On Tuesday morning, May 27, between five and six o'clock, a duel was fought on Lexden heath, near Colchester, between Lieutenant Elliott, of the 22d, and Surgeon Assistant Cowan, of the 11th. The cause of dispute arose at the Duke of York tavern, the preceding evening. At the first fire Mr. Elliott wounded Mr. C. in the leg; the ball entered between the large and small bones, and instantly fell: in falling, he discharged his pistol, the shot struck the ground a few yards from him. Mr. Elliott had left his ground when he saw his adversary was wounded, but was desired by Mr. C. to resume his station; Mr. C. then fired (standing upon one leg) and the ball took effect by hitting Mr. E. on the top part of the *Os frontis*, and part of the skull was beat upon the brain. Mr. Cooper (principal surgeon to St. Bartholomew's hospital) was upon a visit to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and offered his services to attend Mr. E. By his direction, we understand, Mr. E. was trepanned, but he died the next morning at five o'clock, in great agony. Mr. C. and the seconds, Lieutenants Campbell of the 22d, and M'Lane of the 11th, left the town the same day at noon for London. The medical men who have seen Mr. C. suppose that he must lose his leg.

An inquest has been taken before Messrs. Thomas Hedge, jun. and William Mason, jun. (the Coroners for this Borough) the jury

were summoned on Wednesday morning at eleven o'clock, and after hearing the several witnesses, they adjourned at half past ten at night: they again met next morning, and about eleven o'clock pronounced a verdict of Wilful Murder against Wm. Henry Cowan, as principal, Francis Thos. Small M'Lane, Lieutenant of the 11th, and Peter Campbell, Lieutenant of the 22d, who were seconds in this unfortunate affair. The Coroners warrant will be issued immediately to apprehend the above-mentioned gentlemen.

THE FEMALE HORSE STEALER,

As Reported in a Letter from Ipswich,
dated June 3, 1797.

Tuesday evening a strawberry roan coach gelding was stolen out of the stable of John Cobbold, Esq. of this town. About three o'clock the next morning, the guard to the mail-coach, saw (as he supposed) a young man riding very awkwardly, without boots, on the London-road, two miles this side Colchester, and being on a remarkably coloured horse, it struck him at the moment that it must be Mr. Cobbold's. When he got to this place he mentioned the circumstance, and a person was sent after the robber, who was traced all the way to London; but having the start of the purloiner, the horse had been previously offered for sale for fifty guineas. Some suspicion, however, arising in the mind of the stable-keeper, he gave notice to one of the public offices, when the supposed career was apprehended, who immediately confessed her name to be Margaret Catchpool, and related the whole particulars of the robbery; whereupon Mr. Cobbold was sent for, and she was committed

committed to Newgate. This affair getting abroad, it then came out, that on the very evening the horse was stolen, a lad going into one of the sheds in the marshes in this town, he there saw a person dressing, who, on his appearance, seemed somewhat confounded. On looking further, he observed some woman's apparel, and supposing a female in the way, he became rather inquisitive; upon which the person gave him a shilling; said only a little fun was meant, and begged he would say nothing about it. Extraordinary as it may appear, this was the very Margaret Catchpool who afterwards stole the horse, and had lit upon the project of changing her dress, the better to avoid detection. But what is equally as extraordinary, although not used to riding, she actually rode seventy miles in ten hours. This female horse-stealer is between thirty and forty years of age; not long since she lived as a servant at Mrs. Parish's, in this town, and after that time at Mr. Cobbold's, from whom she stole the horse, but had quitted that place better than a year since.

ANOTHER CRIM. CON. CAUSE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, SATURDAY, JUNE 24.

Sittings before Lord Kenyon, and a Special Jury.

ELSMON, v. FAWCET.

Mr. Moore opened the pleadings, which stated that this action was brought by the Plaintiff against the Defendant, to recover a satisfaction in damages for criminal conversation with his wife.

Mr. Erskine, after lamenting the vice and immorality of the present

age, which gave occasion to so many actions of this sort, proceeded to state the particular circumstances of this case, which were shortly these. Mr. Elsom is an Articled, and is now in the building department in the Barrack-Office, under General Delancy. He married, on the 22d of October 1793, a Miss Crawley, a beautiful young lady, who was only of age on her marriage day. It was a marriage of mutual affection, and by the misconduct of the Defendant he had lost an annuity of forty guineas a year, which he received from his wife's mother. They had lived together in the most affectionate manner, up to the time when this adultery was discovered. Mr. Fawcet was a Distiller, and had been under obligations to Mr. Fox, the Plaintiff's uncle, in the early part of life. The Plaintiff and Defendant were acquainted when boys, but not since.

A number of witnesses were called, who proved the marriage, and that the parties had lived comfortably and happily together. The Plaintiff always appeared to be a very good husband.

Susannah Newbery said, she lived with the Plaintiff from August 18, 1796, till within these three months. She knew Mr. Fawcet, who came to her master's house, at Kennington, one day, and told Mrs. Elsom he was afraid their correspondence would be discovered. Her master was employed at the Barrack-Office from ten in the morning, till four in the afternoon. Mr. Fawcet used to come at 11 o'clock, after her master was gone, and staid till three. There was nobody but her mistress and she at home. Mr. Fawcet did not visit as a common friend in the family; he never came there when her master was at home. Her mistress and he always went into the parlour, and pulled down the blinds. She had seen Mrs. Elsom more than once sitting on Mr. Fawcet's knee, who had one hand round her waist, and the other

other in her bosom. She had seen them twice in a bed-room, and left no doubt, by her evidence, of adultery having been committed. One Saturday night, after her master went to the club, the Defendant came, when the witness was sent out for some flour. When she returned, she saw a light in the bed-room, and when she knocked, and looked through the key-hole of the door, she saw them come down stairs together, and walk into the parlour before they opened the door to her. She had the bed to make afterwards, though it had been made before. It was very much tumbled. Her mistress's neck-handkerchief also was very much tumbled, and she was without her hat, which she had on when the witness went out. The defendant staid till near twelve o'clock at night. She remembered her master once coming home when Mr. Fawcet was in the parlour with her mistress. Her mistress came out and locked the parlour door. Her master soon went out again, when she opened the parlour door, and went into the defendant. Her master conducted himself with kindness and affection to her mistress. These visits were kept secret from him. She left her family entirely for the sake of Mr. Fawcet, who had now deserted her. When her mistress left the house, she went along with her to Denmark-court, and lodged there with a Mr. Richards. She there went by the name of Stewart, and while she was there, Mr. Fawcet visited her twice, and the first time they were together an hour and an half. The defendant was about one and twenty, and had succeeded his father as a distiller. On cross-examination, she said, her master once threatened to throw a chair at her mistress, when she ran out of the room. She sometimes went out, after her master went to bed, but she never saw her bring home any gentleman with her. Her master was always very good-natured to her.

She never heard him call her a w—. It was after she had received private visits from Mr. Fawcet and when her conduct to her husband was much altered, that he threatened to throw a chair at her.

Mr. Gibbs, as Counsel for the defendant, opened the case in a manner extremely honourable to him. He admitted the adultery, but said, he had strong circumstances in mitigation of damages. This was not a case that called for any thing like serious damages. He should prove that the very first time the defendant ever saw this Lady, was in Cheapside, between ten and eleven o'clock at night, walking with another woman of the name of Mrs. Watson, who lodged in her first floor. The defendant and his cousin, who was along with him, accosted them as two women of the town. They all walked together, and went into a pastry-cook's, where the ladies were treated with jellies. After that they walked nearly home with them, when it was one, or half past one o'clock in the morning. In walking home, certain liberties had passed which were sufficient to inflame the blood of a young man. In the first place, they kissed without the smallest ceremony. Every thing of that sort passed between the defendant and this Lady. He said he compensated Mr. Elsom's situation, who had the misfortune to be connected with a wife of loose manners, who had invited this young man to amorous parley with her. The end of these ladies was not answered by this first meeting, and a second appointment was made to meet at Vauxhall, in the course of two or three evenings. The defendant and one of his friends accordingly met these ladies there. They supped in the gardens, where they were extremely merry, and where every possible liberty was taken without the smallest resistance. He had stated these circumstances, to shew that this Lady had rather seduced

duced the defendant, than he her. If he proved these facts, the damages would be reduced almost to nothing.

Thomas Fawcet, the defendant's cousin, and a Mr. Carter, a Surveyor, swore to the truth of these facts.

Mr. Erskine, then replied, on the part of the plaintiff.

After an excellent summing up from Lord Kenyon, the Jury, after a little consideration, found a verdict for plaintiff—Damages 500l.

A melancholy accident happened at Manchester during the present month. One of our cavalry corps, on returning from the field, delivered his pistols to be carried into the house, after throwing the priming from one of them which was charged, and which he informed his man he would draw immediately himself. In about two minutes after he was alarmed by the firing of a pistol, which proved to be that he had just delivered. A spirited servant girl, on the pistols being laid down, had taken up one of the pistols, unfortunately that which was charged, and pulled the trigger, at the same time holding the barrel in her left hand.—It went off, burst into splinters, and tore off her arm above the wrist, shattering it in a dreadful manner. Two or three of her fingers were found in different places. The man who took the pistols had a providential escape, as a splinter cut a piece out of his hat. Surgical aid was immediately procured, and the wounded arm is in a fair way of being healed, but the distress of mind of the sufferer is pitiable.—Such terrible accidents hold out serious lessons to the thoughtless folly of rash young people.

An extraordinary accident happened at Northampton barracks on Monday, May 22.—As two of the trumpeters of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, were

performing that part of the Austrian Sword Exercise, called the attack and defence; they were met by a private, who was going through another part of the exercise; and being all of them at full speed, and not perceiving their danger till it was next to impossible to avoid it, the horse rode by the private, came with such force against one of the others as to dismount both the riders: the trumpeter's horse was killed by the shock, and the horse rode by the private (which was a very valuable one, and belonged to one of the Officers) received so much injury, that it is not supposed he will ever be fit for use again. Fortunately neither of the men were materially hurt.

PARAGRAPH FROM THE NEWS-PAPERS.

“Numerous farmers and other land-holders in various parts of the country, have formed resolutions, which are efficiently calculated to counteract the effects of the Game Laws, as far as relate to the rural consideration of those regulations, namely, in killing all hares, foxes, &c. which they can with convenience, and leaving the bodies on the field, by which they elude the penalties of the act. In Staffordshire alone no fewer than 107 foxes were killed in two parishes alone, within the course of the week.”

If the farmers when they bargained for their farms, agreed to preserve the game, and not destroy the foxes, their breach of faith deserves the punishment of being turned out of their farms; though a distinction may be made between the game and vermin, yet if a condition is entered into, or even the legislature sanctions the protection of the game on an estate, none but low-minded fellows will set about destroying it in the way above-mentioned.

POETRY.

POETRY:

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

GILES JOLLUP THE KNAVE,
AND BROWN SALLY GREEN,
A ROMANCE.
By M. G. LEWIS.

A Doctor so grave and a Virgin so bright
Hob-a-nobbed in some right Ma-
rasquin ;
They swallowed the Cordial with truest
delight ;
*Giles Jollup the Knaver was just five feet in
height,
And four feet the Brown Sally Green.*
—“ And as,” said Giles Jollup, “ to-mor-
row I go
To physic a feverish land,
At some six-penny hop, or perhaps the May-
or’s show,
You’ll tumble in love with some smart city
beau,
And with him share your shop in the
Strand.” —

“ Lord how can you think so ? ” Brown
Sally Green said ;
“ You must know mighty little of me,
For if you be living, or if you be dead,
I swear ‘pon my honour, that none in your
stead,
Shall husband of Sally Green be.

“ And if e’er I, by love or by wealth led
aside,
Am false to Giles Jollup the Knaver,
God grant, that at dinner too amply suppli’d,
Over eating may give me a pain in my side ;
May your ghost then bring rhubarb to physic
the Bride,
And send her well dosed to the grave.” —

To Jamaica the Doctor now hastened for gold ;
Sally wept till she blew her nose fore.
Yet scarce had a twelve month elaps’d when
behold,
A Brewer, quite stylish, his gig that way
roll’d,
And stopp’d it at Sally Green’s door.

*His barrels, his bungs, and his brass-headed
cane,*
Soon made her untrue to her vows,
*The stream of small beer now bewilder’d her
brain ;*
He caught her while tipsy ; denials were vain
So he carried her home as his spouse.

And now the roast-beef had been bleas’d by
the Priest,
To cram now the guests had begun ;
Tooth and nail, like a wolf, fell the Bride on
the feast,
Nor yet had the clash of her knife and fork
ceas’d,
*When a Bell, (t’was the dustman’s) toll’d
“ one.”*

Then first with amazement Brown Sally
Green found,
That a stranger was stuck by her side.
His cravat and his ruffles with snuff were
embrown’d ;
He eat not ; he drank not ; but turning him
round,
Sent some pudding away to be fri’d.

*His wig was turn’d forwards, and short was
his height ;*
His apron was dirty to view :
The women, (Oh ! wond’rous) were hush’d
at the sight.
*The cats as they ey’d him drew back (well
they might,)*
For his body was pea-green and blue.

Now as all wish'd to speak, but none knew
what to say,
They look'd mighty foolish and queer;
At length spoke the Lady with trembling—“ I
pray.
Dear Sir your periue that aside you would lay,
And partake of some strong or small beer.”
The Bride shuts her fly-trap; the stanger
complies,
And his wig from his phiz deigns to pull.
Adzooks! what a squall Sally gave through
surprise!
Like a pig that was stuck, how she open'd
her eyes,
When she recogniz'd Jollup's bare skull!
Each Miss then exclaim'd, while she turn'd
up her snout,
“ Sir your head isn't fit to be seen!”
The pot-boys ran in and the pot-boys ran out,
And couldn't conceive what the noise was
about,
While the Doctor address'd Sally Green.
“ Behold me, thou jilt-flirt! behold me,
“ he cri'd,
“ I'm Jollup, whom some call .“ the
Knavé!”
God grant that to punish your falsehood and
pride,
You should feel at this moment a pain in
your side;
Quick, swallow this rhubarb! I'll physic
the Bride,
And send her well dos'd to the grave!”
Thus saying, the physic her th'oat he forc'd
down,
In spite of whate'er she could say;
Then bore to his chariot the maiden so brown.
Nor ever again was she seen in that town,
Or the Doctor, who whisk'd her away.
*Not long liv'd the Brewer, and none since
that time*
To inhabit the Brewhouse presume;
For old women say, that by order sublime,
There Sally Green suffers the pain of her
crime,
And bawls to get out of the room.
At midnight four times in each year does
her spright,
With shrieks make the chamber resound.
“ I won't take the rhubarb!” she squalls in
affright,
While a cup in his left hand, a draught in
his right,
Giles Jollup pursues her around.
With wigs so well powder'd, twelve Doc-
tors to grave,
Dancing horn-pipes around them are seen;
They drink chicken broth, and this horri-
ble stave
Is twang'd thro' each nose, “ To Giles Jol-
lup the Knavé,
And his patient, the sick Sally Green!”

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS.

Spoken by Mr. M-CREADY, at the Open-
ing of the BIRMINGHAM THEATRE, on
Thursday June 15.

Written by the AUTHOR of the BRUSH.

A S Comparisons oft on our fancies will
strike,
When, in sporting a thought, we demand—
What 'tis like?
So the stage to an ord'inary some my com-
pare,
Where the guests but too often find ord'-
nary fare;
Yet the host unabash'd will still hang out
his sign,
As he knows on coarse viands keen sto-
machs will dine.
But where delicate taste tempers appetite's
call,
And *forc'd-meat*, of all things, *unseason'd*,
will pall,
Even turtle itself will be deem'd a vile hash,
And we turn up the nose at a spoil'd cali-
pash.
But as I, for two years, your purveyor
have been,
And with dishes dramatic have garnish'd
the scene,
Stock'd my larder with plenty, and fill'd
ev'ry part
With provisions from fam'd Covent-Garden's
rich mart,
And the choicest of game cull'd from Old
Diury's stall,
Let it not be said, now, that I've drain'd
Leadenhill.+
Some few birds of passage, 'tis true, will
take wing,
And claim the same freedom to *fly as to*
sing;
So, while *Ingleton* spreads his wild pinions
afar,
A *Storage* fills his place, like a wandering
star;
And should *she* the next season like *him*
baulk your wishes,
I've but this to observe,---“ STARS are no
standing dishes.”
Then there's *Leaves* that *Rover*, that *Gold-*
inch uninatch'd,
To no Summer station confin'd or attach'd,
In a *Tangent* flies off—yet the stars we im-
plore,
That they'll speed his return in a *Tangent*
once more.
Mean while his wild oats make but Fame
an enrollee,
That the *Gentleman* still will be leagu'd with
the *Stroller*!
Nor can we our duty so sadly forget,
As to make us deny, or to make us regret,
+ Pointing to his own head.

While

While our stage of a *pillar* sustains such a lop,
That we've pitch'd on a *Bannister* now for its prop.
While *Munden*, the Premier of *Momus's* Court,
The mainspring of mirth, and the minion of sport,
With *Kelly*, who calls up our smiles and our tears,
And whose strains melt our hearts while they ravish our ears,
Are prepared to present their best fruits in due season,
With the full flow of *foal*, and the festal of reason!
Nor must the Glib Muse, though she runs hurry-skurry,
Overleap in her speed the due merits of *Murray*,
Whose fame, long establish'd, needs no spurious vamp,
Yet would crown iterling worth with a Birmingham stamp.
Thus dollars, though weight, with a new mark we grace,
And the bullion goes off with a *full better face*!
As for those who've among you past current before,
You well know their worth—and I need not say more:
And, though worthies we boast, by our bardling unfung,
As he bridles his *pen*—I must bridle my tongue.
Now the pause for a moment but gives a new spring
To that impulse which vibrates the heart's master string,
That Impulse which rouses Remembrance's aid,
That the scene must soon close--when our parts are *all* play'd;
And that *Farren*, the boast and the pride of the stage,
Form'd the eye to delight, and the heart to engage,
Who at Love's proudest Altar has plighted her vows,
While the bright dazzling coronet circles her brows,
On the same lowly bed, when her exit is made,
Must lie down in oblivion, with *Pope's* gentle shade.

But a truce to those tints of mortality's hue,
And a truce to the tints of morality too;
Pale dejection we'll scout---give our cares to the wind,
And look forward with *bope*---let who will look *behind*.

See the fair queen of smiles to a *Countess degraded*,
While the bright queen of tears wears her laurels unfaded:
Her tears while they flow, shall bring joy in their train,
And we'll hail the continuance of *Siddons's* reign!
Then there's *Mattocks* the handmaid of humour and whim,
In the belle or the blowze---in the pert or the prim;
Whose spirits give life to inanimate clogs,
And can mortals enchant---or enrapture the Gods!
She your favour so prizes she'll die but she'll win it,
And the prize if she loses---the Devil is in it!
On a candidate likewise of choral esteem,
We trust you'll the smiles of beneficence beam,
Whose bare name in *Wales*, would protection bespeak,
As your true antient Britons all rev'rence---a *Leek*.
And an *Addison's* worth, if your praise it incurrs,
You'll at once be *spectators* and *guardians* of her's!
Thus in light feather'd, random-like, strait-forward vein,
Would we plead in behalf of our whole Theopian train;
While our author well knows, "Hasty Scribblers will blot,"
And confesses, point blank "a fool's bolt is soon shot."
So this dull tedious homily now to complete,
Full as long as an old-fashon'd grace before meat,
Now *unever*'s the word—should you find a repast
Which your appetite tempts more to *feast* than to *fast*;
Though with dainties the table be sparingly stor'd,
Put up kindly with all that our cheer can afford,
Then of course, you'll cut *fair*, without mangling---and then,
'Tis our hope, when you've *cut*---that you'll all *come again*.

TO A LADY AT QUADRILLE,

On her giving Diamonds for Trumps, and calling the King of Hearts.

REPLETE with justice, your decision's found,
While you dispense th' expressive sentence round;

As thus, your trumps your own bright eyes
explain,
Your King, an emblem of your happy
reign.
These, 'tis confess'd, form proper counter-
parts,
The diamonds beaming on your subject
hearts ;
But oh ! with moderation, urge your
pow'r,
Nor play, nor cruel play, the matadore ;*
Then shall the world to the mild sovereign
bow ;
And hail you Queen of Hearts, as I do
now.

* A Spanish word, signifying murderer.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN in the character of a SAILOR, at
the NEW THEATRE, LYMPHTON, after
the representation of the DRAMATIST,
performed at the request of a Sea Officer.

WHAT's here ! The Dramatist ! a
Play beforeye,
By a Sea Captain ! phaw ! 'tis all a joke :
The Tempest, fitter for a sailor's taste,
Where the winds howl along the wat'ry
waite ;
Where thunders roar, and vivid lightnings
sweep,
To swell the horrors of the stormy deep.
Avast such scenes ! we'll seek a milder sky,
And change the hurricane for Comedy,
The Boatwain's whistle and the trumpet
mute,
Yield to the magic of the German flute.

[Pointing to the Orchestra]
Maintop a hoy there ! and the tough ratan,
Sink to the side-box titter and the fan ;

[Pointing to the Boxes]
While Jack aloft, with quid diverts his lip,
[to the Gallery]
And sends his eyes and limbs in quest of
flip.

And as he sits beside his girl or wife,
Snores to the tune of Grog's the Liquor of
Life ;

Calls for a song, in loud and boisterous strain,
"Hearts of Oak," "Britannia Rules the
Main!"

"Roast Beef!" "Black Joke!" or some
such sort o' thing!

But first ye lubbers, play "God save the
King!"

[To the Orchestra]
True to his Sovereign, Jack will never
flinch ;

A British sailor's loyal every inch :
To capsize Kings* he thinks its not so civil,
And hates your Politicians like the Devil.

* Alluding to the French King.

But that which puzzles most our honest tar,
Is your outlandish names for men of war.
Thus when he talks about the Courageux,
Jack's mouth pronounces it the Cunning
Jew !
In words uncouth, but not less droll and
pleasant,
Blenfaifant, is construed Bonny Pheasant !
Your classic names no better suits poor Jack's
turn ;
He calls the Atalanta, Hat and Lanthern !
Thus with corrupted accent on he goes,
Bellerophon, to Bull and Russian grows !
The Dead Louie ! for the Dædulus, he
bawls ;
And the Colossus, to the Coal Horse ! falls ;
While Ramseyes, are for Ramillies, ar-
ranged,
And the Nautilus, to Naughty Lafs ! is
chang'd.
But hold ! whate'er their oddities, we trust
Sailors are always loyal, brave, and just ;
Long may the flag they serve triumphant
ride,
The country's bulwark, and the nation's
pride.

EPICRAM,

On the report of a circumstance which took
place at the late Royal Nuptials.

SAYS John to Charles why shold it be,
When, tho' the bride betray'd no fears,
Her sisters, more alarmed than she,
Express'd their feelings by their tears.
'Tis a mistake, blunt Charles replies,
Their mouths might water—not their eyes !

ANTOLICUS.

EPICRAM,

On the declaration of his Royal passion.

Q UOTH Great Wirt—g's Duke—
"how I burn with desire!"
"Then," says Cupid, "by G—d all the
fat's in the fire!"

NIM.

IMPROPTU,

On the present fashion of the Ladies wear-
ing MOB CAPS.

C OLLECT your forces, gracious King,
For faction seems to spread her wing,
And breathe malignant sobs ;
Each manly breast is fill'd with fear,
The soldier talks of dangers near,
Now Women go in Mobs !

HORATIO,

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
OR,
MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE,
ENTERPRISE and SPIRIT,

For JULY 1797.

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Embellished with a beautiful Etching of Bear Hunting.

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ERRATUM.

In our last Number, LVII, Page 120, Column 1, Line 31, for WELL
FINISHED, read WELL FILLED.

THE
Sporting Magazine,
For JULY, 1797.

A complete Dictionary of FARRIERY and HORSEMANSHIP, containing the Art of Farriery in all its Branches, with an Explanation of the Terms, and a Description of the various Particulars relating to the Manage, and to the Knowledge of Horses. The Whole compiled from the best Authors, by James Hunter, Veterinarian.

“ **T**HE great utility and value of that noble animal the horse,” says Mr. Hunter in his Advertisement—“ the many diseases to which he is subject by nature, and the still great number of accidents to which he is continually exposed in his state of servitude to mankind—the extreme ignorance and stupidity which is every day displayed by those who profess the art of farriery, and the numerous errors and imperfections to be found in works of a similar nature, all combine to render an apology for this publication unnecessary.

“ In treating of the various diseases and accidents to which horses are liable, I have endeavoured, in the first place, to ascertain their seat; secondly, their causes; thirdly, their different varieties, or kinds, and the symptoms that distinguish them; and fourthly, the method of cure, whether manual or medical, with the proper regimen to be observed during the time it is effecting.

“ But a knowledge of the nature, and the effects likely to be produced by the medicines employed for the removal of any dis-

ease, being, in my opinion, a matter of equal importance with a knowledge of the disease itself, I have introduced, in their proper places, accurate descriptions of the principal drugs which the farrier has occasion to make use of; and in doing this, have endeavoured to point out—1, the places where they are produced, and in what manner; 2, the different methods that are employed to adulterate them, and how to detect any frauds of that kind; 3, their most striking medical properties, and the proper doses of the most active, with the various preparations from each article, which are kept in the shops; and lastly, the manner of making the most important and useful of them.

“ This has been a laborious undertaking; but its utility must be obvious and will ensure the present work a decided preference over every other of the fancie description.

“ In the horseman’s department, every thing relative to breeding, breaking, dieting, exercising, feeding, hunting, racing, riding, shoeing, stabling, &c. will be found carefully inserted. The different terms used in the manage are explained; and the furniture and appurtenances of both horse and rider are described in the most plain and intelligible manner, and so that every one may understand them.

“ And as in the writing a pompous and circumlocutory phraseology has been studiously avoided, for the better comprising the work

in a small size; so for the same purpose in the printing a small type has been chosen; by which means, what might easily have been swelled by an avaricious bookseller to two handsome volumes, worth twelve or fourteen shillings, is here brought into the compass of one, at less than half the price." p. iii.

Notwithstanding what the editor has here offered in his own behalf, we find the general objections made to a preceding article* doubly applicable to that now under consideration. In fact, we do not find that he has been attentive "to reject what is superfluous or erroneous, to condense what is diffuse, and to add what is new;" but, on the contrary, in many instances at least, has compiled from the worst sources, introduced articles that might well have been retrenched, and introduced others, on material subjects, in so contracted a form as to render them nearly useless. An instance of the latter we shall exhibit to our readers in the article

" Horse-Feeder. One that has the feeding and management of horses, particularly running ones. In order to perform this well, the person to whom it is entrusted should pay some regard to the following particulars:—

" 1. If the horse refuses part of the food which it is thought necessary to give him while he is training, it must not be forced upon him in too great quantities at once, but by a little at a time, and that only when he is very hungry, by which means it is probable he will soon take a liking to it, and eat it freely; but when that comes to be the case, he should not be too freely indulged with it, as it is better for him to have rather less than he seems to crave, and sometimes it may be mixed with such other

food as he is known to be fond of, by which means he will soon become equally fond of the one with the other.

" 2. If a horse in training discovers any symptoms of lameness, or being tender footed, he should be rode only on smooth turf, and kept as much as possible off strong grounds, hard roads, and from among ruts, by which means his feet will be kept more cool, and he will be in much better plight to encounter the fatigues of running when he comes upon the course.

" 3. The condition of his body must be particularly attended to, so that he may be pretty high in flesh, that is, good and hard, without having any inward felnness; and in this case the feeder must consider the shape and make of the horse's body before he passes a decisive judgment, for there are some that look round, plump, and in good condition (owing to their natural form, and being closely knit together) that are in reality, very poor and bare of flesh, while, at the same time, others will seem raw-boned, slender, and poverty-stricken, that are fat, foul, and full of gross humours. This, however, is easily discovered, by handling the horse about his ribs, but particularly the hindermost ones, where, if the flesh feels soft and loose, and the fingers sink easily therein, no doubt can be entertained but he is foul, and must be brought into better order by dint of physic and exercise. If it is a stallion, the feeder may form a pretty good idea of the state of his body by the appearance of his stones, for if they hang low down from his body, he is generally out of heart or condition, and either sick, or full of greasy and foul humours; but if they are trussed up close to his belly, and lie in a small compass, it flewes him to be healthy and in good order.

" 4. Before he runs any match or

* *Dictionary of Surgery.* See page 34.

or race, the feeder should supple his legs from the knees and gambrils downward with neat's-foot oil, or some good hog's grease, working it well in with his hands, but without any artificial heat, as, what cannot be got in at the first rubbing, will at the second or third, on which account, the friction should be continued night and morning for several days, though there will seldom be any necessity of applying the oil or grease to the legs more than once.

" 5. If a running horse towards the latter end of his feeding, is found to be clear from grease and other foulness, a handful of oatmeal may be put into his water whenever he drinks, which will have a tendency to help his wind, and is, besides, extremely wholesome in other respects.

" 6. Above all other things, he must proportion the different degrees of exercise to the strength of the horse, and have a particular regard to the symptoms produced thereby, as nothing more clearly points out the state of a horse's general health than those; for if he sweats with gentle and moderate exercise, it shews that he is faint, foul, and wants either physic or more regular exercise, or perhaps both, or if, when he labours hard, the sweat resembles soap suds, it still indicates that he is foul, but if it is black, and appears only as if water had been thrown on him, it indicates that he is clean and in good plight for running.

" 7. If the hair on his neck or other parts that are generally uncovered, lies smooth and close, and is of a shining colour, it betokens that he is in good case, but if it appears rough, staring, and discoloured, he must be warmer clothed and better fed than he has lately been, or little can be expected from him when he comes to be tried on the course."

Connected with the foregoing subject, and really of importance, is the article Beans; the effects of which, as an article of food for horses, have never been sufficiently ascertained. This, however, is comprised in a very few lines.

Of articles that might have been omitted without detriment to the work, either because they are wholly foreign to the subject on which it treats, or have not been considered in that view, we find a sufficient number in the first half dozen leaves. We will mention, as instances, AIR—ALE—ALMONDS—ANATOMY—AQUA-FORTIS—Ass, &c. As practical hints on the first of these, we are told, that—

" Air passing over stiff clayey ground, is *moist* and *thick*; on dry and sandy grounds, it is *dry* and *dusty*; dry and pure on stony; and on the tops of high hills it is thin, free from vapour, but cold; in valleys it is gross, impure, and hot, except in winter, at which time it is coldest there on account of the adjacent hills overshadowing them if they are considerably high. On the sides of hills the air is generally pure, and moderate in temperature; and in an open country such as is proper for hunting, it is for the most part moderate in all its qualities of heat, cold, moisture, and dryness."

The terms *moist*, *thick*, and *dusty*, when applied to the atmosphere, we certainly can form some idea of; but it is for the sagacity of Mr. Hunter only to make out, what state of air that is, which he calls "*dusty*." The article *Anatomy* occupies about half a column. Though certainly useless to the reader in its present form, it is somewhat excusable on account of the well-meant intimation conveyed in it, that the study of the anatomy of the horse is essentially necessary to the improvement of the veterinary art. The process for making *aqua-fortis*, our readers

readers will agree with us, might very well have given place to an account of its effects as a topical remedy. What is said of the ass, might have been spared altogether, as the editor has confined himself entirely to the natural history of that animal, and that in a very cursory and imperfect way.

Amongst the formulæ, we find an old fashioned pharmaceutical *melange*, under the title of *APOSTLE'S ointment*. After detailing the recipe, Mr. Hunter very shrewdly remarks, that "it is called the apostle's ointment, from the number of *dry* ingredients that compose it."

Mr. Hunter accounts for "founding in the feet," from causes which "excite malignant humours, that inflame the blood, melt the grease, and make it descend downwards to the feet, where it settles, and causes a numbness in the hoofs." This is rather the language of an illiterate blacksmith, than an enlightened veterinarian! With submission to Mr. Hunter, we rather suppose that foundering in horses arises from a gradual distortion of the shape of the foot from bad shoeing, and the vile practice of cutting away those parts which nature intended should keep the heels expanded. If this be true, (and we believe the veterinary college will support our opinion) Mr. Hunter's instructions to pare the horse's soles, and pour in a *hot* composition of tallow, &c. are highly-pernicious.

What has been here said, our readers will no doubt consider as palpable evidence of the many and *great* faults discoverable in the work before us, and also of its general insufficiency as a dictionary of farriery. It would be uncandid, however, not to acknowledge that some of its parts are unexceptionable. To distinguish which these are,

would, however, demand a previous knowledge of the subject, sufficient to place the possessor out of the reach of improvement from any information conveyed in the work; and we are bound to say on the other hand, that the young veterinarian would run a great risque of being misled by the errors which exist in it.

BEAR HUNTING,

Explanatory of a beautiful Etching on the Subject given in this Number.

SINCE the use of Fire-arms has become so general, and brought to such perfection, the strongest and finest beast of the Forest is so easily and securely destroyed, that the modes of hunting them in former times have been almost discontinued; however, the Bear still affords the diversion of the chace; he is hunted with mastiffs bred for and trained to the sport, and killed either by them or the spear. The Bear is so heavy and unwieldy, that he can make no speed, and so is always in view of the dogs; he will not until the last necessity stand at bay, but wallows along before them until they flick into him and pinch him hard, then, and not before, he will fight nobly in his own defence, for he is very strong, and most cunningly and vigilantly endeavours to seize his enemy in the gripes of his fore paws, and his bite is as terrible as that of any animal in the world.

The Bear inhabits mountainous, woody, and unfrequented regions, and seldom attacks mankind, unless irritated or hurt by them.



B E A R H U N T I N G .

By Michael Hartigan, Esq., M.A., Hon. M.D., F.R.C.S.



AGRICULTURE.

BY the report of the Board of Agriculture made to Parliament, it appears that England contains about 46 millions of acres, of which nearly eight millions remain waste, in common, or uncultivated; and on the supposition that only 1,200,000 acres are in a common field state, or from various circumstances, as from Lannas tenure, &c. cannot be inclosed without the authority of Parliament; it would appear that at least one-fifth of the Southern part of the Island remains subject to the operations of a general Bill of Inclosure.

There was paid to foreign countries for corn imported in the year 1794, 1795, and 1796, 7,446,000l. the greater part in gold or silver. The real cost of the corn imported in 1796, amounted to 4,500,000l.

Now it appears that 148,000 acres of additional cultivation might reasonably be expected to have yielded the imported quantity, or that less than one acre in fifty of the present waste land would have saved the nation seven millions four hundred thousand pounds in one year, besides adding to the internal wealth and industry of the kingdom, and of which no enemy can deprive us.

ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE premiums offered by the Committee of the Essex Agricultural Society, within the Hundred of Chelmsford, for good ploughing, were disposed of on Saturday the 22d of July instant, in a field belonging to Robert Tindall, Esq. where a trial of skill took place in the presence of a number

of gentlemen, farmers, and others, who met there on the occasion. The several competitors having been ranked in their respective classes, proceeded to mark out the ground, and being excited by a lively emulation for the palm of victory, exhibited a great degree of excellence in this useful branch of agriculture. When the several trials were ended, the Committee adjudged the premiums as follows:

To Thomas Emmer, servant to Mrs. Lakin, of Bishop's Hall, being the best ploughman, One Guinea.

To John Isaacson, also servant to Mrs. Lakin, being the second best, Half-a-Guinea.

To John Johnson, servant to Mr. Gandy, of Chignal, being a lad under 17 years of age, for ploughing best, One Guinea;

And to four other lads under the same age, whose merits were deemed equal, One Guinea.

Thus, by a temperate and well placed generosity, are the feelings of this honest, and most useful class of men, brought into a just, and laudable competition; while the science of agriculture itself, is receiving an important and essential aid; the beneficent effects of which, are too obvious, for it ought not to be cherished and acknowledged by all.

REFLECTIONS on the SCARCITY of CATTLE, with some Hints on the subject.

THE best oxen in the nation are consumed by the Royal Navy, and may be moderately computed at three hundred thousand for the last five years back, which exceeds any consumption before, in that time.

The increase of the Greenland, Newcastle

Newcastle Colliers, East and West India and Colonial trade, is another great cause, and exceeds any former calculation.

Corn being so very dear was the reason of the distilleries being stopped, which caused a decrease in the breed of pigs, and kept the markets thin of pork. Beef being at such an advanced price, caused the farmers to breed calves, instead of bringing them to market, when the markets became thin of veal.

Seamen, it may be said, would have been to keep, if there had been no war; admitting that one ox out of ten is lost, either cut to waste or spoiled in preparing. Taking so many good oxen away so suddenly, obliged the butchers to kill them from the month of May to that of September, half fat, which makes a deficiency in weight one quarter, besides killing them two years too soon, being killed when only two or three years old.

The consumption of the Metropolis is estimated at forty thousand head of cattle weekly. Forty years back meat averaged two-pence per lb. People were equally surprised then as they are now, at six-pence, seven-pence and eight-pence. But was every farmer of 50l. per annum to work two oxen, that of 100l. per annum, four oxen, that of 200l. eight oxen, and so on in proportion, this would in a great measure remedy the evil so much complained of. Oxen are slow, but in strong land, and in wains for market or manure, where the roads are heavy, they are the best, and by working a few years, they feed much faster; and may be brought to market in great perfection, while a number of bad horses are bred, which are not worth keeping, as no improvement can be made in them, and are at last obliged to be killed for the use of dogs.

There are calves killed from three to fourteen days old which are

scarce eatable. Calves betwixt fourteen days and that of twenty-eight, are as good again. If all calves were obliged to be kept to the age of twenty-eight days, and no lambs, except house lambs killed till the middle of May, they would be twice as heavy, and the quality in high perfection. From the very great scarcity of oxen, sheep are obliged to be killed very young; few are kept to their proper age. Some method should be taken to multiply the weight of cattle in general. One easy and sure method would be to abstain from eating mutton, beef, and lamb, one single month, say from the middle of May to the middle of June being the most proper, as there is then so many vegetables, veal, pork, &c. and the pastures being in greatest perfection. I suppose every ox or beast to gain four stone, and every sheep twelve pounds, in that month. The winter stock being killed at that time, makes the butcher fly to the market at that season, where he carried nothing but cattle half fat, and only just in their blossom; therefore by abstaining from killing in that month, they would be fully fit for the knife; besides, we should have a surplus of between two and three millions of cattle ready for market, which would not be got under for many years.

A WAGER OF TWENTY GUINEAS.

ON Monday, the 24th of July instant, Mr. Bullen, farmer, at Ditton, Cambridgeshire, drove a horse, 20 years of age, on the Huntingdon road, in a gig, 43 miles, for a wager of twenty guineas. He was allowed five hours, but performed it in one minute and an half less. He won, a few days before, a considerable bet on the same account, but had then only 40 miles to go in the same time.

A T R E A -

**A TREATISE on FARRIERY, with
ANATOMICAL PLATES.***(Continued from page 129.)*

WHEN proud flesh is to be consumed, four ounces of yellow basilicon, to half an ounce of red precipitate, is a good proportion; but it may be made stronger or weaker just as you please.

Fistulous ulcers, besides being considerably deep, have generally a callosity, which must be removed before they can be cured. This must be performed with a knife or escharotics. The best of this last kind, though known to few, if any, is verdigrease ground with gum water, and made up into a tent, that may fill the cavity of the fistula, and in three or four day's time you may take it out, and it will bring out the callus along with it, and a laudable matter will be left behind. But in order to perform this, the orifice must be first enlarged with a sponge tent. Or, if you choose, and it is practicable, lay open the fistula to the bottom with a knife; then make a mixture with equal parts of turpentine, myrrh, the yolk of eggs, and Egyptian ointment, and incorporate them well together. By repeating this dressing at due intervals, the bottom will be deterged, and then the parts must be brought together, and united by compression gradually from the bottom upwards.

In ulcers attended with a caries of the bone, the opening must be enlarged, and an exfoliation must be procured, by applying a brush pencil dipped in a solution of quicksilver in *aqua fortis*. Or the lamella, or outward part of the bone, may be perforated with a triangular terrebra, so as to make many small holes, which must be dressed with dry lint or balsam, by which means the repululating ve-

lels of the sound part of the bone will grow up through the holes; throw off the dead scale, and renew the periosteum. This is better than the raspitory, or the cauter. If the caries reach the marrow, it must be perforated with a trepan; if the caries is on the spungy head of the bone in the joint, it is incurable with regard to the horse, for then the limb must be cut off.

Putrid ulcers are always accompanied with a cæcophymy of the fluids, and therefore proper internals must be given at the time of the cure, to destroy the malignity of the humours: such as an equal quantity in weight of cinnabar of antimony and gum guaiacum; an ounce of which must be given every day. If old ulcers are dried up, they will either break out in another place, or the matter of them will fall upon some noble part, which may prove fatal; therefore their should always be a rowel to drain the matter off that outlet, otherwise it is best to let it alone. Besides these things, the horse should have gentle laxative purges between whiles, with warm water gruel, and feeds of scalded bran.

When the callous lip of the ulcers are very obstinate, three ounces of quicksilver should be killed with a sufficient quantity of balsam of sulphur, and then mixed with half a pound of gum ammoniac or diachylon; a plaster made with this should be laid on the ulcer, and renewed morning and night. The ammoniac is best, because it is more emollient. Then make incisions in the callus, so as to penetrate through their whole thickness; then apply more of the same plaster, laying it on the naked incised lips. The scarifications are to be repeated every third or fourth day till they are quite destroyed, not forgetting the mercurial plaster.

Varicous ulcers must be amended with an astringent decoction of oak bark, pomegranate rind, of each an ounce; roche-allum and white vitriol, of each half an ounce; boiled in three pints of vinegar to a quart; the ulcers must be fomented with this twice a day. This will thicken the discharge, and at length dry it up. Afterwards lay on the strengthening plaster of the shops, to contract the coats of the veins that fed the ulcer.

Cancerous ulcers sometimes attend the farcy and the glanders; and sometimes there are cancerous warts, which degenerate into true cancers. Sometimes rowels likewise put in near the glandulous parts, will turn to the same kind of ulcers; then they leave a knotty uneven swelling, with a stinking ichor, which increasing will turn to a true cancer and kill the horse. These sorts of ulcers are only to be cured by extirpation, and then there is no warranting the success, and therefore the less there is said about them the better; that none may be tempted to throw away their money for an operation that may only hasten the death of the horse.

OF THE GLANDERS.

The glanders are known by a running of matter from the nostril, which is either yellow, or greenish, or tinged with blood. When the disease is of a long standing, the matter turns blackish, and becomes very stinking. It is always attended with a swelling of the glands, or kernels under the jaws.

La Fosse, by examining the carcases of horses, and making a diligent scrutiny into the seat of the disease, has found it to be local, and placed in the pituitary membrane, which lines the partition along the inside of the nose; the

cavities of the cheek-bone on each side of the nose; and the frontal cavities above the orbits of the eyes, while every other part of the body may be free from any disorder.

There the glanders are properly an inflammation of the pituitary membrane, and may be distinguished into three different periods, the beginning, middle, and the end. The first is called the *incipient glanders*; the second the *confirmed glanders*; and the third the *invertebrate glanders*. The three principal symptoms are the inflammation of the pituitary membrane; the swelling of the glands under the jaws, and the running, which gives the name to the glanders. The inflammation causes the swelling of the glands; and the ulceration of the glands causes the running of the nostril on the diseased side.

La Fosse, in order to be certain that he had found out the seat of the disease, injected a certain liquor into one of the nostrils of a sound horse, which inflamed the pituitary membrane; this was attended with a swelling of the lymphatic glands on the same side; this inflammation produced ulcers, which caused a running of the nostril as in the glanders. An injection into the other nostril of the same kind, produced the like symptoms on both sides.

He affirms that these lymphatic glands do not empty themselves into the mouth as in men, but into the nostrils; and the matter of the simple glanders is not stinking, as is commonly asserted, unless some other distemper, as the strangles, or the farcy, has affected the horse at the same time.

This is an infectious disease, and horses often catch it from one another; besides, any thing that inflames that membrane will bring on the glanders. Thus, if a horse after swimming is left in the cold,

or if his nose is exposed to the wind, in two hours time the glands under the jaws will be swelled, and the nostrils filled with a viscid matter.

Therefore to prevent these diseases from sudden cold, the horses after being heated should be led about in the hand, that they may cool gradually; their noses should be covered to hinder the sudden ingress of the cold air, and their tails should be turned towards the wind. When the glands of horses have been affected for some time, though there is no cough, and he is possessed of every other sign of health, yet he may properly be said to have the glanders. In this case emollient decoctions must be thrown up the nostrils, so as to reach trontal sinusses or cavities, and to repeat it three times a day for a week. If the running continues after this hath been performed, it will then be necessary to use fumigations, which are the smoke of medicines thrown upon a red hot iron.

For this purpose La Fosse has made use of a kind of box with a tube fixed thereto, which may be conveyed up the nostril of a horse, and will convey the vapour to the intended part.

The glanders in horses has a very great resemblance to the *ozæna* in men, though in these the cause is generally more virulent, as proceeding from the French disease: at first the ulceration affects the internal membrane of the nostrils, and then it extends itself by degrees into the sinusses of the skull and cheek bones, producing an incurable caries. When this happens in the cavity of the upper jaw over the grinding teeth, it is called *ozæna in antis*.

I mention this disease in men, to show what medicines are most likely to succeed in the glanders in horses, because similar disorders re-

quire a similar treatment; especially as La Fosse has been quite silent about it. Therefore inwardly a horse should have plenty of the decoction of guaiacum wood, with now and then drachins of mercurius dulcis, made into a ball with any conserve and liquorice powder. For an injection, mix three grains with green precipitate, with half a pint of spring water. The fumigation may be made with cinnabar thrown upon a red hot iron, and conveyed into the nostrils with a pipe after La Fosse's method, though it had been practised upon men long ago. The cinnabar upon the hot iron must be stirred now and then with the end of a pipe to make it all evaporate.

But we may observe that all liquids that are useful to deterge ulcers will be proper for injection in this case, while the disease is recent. But the best injection that I know of to abate the corrosive sharpness of the ulcerating humour, is that which follows:

Take quicksilver and balsam of capivi, of each half an ounce: and when they have been rubbed together so long that the quicksilver entirely disappears, then add the yolk of an egg, which being intimately mixed with the balsam, add by degrees half a pint of spring water.

Sometimes lime-water with mercurius dulcis may also serve for the same purpose.

Gibson, though he was mistaken in thinking this disease was caused by a scrofulous disposition of the glands, has said enough to shew the true state of the disease; and its catching nature shews that there is something more in it than can be attributed to disorders from colds; and therefore it cannot be of so innocent a nature even at first as La Fosse would have us believe. Gibson has observed, from dissections, that the glands on the inside, that

in their natural state are exceeding small, and covered with a fine delicate membrane, are all greatly enlarged; insomuch that the passage of the upper part of the nose was choaked up as if it had been with a piece of sponge. That the Septum Nasi, and all the bones and cartilages, were turned carious and spungy; in which it resembles exactly a confirmed ozæna in men.

In some cases the injection will not go high enough to reach the cause of the disorder, and then the best way will be to take out a bit of the bone with a trepan; after which the cure may be compleated by injections in the same manner as the ozæna in antro, which may be with tincture of myrrh mixed with honey of roses. But care must be taken that the perforation does not grow up till the cure is compleated. Likewise any of the former injections may be used when judged to be necessary. This is the only method of cure when the glanders are inveterate.

All runnings at the nose are not the glanders, though often so called. One may proceed from an ulceration of the lungs, and then it may be called the pulmonary glanders, and then it is a whitish liquor coming away in lumps or grumes. The secong sort may be called the wasting glanders, and it seizes horses at the end of diseases caused by hard labour, and affects the lungs. Then there comes away a whitish humour tinged with yellow; he eats and drinks pretty well, but continues to lose his flesh.

The Strangle Glanders throws humour up on the lungs, which nature is not able to discharge, and forms abscesses; these humours are carried out through the nostrils, and by coughing through the mouth. The Farcy Glanders, which affects both the lungs and the pituitary membrane with a corrosive humour, is still worse than

any of the former. The three first are not infectious, but this last is.

A fifth sort is a discharge which arises from sudden cooling, after being over heated, and may turn to the true glanders, as La Fosse observes. The last kind that he mentions is the discharge occasioned by the strangles; for though this disease commonly goes off by an abscess which breaks, yet sometimes it is discharged by the nostrils, with a short cough and a slight inflammation of the jaws; though sometimes the nostrils will run without any swelling at all. But in the cure of all these different glanders, which are falsely so called, except the farcy glanders, regard must be had to the principal disease in the cure; of which we have already treated.

OF THE POLL-EVIL.

The poll evil is an abscess near the poll of the horse, formed in the sinusses, noli-bone, and uppermost *vertebræ* of the neck. It is known by the swelling of the poll, which is sometimes so large that it reaches down towards the vives, and when it breaks spontaneously, or is opened, it discharges great quantities of slimy matter, not unlike dirty size.

It generally proceeds from blows or strains, or hurts in drawing; or from a critical translation of matter in a fever. When the poll swells from a blow or bruise, it may be easily cured by fastening an ear-band to the collar, to prevent its pressing on the part, and bathing it two or three times a day with warm vinegar; and if there is an oozing through the skin, it must be mixed with an equal quantity of spirit of wine. In this state, the abscess may be prevented by this means. But when there is a heat in the part, with inflammation, it will be proper to bleed, and then apply a poultice

poultice with white bread and milk, or the following:

Take of the crumb of white bread eight ounces; of white hard soap an ounce; of milk a sufficient quantity: boil them together a little, and then the mixture will be fit for use.

This must be repeated once or twice a day till the itching is gone, and the swelling abated. This method, with laxative physic, may prevent an abscess; but when it is formed, bleeding and purging are unnecessary, and it must be brought to a head with poultice made with rye flour and oatmeal, made pretty thick with strong ale or beer, and then brought to proper consistence with ointment of marshmallows. It will be best to let it break of itself, and then the matter must be squeezed out gently once or twice, after which it may be laid open, keeping as much as possible according to the direction of the fibres of the muscles, without cutting the tendinous ligament if it can be avoided; I mean that ligament that runs along the neck under the mane. And therefore, if the matter is gathered on both sides, the best way will be to open it on both sides.

This done, a leaden probe must be introduced as gently as possible, and by that means the orifice must be made so wide as to introduce the finger; or it may be better done with a short sponge tent, and a bit of dry sponge will do well enough for this use without any preparation. If the matter is white, and of a good consistence, it may be heated with turpentine, honey, and the tincture of myrrh. When proud flesh arises, you may strew a little ground red precipitate thereon.

But if the matter is of a bad colour and consistence, like melted gley, there will be need of a second incision, but not too deep,

and the wound should be widened with the finger. Then it should be searched with a leaden probe, to see whether there are any drains, and to see how far they reach. If they go but a little way, the common dressings with a little addition will do; but if they go deep between the interstices of the muscles, they must be laid open with a knife, taking care to avoid the tendons.

In these disorders, tinctures, are always preferable to greasy ointments, such as the tincture of myrra and aloes, friar's balsam, &c. Gibion directs the following mixture:

Take rectified spirits of wine and white wine vinegar, of each half a pint; of white vitriol dissolved in spring water, half an ounce; of tincture of myrrh four ounces; mix them together, and shake the bottle every time it is used.

Heat a little of this in a ladle, and then soak tow in it to wash the wound with; after which fill it up with tow moistened with the same; bat it must lie very loose, lest it should binder the growth of good flesh. Sometimes bathing it with this liquor alone will do, if you fill it with dry lint, and cover it with tow to keep it from the air. In some cases once or twice a day may be necessary, till the running decreases, and the sore seems to grow better. Then the sore should be bathed with spirit of wine alone, and it should be covered with tow dipped in vinegar and whites of eggs beat together, which will serve instead of a bandage. This should be covered with a piece of woollen cloth, with two loops of lint round his ears, and it may be tied underneath by the means of tape fastened thereto.

When the ulcer is very foul, it may be cleansed with phagadenic water, made with two drachms of corrosive sublimate, and a pint of lime water; and then it must be filled

filled with loose doffs of tow dipped in Egyptian ointment and oil of turpentine made hot.

But the shortest way of curing this disease is by scalding with the following mixture:

Take corrosive sublimate, verdigrease in fine powder, and Roman vitriol in powder, of each two drachms; green copperas half an ounce; of Egyptian ointment two ounces; oil of turpentine and train oil, of each eight ounces; of rectified spirits of wine four ounces; mix these together in a bottle for use.

Some make it milder by using red precipitate instead of corrosive sublimate, and white vitriol instead of Roman vitriol; others use linseed oil instead of train oil; some again mix half an ounce of verdigrease, half a pint of train oil, oil of turpentine four ounces, and oil of vitriol two ounces.

The ulcer must be first cleansed with a sponge squeezed out of vinegar; then put some of the mixture into a ladle with a spout; and when it is made scalding hot, it must be poured into the abscess, and the lips must be closed together with a fitch or two, according to the size. This must remain several days, and if good matter appears, it will soon be cured, with bathing it with spirit of wine. If the matter is bad, and in plenty, it must be scalded a second time, or oftner if necessary. This method is most proper when this disease proceeds from a fever or a surfeit.

(To be continued.)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

PUGILISM.

ON Wednesday, June 28, a very desperate battle was fought near Wellow, about five miles

from Bath, between an Irish gentleman of the name of Connor, and John White, a butcher and Sheriff's officer, a man who had often distinguished himself by severe contests. A dispute took place between the parties at Mells Fair, when it was agreed to meet at the above place: the gentleman posting five guineas to four. Many professors and amateurs of the pugilistic art accompanied their favourite White, who is a native of Wellow. In a short time Mr. Connor appeared on horseback, attended by his servant: wishing, however, to avoid making himself a public spectacle, he proposed declining the battle, but this White contemptuously rejected, unless the whole money was forfeited. Upon this Mr. C. entered the ring, and addressing himself to the spectators, requested the assistance of some volunteer Second; a young farmer present immediately offered his services. Mr. C. having substituted a pair of shoes for his boots, was soon prepared for the fray. The set to is reported to have been in a capital style; and very furious fighting ensued, much in favour of White. The battle was here a short time interrupted by White receiving what was deemed a foul blow, but so certain was he then of victory, that he waved taking of it, and the fight was continued. In less, however, than ten minutes, the gentleman showed so much superior force and agility, that the battle turned in his favour—his blows were given with such velocity and keenness, that White's face was hacked as if done by an instrument, Mr. Connor frequently wedging him so firmly in his grasp as to prevent him from moving or defending himself, whilst, with his other hand, he most unmercifully belaboured this renowned hero of the cleaver. After about twenty-five minutes resolute, though unavailing

availing struggle on the part of White, and another demur about the foul blow, the battle ended; the gentleman almost as active and strong as at the beginning, and White most terribly beaten.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH, JULY 3.

BELLIS & PLAT.

THIS action, Mr. Garrow said, was brought to correct a great nuisance, and which tended very much to corrupt public morals. It was brought on the 25th Geo. II. c. 36, to recover 100l. for keeping, without a licence, a house for public dancing and music. The defendant was a taylor, living at No. 89, Queen-Anne-street East, but pretended to be a dancing-master. There were an hundred annual subscribers to this hop, and every one of them prostitutes. Each paid five shillings for the season. Many gross indecencies were practised there, and it was of the highest importance to the public, that such a sink of vice should be suppressed. The defendant had been at the expence of 300l. in fitting up the room; the company met three times a week; gentlemen had no difficulty in finding partners.

These facts were fully substantiated by several witnesses, and among the rest by two unfortunate women, one only seventeen, the other eighteen years of age.

Verdict for the plaintiff 100l.

THE KING, v. WM. OLDFIELD.

Mr. Const moved the Judgment of the Court on the Defendant,

who was convicted of keeping a gaming-house in Oxendon-street.

Mr. Erskine, for the Defendant, stated his situation from an affidavit produced.—He had been a considerable time in the Navy, and received a hurt which obliged him to relinquish that line of life, and betake himself to this unfortunate business of keeping a gaming-house. He had a wife and five children all dependent on him, the two youngest of whom were ill of the small pox. Imprisonment he was afraid would be fatal to him, as he was afflicted with a severe asthma,—inasmuch, that when in custody, at the Officer's house, he was necessarily indulged with a walk, now and then, abroad, for the benefit of the fresh air; and that since this prosecution commenced, he had given up the business of gaming, and had no concern whatever in any thing of the kind.

The Court ordered the Defendant to enter into a recognizance, himself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each, for his peaceable behaviour, till his appearance on the third day of next term.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

A STOLEN MATCH.

SOME weeks since, a young woman, servant to a gentleman in Essex-street, was married to the clerk of an attorney in a neighbouring street, without the knowledge of her friends, and remained in service, wanting some little domestic arrangements necessary to her removal; in the interim her father, who by the unexpected death and will of a distant relative, became possessed of an estate to the amount of 700l. per annum, went

for

for his daughter to take her home, proposing to her at the same time an union with a young man of reputable connections, who had previously sought her in marriage. The poor girl dreading the resentment of her father, in the moment of embarrassment and agitation consented to the match, and the following day was fixed on for its consummation. The morning came, the licence was obtained, and the anxious bridegroom with his friends assembled to attend her to the altar, when, falling on her knees, she declared her previous contract. The surprise and disappointment that ensued cannot be described; it must suffice to say, the husband was introduced, and by the intercession of the aggrieved lover, the father was induced to forgive his daughter, and to make ample provision for her support.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SINGULAR AGREEMENT.

AT a village in the Eastern division of Bedfordshire, a man and his two wives occupy a small house, and live on the best possible terms. The husband was formerly a corporal in the 12th regiment of foot, and when on a recruiting party at Bandon, in Ireland, privately married a young woman, the daughter of a reputable tradesman in that town; he joined his corps shortly after, and left her with her friends, from whom she had expectancies. On his coming to England he was quartered at Dunstable, and rendered himself agreeable to a wealthy widow, a hosier in that place; his avarice got the better of his constancy, and he married her, obtained his discharge, and settled

in his present residence. His first wife, after a period of nearly two years, in which her father died and possessed her of some hundred pounds, sought and found her faithless husband. The meeting and reconciliation was such as may be supposed—anger, railings, and revilings; but he at length had the address to reconcile them both: they now live in the best possible fellowship, and he has several children by each.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

*The STORY of MRS. BODDINGTON,
and the Law proceedings thereon.*

THE circumstances in the story of Mrs. B. hold out so instructive a lesson, that we cannot avoid laying them before our readers. When seduced from her fidelity by the cousin and partner of her husband, they set off together with an intention of embarking for America.—The post-mark of a letter which he sent with a miserable apology for his conduct, pointing out to the route, the Solicitor of the injured husband dispatched a clerk after them to serve on him a copy of a writ to answer in a suit. They were fortunately traced and overtaken at Preston in Lancashire, where the clerk served the process on the paramour. Mrs. B. had several days to reflect on her conduct, on the honour, the duties, the happiness, the husband, and the infants she had abandoned; and the rencontre completed the conquest of remorse. She sunk in agony of grief. She flew from her seducer, and in a state of misery which we cannot describe, she returned in a post-chaise to Southgate, with the hopes

hopes of seeing her infants, and perhaps with their imploring sympathy of grief, to throw herself at the feet of her injured husband. She arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon on Thursday after her elopement, in a disorder of dress that proved her mental anguish; and bore the indignant eyes of all her former admiring neighbours. The infants had been removed by the kindness of their friends, and she was frustrated in her design. But the compassion and tenderness of the husband has provided her a retreat, where she has melancholy leisure to reflect on the fatal consequences of a deviation from the paths of virtue.

Here is a lesson for gallantry, as guilt is erroneously called, worth a thousand verdicts of a Jury!

The injured husband however, having brought an action against the seducer, the following law proceedings have in consequence taken place.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

SATURDAY, JULY 1.

CRIM. CON.

BODINGTON v. BODINGTON.

Mr. Erskine, submitted a motion to the Court, which he confessed was rather unusual; it was for a writ of enquiry of damages to be heard before Lord Kenyon in the sittings after term, instead of submitting it to a Sheriff's Jury in the customary way. This was an action of *crim. con.* in which the defendant had suffered judgment to pass by default.

The Court granted a rule to show cause.

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On Wednesday, July 5, the last day of term, Mr. Erskine moved, that this rule should be made absolute.

Mr. Law said, he was to shew cause against this rule. It was a rule calling on the defendant to shew cause, why a writ of inquiry of damages should not be executed before the Lord Chief Justice, at the sittings after this term.

This was an application in an action for criminal conversation. In support of such an application, there certainly should be very extraordinary circumstances before the Court would allow it to be taken out of the general rule, which was, that such writs of enquiry should be executed before the Sheriff. He submitted that no such circumstances attended this case.

There were other causes, in which the duties of relationship and otherwise, and the delinquency of the parties, had been stated to the Court, and in which the Court had refused to grant the object of such a motion as this; such, for instance, as a case where the Defendant was the brother-in-law of the Plaintiff, and in which, that very circumstance was particularly relied on by Mr. Erskine, who pressed it as a case extremely fit to go before the Chief Justice and a Jury; and yet, although there was so glaring a breach of domestic confidence, the Court refused to grant the motion in that case. This was a case of a recent date. There were other cases of recent dates, also of a similar nature in point of aggravation; of this description was the case of the Marquis of Carmarthen and Byron. The parties were very considerable in rank; the delinquency notorious, and yet the Court refused the motion. In another case, where the parties were of respectable condition in life, the case of Mullin and Dut-

C E ton,

ton, a young and beautiful lady had been seduced, and debauched by an Officer in the Guards, and here also the Court refused the motion.

The ground of such an application as this should be, a difficulty that might arise upon some point of law in it; here was no such thing alledged; in point of fact there could not be any such difficulty. The case was simply this—A gentleman has an action brought against him for criminal conversation; he pleads Not Guilty; but upon better advice upon the subject, he withdraws that plea, in consequence of which judgment passes against him. In such a case he must submit to the Court there was no necessity for the superior wisdom of the Chief Justice to aid the Jury in their enquiry into the question, "What damages the Plaintiff had sustained?" He should humbly submit further, that in a case of this sort no particular advantages could be derived to the public by the greater publicity of the circumstances of the case, which in the event of the success of this motion would follow, as public curiosity would be excited by it to a great extent, and which would naturally occasion a crowded Court. It was needless to detail the misery which had followed this unfortunate act, in which the extreme penitence of the lady, and her subsequent derangement of mind, made part. That detail was much more likely to be given to the public, if the writ of inquiry was to be executed in that Court, than if executed before the Sheriff in the usual manner. Since, therefore, it was not inconsistent with the justice of the case, he could not help wishing that this case might go before the Sheriff and a Jury; nor could he help saying, it appeared to him that the interest of morality would be better served

by sending this case to be discussed at a private Forum, than that of discussing it before the large and public Forum of that Court. In case the inquiry was to be executed before the Lord Chief Justice, it would attract and cause the presence of a great number of persons, who could not be admitted before the Sheriff.

There was no impropriety in refusing this rule, for the Plaintiff would have an opportunity of moving for a good Jury, and who would be fully competent to the task of assessing the damages. He would have an opportunity of laying all the facts of the case before that Jury. He must again remind the Court of the determination of the cases of Buckingham and Vaughan, and Carmarthen and Byron, where the guilt was as great as that which was alledged against the present Defendant. He must also remind the Court of the case of Mullin and Dutton; in all these cases the Court refused the rule which was now asked; he trusted there was nothing in the present case which made it the interest of the community that the Court should now make a contrary determination, or that made a departure from the principle of these cases necessary.

Mr. Chambre said, there was no ground for the application now made to the Court, except that from the circumstances of the case, the Plaintiff was entitled to large damages. The Court, he believed, had never yet declared that to be a reason for executing a writ of enquiry before a Judge instead of the Sheriff. This was not a case requiring great legal assistance. It was easily determined, and indeed could alone be determined by a Jury, for it was the exclusive province of a Jury to assess damages. The Plaintiff might have a good Jury; that was to say, he might have

have the very same description of men before the Sheriff as he would have had before the Lord Chief Justice, and, therefore, without troubling the Court any further, he hoped the Court would be of opinion that this rule ought to be discharged.

Mr. Erskine supported the rule. It was asked, he said, whether damages were in the province of a Jury, and in the exclusive province of a Jury. He believed he was as much attached to the province of a Jury as any man could be; but he denied it was merely a Jury that tried a case, or who attended even to the amount of damages to be given in every case. They assessed damages in all cases, more especially in very aggravated cases, with the assistance of the Judge, or with the assistance of the Sheriff, as the case might be, who presided over the trial, and expounded the law to the Jury, and gave to them his opinion, which in many cases was most essential to justice to be given. He had always been of opinion, and he should die in it, that the advantages of the administration of justice in England, was very much to be divided between the attention of a Jury, and the labours of a Judge; and truly, nothing could be more wise than that of uniting the patience and feelings of a Jury with the learning and judgment of the Court. If it were true, which God forbid, that when a man who is brought to answer for the greatest breach of morality, and pleads not guilty, and then chooses to retire from his plea, and that but a few days before his trial is to take place in an open Court of Justice, the Court before whom his guilt was to be investigated, is to have no jurisdiction over his offence: then there would be an answer to his motion, and he should lament, and the Court would lament, that he had made it. If after what had

passed, the Court were to discharge this rule, there would be an end, for ever, of all applications of this kind. He stated generally the nature of this application, when he moved for the Rule, to support which there were precedents of a more recent date than those which had been cited by Mr. Law. The Court then said it was not enough that Mr. Loten, an officer of the Court, and a gentleman of great experience in it, should state in his affidavit, that the circumstances of this case were such, as to make this application necessary, but that the Court should have before it by affidavit, what the circumstances of aggravation were, in order to see whether there was sufficient ground for this application. If the Court had any jurisdiction to grant this application, this he maintained was the time, and this the case in which that jurisdiction should be exercised. The Court had to decide to day whether the Court would, while England was England, exercise its discretionary power to take a process out of its ordinary course for the purpose of due administration of justice; because, if this application was refused, no man could afterwards gravely ask for the like in future. He owned that applications of this kind must be at rest for ever, if this rule be not made absolute.

The question now was—"Whether any person whomsoever, who, after having pleaded, had entered a *retraxit*, could be brought before the public Forum of that Court, to have the circumstances of his guilt investigated?"

He had not yet stated the circumstances of this case in their aggravated light, but now he was under the painful necessity of doing so:—

The Plaintiff, when he went out of town with his wife, left the De-

fendant in care of his business. That Defendant was his first cousin and partner in trade. The Defendant, standing in this considerable and double relation to the Plaintiff, made use of his advantage to undo him in his peace of mind for ever. The Plaintiff and his wife went down to Bath under some advice for that purpose; and he intended to leave her under the care of her mother, should he have occasion to return to town. He desired, before he went, that the Defendant should write to him, if a certain packet should arrive, or if any other business should be brought forward that required to be transacted by himself. It was under this confidential situation that the Defendant concealed the abominable project he had in view, and under colour of which he carried it into execution. He wrote to his cousin and partner a letter to the following effect:—

“ DEAR SIR,

“ The packet arrived this morning: and, as you said you were willing to come to town, I request you will, and be in time in the morning to be at a meeting on the Exchequer Warrants. News is generally good here; the Funds are better, &c.”

Upon such a melancholy event as this, he could not help exclaiming with the Poet:

Are there no stones in Heav'n
But such as serve for thunder.

No packet had arrived; no intelligence had been received. The whole was the wicked and infamous invention of this man to bring the Plaintiff away; and he crossed him on the road, and went on the purpose of debauching the wife of his partner and cousin, which purpose he effected; and then he wrote to the Plaintiff another letter, in which he said—

“ When we parted on Wednesday it was for the last time, for I never shall return. I have deceived you, and I wish this was the only deception I have practised upon you. When you see my father, break it open by degrees to him, &c.”

There was also a letter from the lady to her mother, in which she expressed herself with sorrow, and called herself an unworthy daughter.

These were the circumstances of the case. His learned friend, Mr. Law, had hinted at the repentance of the Plaintiff's wife, and the derangement of her mind. Whence came all that repentance, that derangement, and all the misery of the family? Whence, but from the infamous conduct of the Defendant! No argument, however, could be urged upon this part of the case, for it was not before the Court upon affidavit. He could not agree with his learned friend, Mr. Law, that this was not a proper subject for publicity. On the contrary, he thought that to draw the attention of the public to such a case, and giving them an opportunity of witnessing the administration of justice in the course of disposing of such a case as this, might be highly beneficial to public morals. He spoke from feeling in his own person when he said, that there could be nothing more important than the publicity of such a case. It was impossible to read to mankind a lesson more awful, and at the same time instructive, than that of shewing with what consequences atrocious guilt must be followed. That awfulness must be as much greater in public, as the dignity of a public Court was superior to a Tribunal whose proceedings were transacted in a corner. The Court, therefore, if they had the jurisdiction, would rather

grasp

grasp at the exercise of it, than pass it by in such a case as this. He believed, there were not many who had a higher reverence for religion than he felt, but he would say, that in his opinion, there was no act of devotion to God, or of duty to man in social state, which could have a more solemn effect upon all beholders, than that of the effect of a detection of guilt in an open Court of Justice:—By sending this case, therefore, to an inferior Tribunal, much of the advantage of punishing the guilty would be lost.

If the Court had not a jurisdiction in this case, he knew they would not assume it, but if they had, the question would be, would they refuse to exercise it?—If they did, they would in effect declare, it would be useless to make any such motion as this again. The case of a noble Marquis had been alluded to, in which the Court had refused the motion. He never meant to deny that the Court had the power to refuse, but his learned friend seemed to contend that they had not the power of granting it. He could state a case of much less importance than this, in which the Court had granted this motion, and that since my Lord Kenyon had sat in it: that was the case of Markham and Edgar for a breach of promise of marriage. No question could come into Court which was more purely a question of damages than an action for a breach of promise of marriage, and yet, in that case, the Court granted the same motion as this upon affidavit of the aggravation of the circumstances. This came afterwards before Justice Eyre at Norfolk, and the Jury gave £100. damages. That case was nothing, when compared to this. Another case was that in which a gentleman of the name of Hamilton, was arrested for another man, and arrested maliciously;

that case was upon such a motion as this brought before the Chief Justice after judgment had passed by default. There were many, many cases in which this motion was made, but which he should not cite, it was sufficient for him that the Court had the power to grant it. The question for the Court now was, “Whether when a party, not leaving judgment to pass by default, but pleading, and afterwards entering a *retraxit*, as of course he had a right to do, the Plaintiff was not to have an opportunity of investigating, in a public court, the circumstances of a case of great moment to mankind in general, or whether it was to be sent to an inferior tribunal to be investigated?”

Mr. Gibbs said, he did not feel he could add any thing to what had been said by Mr. Erskine.

Mr. Justice Ashurst said, that as to the power of the Court there was no doubt but that they had it in their discretion to grant, or to refuse this motion, on application for that purpose; where there was judgment by default, or judgment as in this case, the Court might order that a writ of inquiry may be executed before the Chief Justice. The only question was, “Whether it was absolutely fit that they should remove this case out of the ordinary course, and bring it before a higher Tribunal?” He owned, for himself, and that especially as there were three or four cases in which the Court had refused the motion, and those very special, and as the Court were not bound to grant it, he doubted of the propriety of granting this motion. This motion, if granted, would take the cause out of its proper channel. The Defendant had pleaded the general issue, and had afterwards withdrawn his plea and let judgment go against him. He did not see that that made any extraordinary

traordinary difference against the Defendant; on the contrary, it was rather in favour of the Defendant, for by withdrawing his plea and pleading guilty, he gave the Plaintiff no farther trouble.

Mr. Justice Grose said the question was, "Whether the Court were bound to withdraw this case from the ordinary channel, and bring it before a Judge at nisi prius?"—The Plaintiff might have a good Jury; for that the Court would never refuse, and then the same description of persons would be on the Jury as if it was tried before the Chief Justice. The Jury were the proper persons to assess damages.

Mr. Justice Lawrence considered this as a motion to the discretion of the Court. If it involved a complicated question of law, which required the learning of the Chief Justice to assist the Jury, the Court would grant the motion. As to the appeal to the dignity of the Court, he did not see that it was more forcible in this case than in that of Carmarthen and Byron, and several other cases. The question therefore was, "Whether there was any point of law to be determined, so as to make it fit for the Court to take this case from the common Forum to which it belonged?"—He did not think there was. The Plaintiff might have a good Jury before the Sheriff, as well as before the Judge, and he recollects a case in which a Jury before the Sheriff had given 300*l.* damages; nor had he any doubt that the Jury in this case would do justice between the parties. The hearing of a case before the Sheriff of Middlesex was a very different thing from that of another county, for in Middlesex there was a great deal of important business. As to the matter of the retraxit, he thought it was in the Defendant's favour. Had this mo-

tion come on the part of the Defendant, he should have been more inclined to grant it, because, in that case, he might imagine that the discriminating powers for which the Chief Justice was eminent might be of service to him to prevent the effect of passion in the Jury. He did not think, upon the whole, that the Plaintiff would lose by going before the Sheriff.

Rule discharged.—Lord Kenyon was not in Court.

Mr. Erskine then moved for a good Jury (this is a Special Jury) to assess damages before the Sheriff in this cause.—Rule granted.

SPORTING QUERIES: or rather,
QUERIES for the SPORTING
WORLD.

IS Mr. O——n (now called the Newmarket Oracle) the *same person* who, five and twenty years since, was an annual pedestrian to Ascot, covered with *dust*, and amusing himself with *pricking* in the *belt*, *hustling* in the *hat*, &c. amongst the lowest class of rustics, at the inferior booths of the fair?

Is D——k——y B——n, who now has his *Snug Farm*, the *same person* who, some years since, drove *soft chaise* for T——y of Bagshot, could neither *read* or *write*, and was introduced to the *family*, only by his pre-eminence at *cabbage*?

Is Mr. T——y——ss (with his *phæton*) the *same person* who, some years since, became a bankrupt in Tavistock-street, immediately commenced the man of fashion at Bath, kept running horses, &c. *Secundem artem*?

Is Mr. P——ps (who now has his town and country house, in the most fashionable style) the *same person* who was originally a *linen draper*, and bankrupt, at *Salisbury*, and who made his *first family entré* in

in the metropolis by his superiority at billiards (with Captain Wallace, —— Orrell, &c.) at the then fashionable resort, Cropley's, in Bow-street?

Was poor carbuncled P——e, (so many years the favourite decoy duck of the family) the very *barber* at Oxford, who, in the midst of the operation upon a gentleman's face, laid down his razor, swearing, "he would never *shave* another man so long as he lived," and immediately became the leading hero of the card table, the *bones*, the *box*, and the *Cockpit*?

Morning Post, July 5. OLD Q.

The CHACE, a POEM. By William Somerville, Esq.

(Continued from page 135.)

AS some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move
Step after step, their size the same, their arms

Far gleaming, dart the same united blaze :
Reviewing generals his merit own ;
How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid, if mighty **GEORGE** approve.

So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just ap-
plause.

But above all take heed, nor mix thy
bounds
Of diff'rent kinds ; discordant sounds shall
grate

Thy ears offended, and lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th' amphibious otter be thy chace,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland
reigns ;

Or if th' harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears! the deep-flew'd
hound

Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow,
but sure,

Whose ears down-hanging from his thick
round head

Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clang-
ing voice

Awake the mountain echo in her cell,

And shake the forests : the bold talbot kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine
snows ;

And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the
feat

Of war and rapin once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread com-
mands

To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pill'ring race ; well-train'd
and skill'd

In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their
sport ;

Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent art
Th' arch felon was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize : in vain his
wiles,

In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the footy cloud, and ruddy flames
That issu'd from his mouth ; for soon he
paid

His forfeit life : a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides, and avenging Heav'n !
Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the
stream,

Then prowling far and near, whate'er they
seize

Becomes their prey ; nor flocks nor herds
are safe,

Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong barr'd
doors

Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage
wan

The plunder'd owner stands, and from his
lips

A thousand thronging curses burst their way :
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a
voice

That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers :
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low-bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuff'd
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried.
Till conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick ; his snuffing nose, his active
tail

Attest his joy ; then with deep op'ning
mouth

That makes the welkin tremble, he pro-
claims

Th' audacious felon : foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning
crowd

Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry
ford,

Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts dis-
tain'd,

Unerring he pursues ; till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat

The

The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey :
So exquisitely delicate his sense !

Should some more curious sportsman here
enquire,
Whence this sagacity, this wond'rous pow'r
Of tracing step by step, or man or brute ?
What guide invisible points out their way,
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy
plain ?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause re-
veal.
The blood that from the heart incessant
rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and
there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Thro' th' open pores, and with the ambient
air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by th' incumbent atmosphere com-
prefs'd.
The painting chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the skin per-
spires ;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which
by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarefied
By the meridian sun's intensest heat.
To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and
skies.
With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er
dale,
The vig'rous hounds pursue, with ev'ry
breath
Inhale the grateful stream, quick pleasures
ting
Their tingling nerves, while they their
thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy
streaks
At eve forbode a blust'ring stormy day,
Or low'ring clouds blacken the mountain's
brow,
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting
blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of
straw
Low-sinking at their ease; listless they
shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Tho' oft invok'd; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the flumb'ring tribe, with heavy
eyes
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop
their tails

Inverted: high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the
tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing
plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th' improving
friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd
wit.
But if th' inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with th' illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Grecce or
Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bles' kind
Heav'n,
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing,
cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred,
polite,
Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how
low,
The bookless fauntring youth, proud of the
skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples gingling by his side.
Be thou of other mold; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

BOOK II.

NOR will it less delight th' attentive sage
T' observe that Instinct, which unerring
guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore
And oft transcends: Heav'n-taught the roe-
buck swift
Loiters at ease before the driving pack
And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he
flies
But checks his ardour, till the steaming
scent
That freshens on the blade, provokes their
rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess each
nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew faints; they pant, they
foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high
hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd
crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode: with steep rever's'd
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere
the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her close re-
cess.

As wand'ring shepherds on th' Arabian
plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp, now, on some cooler
hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing
breeze;
And then, below, where trickling streams
distil
From some penurious source, their thirst
allay.
And feed their fainting flocks: so the wise
hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious
eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark
treach'rous wiles
Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead,
Or matted blade, wary, and close they fit.
When Spring shines forth, season of love
and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes
hid,
They cool their boiling blood: when Sum-
mer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving
fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their help-
less young:
But when Autumnal torrents, and fierce
rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously
avoid
The dripping covert: yet when Winter's
cold
Their limbs benumb, thither with speed re-
turn'd
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking
creep
Among the wither'd leaves, thus changing
still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,
Th' inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wife experienc'd huntsman soon may
find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds
With disappointment vex'd, each springing
lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties show'rs; the fields
are shorn;

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Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are
stor'd,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their
load.

All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale
lips

Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord
aw'd;
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the
field.

Oh bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible;
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler
train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd
eye

In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hill, af-
cends,
And pierces thro' the clouds. Or to thy
downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breath'd bea-
gle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring
brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing god-
deis, hail!
Rejoic'd I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant
way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to, re-
ceive

Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th' important work. Me other joys invite,
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd
Their matts chant, nor brook my long de-
lay.

My courser hears their voice; see there with
ears

And tail erect, neighing he paws the
ground;

Fierce rapture kindles in his red'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty
frowns

Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks,
If once dismiss'd, no limits can confin

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The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolick play :
So from their kennel ruie the joyous pack ;
A thoufand wanton gaieties express
Their inwary extasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
A's many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflect, as paint the various bow
When April show'r's descend. Delightful
scene !

Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh-blooming health and univeral joy.

Huntsman, lead on ! behind the cluft'ring
pack

Submis attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey :
Spare not the fraggling cur, that wildly
roves ;

But let thy brisk affiant on his back
Imprint thy just reuements ; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return
And whining creep amid the trembling
crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature
kind,

With double blessings crowns the farmer's
hopes ;

Where flow'r's Autumnal spring, and the
rank mead

Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast,
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where
they spread

And range around, and dash the glitt'ring
dew.

If some staunch hound, with his authentic
voice,

Avow the recent trail, the jostling tribe
A tend his call, then with one mutual cry

The welcome news confirm, and echoing
bills

Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they
thread

The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along !
But quick they back recoil, and wifely
check

Their eager haste ; then o'er the fallow'd
ground

How leisurly they work, and many a pause
Th' harmonious concert breaks ; till more
anx'ly

With joy recoupled the low vallies ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way !

Ah ! there she hes ; how close ! the pants,
the doubts

If now she lives ; she trembles as she fits,
With horror feiz'd. The wither'd grass
that clings

Around her head, of the same russet hue
Almost devolv'd my sight, had not her eyes

With life full-beaming her vain wiles be-
tray'd.

At distance draw thy pack, let all be bush'd,
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard,
Let the wild hound run gadding o'er the
plain

Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off ; see how direct
To her known Muse she flies ! Here, hunts-
man, bring

(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they
stoop,

And seem to plough the ground ! then all at
once

With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds
let loose

From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while she's spurr'd
on by fear.

The welkin rings, men, dogs, hills, rocks,
and woods

In the full concert-join. Now, my brave
youths,

Stript for the chace, give all your souls to
joy !

See how their coursers, than the mountain
roe

More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick
clouds

Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs
scarce print

The grass un-ruis'd ; with emulation fir'd
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd
gate,

O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and
brush

The thorny-twining hedge : the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks ; with steady hands,
by turns

Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments,
wrongs,

Vexations, sicknes, cares ? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

(*To be continued.*)

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

*Comparison between the Qualities of
the Ass and Horse.*

I Hold the ass in no less esteem
than Sterne did, and although I
never give him the bitter stump of
an artichoke, or sweet macaroons,
nor ever had the felicity of convers-
ing with this sentimental creature !

jet

yet I so venerate his humble character, that it grieves me to the heart to hear him degraded by vile comparisons with some of our unworthy degenerate species! such as when a man is a fool, he is said to be as foolish as an ass; if stupid, as stupid as an ass; if illiterate, as ignorant as an ass; and if ugly, as ugly as an ass. But why this contempt for an animal so patient, good and useful. Now he who calls that animal foolish, is no more wise himself; nay, is very ignorant not to know his sagacity. It is well known how much he is attached to his master, though in general he is unworthy of that poor animal's fidelity: He will smell him from afar, and know him from all other men if he has lost him; he will seek him even for days together. Sterne seems to have been acquainted with the sagacity, affection, and virtue of this animal, when he makes the old German lament the loss of his ass, (when *La Fleur* offered him money, and the old man refused it.) "It was not," he said "the value of the ass, but the loss of him: The ass," he said, "loved him, and upon this told them a long story of a mischance upon their passage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had separated them from each other three days, during which time the ass had sought him as much as he had sought the ass, and that they had neither scarcely eat' nor drank till they met." "Thou hast one comfort friend," said I, "in the loss of thy poor beast; I am sure thou hast been a merciful master to him." "Alas!" said the mourner, "I thought so when he was alive, but now that he is dead I think otherwise. I fear the weight of myself, and my afflictions together, have been too much for him: they have shortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to answer for!" "Shame on the world," said I to

myself; "did we love each other, as this poor soul loved his ass, it would be something!"

Pliny says, in his usual marvellous way, "that this animal has so great an affection for its young, that if separated from it, he would go through fire to recover it."

But why are these animals called stupid, for possessing the most essential good qualities—Steadiness and patience under all his sufferings. This gentleness of demeanor it is which makes him so admirably useful, but which is foolishly denominated stupidity. Poor animal! how I have seen thee abused and despised by the very wretches who were profiting from thy over-loaded burthens! Detestable ingratitude! I would rather see such wretches scourged than even vile thieves of notoriety. Is he so ugly as to be compared with the ugliest of the human species? No: we do not say as ugly as an horse, because we know it to be a handsome animal; yet had we not the horse, says Buffon, we should rank the ass first instead of second, and account him a beautiful and well-proportioned animal; and when young, he is both handsome and sprightly; he has cleaner and drier legs than the horse, his scent more acute, and it is owing to his fine long ears that he hears sounds from afar, better perhaps than any other animal; his eyes are remarkably strong and fine, he is surer-footed than the horse, and has at least as many good qualities as the horse; if he is illiterate, it is because we do not bestow on him the same education as on the horse, who is instructed and exercised, but he is full as susceptible of education, and has been taught even to be learned.

The ass will live where the horse will starve, and is of use in countries where a horse, with all his spirit and beauty, would be of no service. I by no means then see why

he should be so much degraded in comparison with a horse, for some of his family in certain parts of the world, are even larger, stronger, swifter, and more beautiful, than the generality of horses.

The asles of the deserts of Lybia and Numidia, it is said, run so fast, that only the horses of Barbary can beat them in hunting. The descent of the asls is therefore as antient and honourable as that of the proud and impetuous horse, and has been more honoured than any other animal in the world—he carried the son of God upon his back, when he entered the holy city of Jerusalem.

He has been favoured with inspiration: he spoke the language of man and rebuked his rider! Would to God he could again talk, and severally frighten those brutes who make him work beyond his strength, and wantonly and wickedly beat and abuse him.

Buffon observes, that these poor friendless animals greatly degenerate in the colder countries; they are *aborigines* of warm climates it is true, but were they taken good care of in this country, and a selection made of those the most proper for propagating the species, no doubt we should have them larger, stronger, more spirited and active, and they would consequently do much of the labour which that expensive animal, the horse, now performs.

A few years ago I saw an asls at *Carisbrook Castle*, in the *Isle of Wight*, that was of a height and strength sufficient to carry thirteen or fourteen stone; it was taken great care of, and being sometimes curried, his coat was short, clean, and shining; he was so docile, that when his master called him by name, he would immediately run to him from any part of a large field. His business was to draw water by a large wheel from a very deep well supposed to be sunk by the Romans:

when his keeper wanted water, he would say to him, “ Tom, I want water, my boy; get into the wheel my good lad;” which Thomas immediately performed with an alacrity and sagacity that would have done credit to a nobler animal; and no doubt he knew the precise number of times necessary for the wheel to revolve upon its axis to compleat his labour, because every time he brought the bucket to the surface of the well, he constantly stopped, and turned round his honest head to observe the moment when his master laid hold of the bucket to draw it towards him, because he had then a nice evolution to make either to recede or advance a little. It was pleasing to observe with what steadiness and regularity the poor animal performed this labour.

It is well known the asls does not commonly live above twenty-five or thirty years, and from barbarous usage, perhaps few live half that period; yet the predecessor of this animal, which performed the same work, I was assured, from good authority, lived to the amazing age of fifty-three years, and probably might have lived several years longer, had he not died from accident; for being blind, he got up some steep place, fell down, and was killed. Extraordinary longevity, I presume, is not confined to any species of animals.

J. J. B.

ROMAN EPICURISM

*From the Preliminary Discourse to
“ Warner’s Antiquitates Culinariae.”*

“ *Ingenio sagula est.*”—Martial.

AFTER enumerating various instances of refined epicurism, Mr. W. adds, “ But no name appears to have been more famous

mous at Rome, amongst the good livers of that luxurious city, or held in higher estimation by them, than that of Apicius.

There were three Apicii, who flourished at different periods, and were all notorious for their sensuality. The first lived before Rome had lost her freedom: the second refined upon the luxury of the Augustan age, and the third systematized gluttony under the Emperor Trajan.

The second Apicius, however, appears to have been, without comparison, the most ingenious epicure of the three. He reduced gormandizing to a science, and gave lectures at Rome, on the various methods of tickling the palate, and preparing delicacies for the table.

This gentleman cook (for he boasted a patrician descent) was, according to Pliny, remarkably skilful in the preparations of ragouts;* and the Apician receipt for preserving oysters, (which he contrived to send 500 leagues without losing their freshness) was, for a long time, considered as an inestimable piece of culinary knowledge.†

The sums consumed by Apicius in the indulgence of his palate were enormous. When his affairs became embarrassed, in consequence of this profuse expenditure, he was driven to the necessity of inspecting his accounts, and finding that of his large possessions only 70 or 80,000l. remained, in despair at being obliged to discontinue his usual mode of living, he closed his useful and respectable existence with a dose of poison.‡

A curious book relative to the Roman art of Cookery has reached our times; the larger part of which consists of Receipts under the name

of Apicius. Some of the learned doubt whether it be the production of the epicure we have just mentioned or not; though they all allow it to be genuine, and at least as old as the later emperors. From this authentic and curious repertory of Roman culinary knowledge, we translate the following condiment, which may be considered as the classical original (with some little alterations) of the modern *Scotch Haggis*.

AN HOG'S PAUNCH! *

“ Having cleansed it well from its contents, wash it first with vinegar and salt, and afterwards with water. Then take the flesh of the hog pounded to a paste; mix with it the brains of three hogs, cleansed from the fibres, together with eggs boiled hard. To this mixture put cloves of garlick, add whole pepper, and reduce it to a proper liquidity with broth. Bruise pepper, *Ligusticum*,† *affa-fictida*, aniseed, ginger, and a small quantity of rue; add the best *Garum*,‡ and a little oil, and mix the whole with the above. Stuff the paunch with this composition, but not very tightly, lest it be too much agitated whilst boiling. Tie the mouth of it securely, and put it into a cauldron of hot water, after having pricked it with a needle, to prevent it from bursting. When it is

* Apicius, lib. vii. c. 7.

† An herb of an hot nature found in Tuscany. Lovage

‡ The Garum and Liquamen were nearly synonymous terms; the former prepared from the *Scombrus* fish, the latter from the Tunny. They were liquids, and thus prepared: The intestines of fish were put into a vessel with a quantity of salt, and exposed to the action of the sun till the maw was putrid. The mixture produced a liquor, which was the Garum or Liquamen above-mentioned. Pliny, lib. xxxi. c. 7, 8.

parboiled,

* Plin. i. 8. c. 51.

† Athenaeus Deipnos, lib. i. p. 7.

‡ Seneca de Consol. ad Helviam, c. 10.

parboiled, take it out from the cauldron, and hang it up to fimoak, that it may be of a proper colour. Lastly, when you boil it for the purpose of eating, add to it garum, wine, and a little oil; when sufficiently done, cut it open with a small knife, and serve it up with Liquamen, and Ligusticum." How far does this complicated condiment outstrip all the culinary skill of modern times; the ingenious contrivances of Mrs. Glais; and the sage receipts of English housewifery!!!

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

KING'S BENCH, JULY 12.

Before LORD KENTON and a SPECIAL JURY.

ILLEGAL LOTTERY INSURANCE OFFICE.

MR. ERskine stated, that this action was brought against the Defendant, who was Inspector of Lottery Offices, to recover damages for breaking and entering the Plaintiff's house, situate on the west side of Surrey-street, in the parish of St. Clement Danes, and prostrating and destroying the wainscots and other parts of the house. The Plaintiff was lessee of the premises in question, for a term of years, under his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, and had let them to a person of the name of Hoare, who had used them for the purpose of carrying on the illegal business of insuring Lottery Tickets. The Defendant, by virtue of an act of parliament, which authorized the

Commissioners of the Lottery, and those employed under them, to break open the door of any place suspected of being the scene of illegal insurance, had entered the Plaintiff's house, and committed the acts specified in the declaration. The Defendant, and those he took to assist him, had acted in such a manner, that, instead of supposing them to be public officers of justice, any one would have imagined they had been an irritated mob, who, in consequence of having been defrauded of their money, had come to wreak that summary mode of revenge, which was frequently had recourse to by the populace in cases of a similar nature. They had, after breaking open the house, and not finding any of those they sought for, proceeded to destroy the staircase, the floor, the furniture, and every thing they could find.

The first witness proved the lease from his Grace to the Plaintiff, and the subsequent letting to Mr. Hoare.

John Cox, a fireman and waterman at Surrey stairs, deposed, that on the 23d of February last, about six o'clock in the morning, he saw the Defendant with six or seven others, going to search the house; they had sledge hammers, crows, and tomahawks; the Defendant gave directions to break open the street door, which was done. They were however prevented from entering the house by an inner door, made of three inch deal, and strongly protected with plates of iron, and iron fastenings. The Defendant then ordered them to repair to the back kitchen window, in Strand-lane. They did so, and with their pole-axes, tomahawks, and sledge hammers, forced an entrance. The witness went into the kitchen with them, but they immediately desired him to depart, as he had no business there. There

There did not appear to be any obstruction to their proceeding further into the house, they however broke the windows and window frames, and demolished the dressers in the kitchen, and cut them to pieces with their tomahawks; they next broke the cupboard door, &c &c. After they were gone, the witness went into the house, and perceived all the winding bannisters of the stairs cut down, and a great part of the flooring cut.

Upon his cross-examination, he said, he did not know that insur-
ance was carried on; neither did he know that Hoare was at present in Newgate, nor had he communicated with any one, except the Plaintiff's attorney, who had subpoenaed him.

Three other witnesses corroborated his testimony with respect to the procedure of the Defendant.

Mr. Measings, the Plaintiff's attorney, said, he went to the Magistrates of Bow street, to complain of the transaction; the Defendant was present, who said, if he had any thing to complain of, he would defend any action he might bring, and that he would give twenty pounds out of his own pocket, to have the action tried. The witness called on him a second time, to serve him with a notice, when he again said he would give twenty pounds to have the matter tried. That he had done ten times more mischief to a house in Oxford Road, where he had left nothing standing but the bare bricks and tiles.

Mr. Garrow observed, that this was a case of very great importance to the interests of the community. The nuisance of Lottery Inferior Offices had been long known and acknowledged, and the Defendant was an active person under government in the suppression of that nuisance, and hazarded his life in

the performance of his duty. What would the Jury think, when he informed them that upon the Defendant first endeavouring to get into the house, a blunderbuss was thrice snapped at him, which afterwards, upon examination, appeared to have had six flugs and a hundred swan shot in it. Mr. Garrow proceeded to describe the interior of this scene of wickedness, observing, that a room was discovered with the day-light shut out, and a candle burning, in which the names of the deluded people who staked their money were taken down; that books were found with the names of half the servants in the neighbourhood, who appeared to have ventured some 2s. some 1d. and some even as low as 5d. After commenting with his usual ability upon the immorality and dangerous consequences of such places, he appealed to the Jury whether it would be proper or consistent to give damages to any extent against the Defendant, who had acted for the public in the suppression of them.

Lord Knyon left the question of damages entirely to the Jury, but he trusted they would be given with moderation. If Mr. Wood was within hearing (*he was in Court*) he wished to observe that he was a man to whom the public owed a great deal, but he should recollect that he ought not to commit any excess while in the execution of his duty. His Lordship again complimented Mr. Wood on the services he had rendered so lately.

The Jury, after consulting about five minutes, gave the Plaintiff a verdict with Twenty Pounds damages.

It appeared that the people in the house had escaped through a hole in the wall, which let them into a back house in Strand-lane, where Hoare kept a Cold Bath.

THEATRICALS.

BOTANY BAY.

THE following is the copy of a Play Bill just arrived from Botany Bay. Here, it seems Plays are now performed by the Convicts.

By Permission of His Excellency.

For the Benefit of H. GREEN,
On Saturday, July 23, 1796, will
be performed

THE EBUSY BODY.

Marplot	-	<i>H. Fokes.</i>
Sir Francis Gripe,	-	<i>L. Jones.</i>
Charles,	-	<i>W. Chapman.</i>
Sir Jealous Traffic,	-	<i>H. Green.</i>
Whisper,	-	<i>R. Evans.</i>
And Sir George Airy,	-	<i>J. Sparrow.</i>
Isabinda,	-	<i>Mrs. Greville.</i>
Patch,	-	<i>Mrs. Radley.</i>
And Mirinda	-	<i>Mrs. Davies.</i>

To which will be added,

THE POOR SOLDIER.

Patrick,	-	<i>H. Law II.</i>
Fitzroy,	-	<i>R. Momdy.</i>
Father Luke,	-	<i>H. Green.</i>
Dernet,	-	<i>R. Evans.</i>
Derby,	-	<i>W. Fokes.</i>
Kathlane,	-	<i>H. Wynn.</i>
And Norah,	-	<i>Mrs. Greville.</i>

Front Boxes, 3s. 6d.—Pit, 2s. 6d.—Galler-y, 1s.

Doors to be opened at half past Five; begin
at Six.

Tickets to be had of R. Sidway; of R.
Evans; and on Saturday at the house ad-
joining the Theatre.

H. Green was transported for
picking pockets.

Sidway for returning twice from

transportation: he was one of the first that went out to Botany Bay, transported for a burglary, and was appointed baker to the Colony, in which situation he has realized upwards of three thousand pounds; his time of transportation has been long expired, but he does not choose to leave the settlement, where he has a great prospect of increasing his wealth.

Mrs. Radley was convicted of perjury, in attempting to screen her husband from being convicted of a robbery.

THE COUNT AND THE JOCKEY.

LAW CASE.

Court of Common Pleas, Guildhall.

COUNT ORLOFF *versus* CHIFFNEY.

THE Plaintiff, a Russian Nobleman, wishing to improve the breed of horses in his native country, gave an order to his agent, Gallen, to employ a person to purchase for him a race horse or horses, to the amount of 2000l. at the utmost; the horse or horses to be good and sound; for the trouble of the purchase, the person employed was to have 100l. as commission. Mr. Chiffney, who is well known on the turf as a famous horse jockey, was applied to, and, among others, bought a horse called Gunpowder, an immediate descendant of Eclipse, of Mr. O'Kelly, for 510 guineas. Gunpowder was put in charge of a Mr. Stapylton, who finding, while in his charge a speck appear on one of his eyes, wrote to Mr. Chiffney to inform him of it, as he would

would not deliver him as a sound horse, unless he had Mr. Chiffney's orders to do so. A Farrier was sent down by Mr. Chiffney, with a letter to Mr. Stapylton, advising, that if the Farrier approved, he was to take the horse away; he did approve, and the horse was taken away. On Mr. Chiffney's settling, or endeavouring to settle with the Count's agent, his demand of 100l. for commission, as well as twelve guineas for sending down the Farrier to look at the horse, were refused. Mr. Chiffney therefore kept the horse, and to recover him, or the 510 guineas, this action was brought.

His Lordship directed that a verdict should be entered for the Plaintiff, subject to a rule, that Mr. Chiffney should avoid the payment of the 510 guineas, by delivering the horse, whenever called upon, without charging for his keep, &c.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Account of the GAME of ALL-FOURS.

HERE are three principal cards in this game, which are ace, knave and deuce of trumps; the ace reckons first as highest, the deuce next as lowest, the jack or knave as third, and what is called the game as fourth and last; from whence the game derives its name of All-Fours.

What is meant by the game as fourth, is the majority in number after you have played your cards, reckoning any ace as four, any king as three, any queen as two, any knave as one, and the tens express themselves by counting for ten each.

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After cutting for deal, you must deal six cards, three by three, and turn up the thirteenth card for the trump. If then the eldest hand does not like his cards, he is at liberty to beg; that is, to have one point, given him, or to have three more cards dealt to him; in case the trump is the same as was the last, the dealer must keep dealing on till it is changed; if in the course of dealing a knave is turned up for the trump card, it reckons for one. Then the elder hand proceeds to play a card, which, unless he has the ace, king, or queen of trumps, should be a small one in order to throw the lead into his antagonist's hand, thereby keeping the tens, if he has any for an opportunity to make as being last player; or if he has the jack of trumps not well guarded, he should take the first card his antagonist plays with it, if he can; and then keep playing a small one to him again in order to be the last player, which is a great advantage at this game.

When the hand cards are played out you reckon for game, that is, the fourth point. If you play the severities of the game, you must not look at your cards on this occasion, but must mark your game according to the best of your remembrance. If you mark a point for game when you have it not, your antagonist takes the advantage, and scores up All-Fours to his score, but generally no more than one point, according as it is agreed upon. The only judgment of this game consists in playing your cards well, so as to make your tens, aces, kings, &c. and thereby gain the game point, which is a very material thing at All-Fours; as the game for the stake seldom exceeds nine or eleven points, according as you make it before you begin to play; all the rest depends on chance, that is, if the game is played fair.

E e

LORD

LORD BERKELEY.

TRIAL ON THE GAME LAWS.

PARKER *versus* HARRIS.

MR. Garrow stated this action to be brought against the Defendant, for recovery of the penalties imposed by the Game Laws upon persons killing Game. He was aware that actions of this sort, at the instance of his present Client (Lord Berkeley) often produced observations from a Defendant's Counsel respecting the rigour with which that Noble Lord enforced the Game Law; but whatever effect such observations might have upon a Jury, certainly his Lordship, or any Gentleman of property, had a right to preserve his Game for his own amusement, or that of his friends; and it was not to be endured that persons should select the spot nearest his Lordship's mansion-house to poach on. He should prove the offence to have been committed, after which he had no doubt but the Jury would give effect to the Law by their Verdict.

William Clarkson, Lord Berkeley's Game-keeper, remembered seeing the Defendant kill a Pheasant on the 31st of October, and another on the 21st of November last.

Mr. Erskine said he was weary of cross-examining Lord Berkeley's Game-keeper, he would, however, have a short conversation with the Witness.

Erskine.—Q. Are you the same old friend I have seen here so often, for I hardly know you again; you have got yourself cropped?—A. Sir.

Q. Do you remember Ascot Heath Races?—A. Sir.

Q. You had good sport there?—A. I know it rained very fast.

Q. You would have been pretty well drenched if you had walked; but I believe you got rolled in the rain?—A. Sir.

Q. How many yards was you rolled in the wet?—A. I do not know. If I had known you would have asked me, I would have measured them.

Q. I believe you got your hand into somebody's pocket?—A. Sir.

Mr. Erskine.—That's all I would trouble you with; you may go.

Another servant of Lord Berkeley's proved the Defendant having killed a hare.

Mr. Erskine lamented that Lord Berkeley should render himself so unpopular as he did, by his extreme anxiety to preserve his game. With respect to the witness Clarkson, he did not mean to lean hard upon him, though he had mistaken another man's pocket at Ascot Races for his own, for which the person, being rather of an irascible temper, had rolled him in the wet. Mr. Erskine said his defence was, that the Defendant was properly qualified to shoot. He ridiculed the system of the Game Laws as whimsical and inconsistent. Himself, for instance, was not qualified to shoot, but his son, by virtue of his wonderful descent from an unqualified man, might poach all over the kingdom. He should prove that the Defendant had married the niece of a Gentleman of fortune, who had given him an estate which was sufficient to qualify him to sport.

It was proved the Defendant had married the niece of a Mr. Fellowes, of Uxbridge, and that he was in possession of an estate considerably more than amounted to a qualification.

The Plaintiff was therefore nonsuited.

SAGACITY OF NEWFOUNDLAND DOGS.

MR. Haldane, a gentleman who lives about a mile from Stirling, in Scotland, has got two of these dogs so completely trained, that every morning being harnessed and put into a small cart, they set out from his house and go to his baker's at Stirling. The baker keeps a key to the box, which is sent with them, and having fed the dogs, dispatches them with hot rolls. In their way home they likewise call at the post house, and bring with them what letters may be for the family.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF BOXING.

(Continued from page 141.)

BESIDES pugilists, there was another kind of prize-fighters with the sword, quarter-staff, &c. who exhibited their skill on Broughton's stage. The most famous among them were Johnson, a Yorkshireman; John Needs of Froome, in Somersetshire, entitled the Green Knight; Thomas Hodgkins, who was called the proud Salopian, and in 1746, kept a school for the exercise of the cutlass; and Wm. Holmes, an Irishman, who fought Johnson twice with the broad sword, and was beaten by him both times; but afterwards challenged the other to the naked faulchion, which Johnson declined.

At this time it was customary for these prize-fighters to entertain the public with exhibitions of their art; the heroes paraded the market-places and fairs on horseback in their shirts, with their heads bare, ornamented with scars; on the sword-arm was tied a ribbon, which might be fancied the favour of some fair one, and at the same

time swelled the muscles of the arm, and gave it a more vigorous appearance, (the representation of such a prize-fighter may be seen in Hogarth's print of Southwark fair); a slight cut or two, that the spectators might have some blood for their money, decided the combat. But the rage for boxing increasing, and it being countenanced by William, Duke of Cumberland, brought on the decline of what was called the noble science of defence with the broad-sword.

Boxing was at its height when Broughton opened his Amphitheatre. Here he established a school for this art, in which himself was the lecturer. He invited the young gentlemen of the army, and all other men of spirit, to engage under his directions, and promised to secure their arms and wrists with mufflers, so that nothing might be apprehended by the softest hand and tenderest skin. A few indeed were hardy enough to try a fall with him, and went through the whole of his manual exercise; and, gentlemen of fashion and fortune, were not ashamed to distinguish themselves this way; for it was then as fashionable to throw away a shilling at Broughton's, as to give Orator Henley one, to hear him philosophize upon the antiquity of nonsense.

From 1743 to 1749, there was scarce a week when the gentry were in town, but one or more pitched battles were fought at this Amphitheatre, between some of the champions before enumerated, besides others of less note.

June 11, 1746, a very severe battle was fought at Broughton's, between Edward Hunt, a pupil of Broughton's, who weighed no more than nine stone, and one Hawksley, a life's-guard-man, who weighed seventeen stone; the odds before fighting were ten to one in favour of Hawksley, and they va-

ried according to the events of the battle, not less than ten times; but at length Hunt proved victorious, and twice afterwards beat the life's-guard-man, as he also did countrymen from all parts of England.

About this time, one King, a butcher, at Stanton-Green, fought many good battles, and once beat Smallwood himself.

January 31, 1750, a battle was fought between George Taylor, and Slack, a butcher from Norwich, which lasted twenty-five minutes, when Taylor with some difficulty beat his antagonist.

But the principal battle of this period that attracted public attention was, between Broughton and Slack. It originated from a dispute that took place between the parties at Hounslow races, where Broughton threatened to horsewhip Slack, which occasioned the latter to challenge Broughton. As many partial and mutilated accounts have been circulated in conversation relative to this battle, we shall lay before our readers the following, as it was inserted in a periodical paper of that time.

"Wednesday, April 11, 1750, was fought, the grand boxing match between the famous Broughton, master of the Amphitheatre, hitherto invincible, and Slack, the butcher of Norwich. Before they began, Broughton gave Slack ten guineas to fight him according to his promise, which Slack immediately betted against one hundred guineas offered against him. The first two minutes the odds were ten to one on Broughton's head; but Slack soon recovering himself, beat his adversary blind, and following his blows, obtained a compleat victory in fourteen minutes, to the great mortification of the knowing ones, who were finely taken in; particularly a Peer of the first rank, who betting ten to one, lost ten thousand pounds. The money re-

ceived at the door was 130l. besides two hundred tickets at a guinea, and half a guinea each; and as the battle was for the whole house, it is thought that the victor cleared 600l.

Broughton never fought after this; this battle was the ruin of him. The Duke of Cumberland, who lost immense sums of money upon this battle, had an idea he played *booby*, forsook him entirely, and his Amphitheatre was soon after shut up by Act of Parliament.

(To be continued.)

MR. WOODFALL'S CRITIQUE ON
THE HEIR AT LAW.

ON Saturday Evening, July 15, a new Comedy, called *The Heir at Law*, was performed at the Haymarket Theatre; the characters of which are as follow, and were thus represented.

Henry Morland,	-	<i>M. C. Kemble.</i>
Lord Duberley,	-	<i>Mr. Sutty.</i>
Dick Dowlas,	-	<i>Mr. Palmer.</i>
Ezekiel Homespun,	-	<i>Mr. Nunder.</i>
Stedfast,	-	<i>Mr. Aickin.</i>
Kenrick,	-	<i>Mr. Jobystone.</i>
And Peter Pangloss,	-	<i>Mr. Farwicott.</i>
Lady Duberley,	-	<i>Mrs. Davenport.</i>
Caroline Dormer,	-	<i>Miss De Camp.</i>
And Ciceley Homespun,	-	<i>Mrs. Gibbs.</i>

This Comedy comes from the pen of Mr. Colman, the younger, and is not only an additional proof of his abilities as a dramatic writer, but of the fertility of his imagination, and the rich variety of his genius. It differs especially from every one of his former productions, not merely in the necessary difference in the plot and characters, but in the cast of its composition, and the style and story which it exhibits. Mr. Colman has conceived a natural and an interesting ground-work of action, and

and filled his scene with a group of figures, whose conduct, copied from what life daily presents, actuated by different passions, and engaged in different pursuits, forms a picture that attracts and preserves our attention, and alternately diverts and affects the mind, and pleases in a very high degree.

The outline of the plot is this: Lord Duberley having suddenly died, while his only son Henry Morland was absent, and supposed to have been drowned, as news had arrived of the shipwreck of the vessel in which he had sailed from Quebec on his passage home, Ferret, a lawyer of Furnival's Inn, from spite to the legatees, sought to find, and traced the nearest relation by Daniel Dowlas, a vulgar, ignorant chandler at Gosport, and obtained him possession of the title and estate, an estate of 15,000l. a year. The new Lord immediately sends for Doctor Pangloss, a pedant, to cure him of his incorrectness of speech, and also engages him on a salary of 300l. a year, as tutor for his son Dick, who he had articled to an attorney at Castleton in Derbyshire, and expected to arrive at the Blue Boar in Holborn, having sent for him to town. The high reward of 300l. a year elates the tutor, and he sets off to meet the hopeful youth, and conduct him to his father. Dick arrives at the Inn, in company with Ezekiel Homespun and his sister, who had been left destitute by the sudden death of their father, (a farmer at Castleton, who had broken his heart on being turned out of his farm by an unfeeling landlord.) The party had lived together in the greatest friendship for seven years in the country, and Dick was on the point of marriage with Cicely, previous to their setting out for London. Ezekiel is greatly anxious for the safety and well doing of his sister; and Dick, shew-

ing an advertisement in a newspaper for a maid servant, who, if she came from the country would be the more agreeable, the honest rustic sets off with Cicely to offer her for the place. In the interim, Doctor Pangloss is announced at the Inn, and gives Dick a letter from his father, informing him that he is made a Peer, or, as his Lordship writes it, a *Pear* of this realm, and that he has engaged the Doctor as his tutor. Dick, who had once been sent to London by old Latitat his master, on some business during term, is up to the dissipation of the day, and his first emotion, on finding that he is the Hon. Mr. Dowlas, and heir to 15,000l. a year, are to enter with spirit into fashionable folly, and to engage Pangloss, on his doubling the salary his father gives him, to allow him to be his director instead of his scholar. He has scarcely concluded the compact, before Ezekiel enters, who had been with Cicely, and succeeded in getting her the place advertized, by her being hired by Miss Caroline Dorner, a young lady, whose father at one time was one of the richest merchants in London, but who had, by a series of misfortunes in trade, died one of its poorest inhabitants, and consequently left his daughter under great difficulties. Dick eyes his old simple friend with embarrassment, and afterwards insults him, by an offer to keep Cicely, which cuts him to the heart, and almost breaks that of the poor girl, whose mistress, from sympathy and goodness, behaves in a most tender manner to her. Dick has scarcely given the wound to his former country companions, than he finds that the same stroke has wounded himself, and is anxious to make atonement, by offering the enraged, virtuous girl, his hand and heart. During these transactions, Henry Morland, miraculously

culously saved from shipwreck, arrives in town, accompanied by Mr. Stedfast, the sharer of his distresses, and the saviour of his life; and the remainder of the plot comprehends the recovery of his father's title and estate by Mr. Morland, his union with Caroline, his only object of affection, and destined wife, before his voyage; the recovery of 2000l. by a prize in the lottery, which Ezekiel had found among his father's papers, and the reconciliation and marriage of Dick and Ciceley.

In the working up of these incidents, and in the colouring and preservation of the characters, Mr. Colman has displayed a master's skill. Peter Pangloss is an original, and is far more pleasing than Vanbrugh's Metaphrasstus or any pedant before on the stage. The giving the name of every author he quotes, is a new idea, and while it happily serves to shew his con-
fancy with writers ancient and modern, it heightens the whimsical effect of the characters, and keeps the scene so sensibly alive, that "he is mourned when he is missed." It does another useful thing, it translates "for the Country Gentlemen," and the galleries, and serves to convince those who have neither travelled so far in books as Hesiod, Cicero, Ovid, Virgil, or Horace, that the quotations must suit the meaning of Pangloss, as those from Shakespeare, Congreve, Pope, and Swift, with which most among them are somewhat familiar, at once excite their risibility, and prove the learned L. L. D. and A. S. S. is an adept at citing apposite authorities to illustrate his observations. The vulgarity of Lord Duberley and his lady, who is still more ridiculous by her affectation of superior politeness, the pure simplicity and deep-rooted integrity of Ezekiel and his sister Ciceley, the kindness of Caroline Dormer,

and the honest attachment of her father's old butler, Kenrick, with the half-formed resolution to be fashionably vicious, which marks the character of Dick Dowlas, are so ingeniously managed, and so adroitly exposed in contrast, that characters, to which the stage is no stranger, are thereby rendered extremely interesting and entertaining.

The dialogue of this Comedy is uncommonly well written; it is enlivened with real wit, strong satire, and pointed ridicule; many beautiful and impressive sentiments enrich it, which are naturally introduced and expressed with equal force and ease, and the whole of it assists in conveying a strong moral. The plot is well conducted; and though the author fairly and openly carries the audience with him, and keeps no other secret from them, but the means he intends to use, to execute what he apprizes them, he designs to achieve, the attention is kept alive as much as if it were a play as full of surprize as a modern pantomime. The only drawback on its general merit is, that the serious rather overweigh the comic scenes, and occasionally create a languor in the action of the Comedy. This would be greatly relieved, if not entirely cured, by applying the pruning knife in one or two of the longest scenes; but it must be done with a delicate hand, lest the remedy should go beyond the disease, and maim what it was intended to mend.

Another matter would also improve it; a different style of performing the character of Kenrick. Mr. Johnstone, though an excellent Comedian, appears to have somewhat misconceived the part, as Mr. Colman surely could never intend the Old Irishman to be so extremely dolorous and tristful as to let his tears wash away the humour of the part. Something more in

in the style of O'Clarial and Le Gloire's mixture or natural prosperity to jest in the very moment of serious sadness, we should apprehend was disfigured. Nothing could be better conceived or more successfully executed than Mr. Fawcett's Dr. Pangloss. The quaint affection of serious importance, and the ready unbending the rigour of his muscles, and condescending to dance a jig in the public street, or to perform any other extravagance for his interest, produced an effect irresistibly laughable. Munden's Ezekiel was likewise an admirable piece of acting, at once a correct exhibition of nature, and a most skilful and judicious display of comic power. Mr. Palmer's Dick was well given, but it will, no doubt, be still better, when he is more perfect. Mr. Suett, and Mr. Aickin, were unexceptionable in Lord Duberley and Stedfast, characters extremely well adapted to their different style of performance. Mr. C. Kemble, we apprehend, was depressed in spirits, as he was somewhat under his own par. In the scene with Stedfast, in which he takes offence at his friend's description of his father, he was warm, and impassioned, and played well. In other scenes, he was rather languid. Mrs. Gibbs, though a favourite actress, as far exceeded any performance of hers, as imagination can conceive. A more electrical effect on the sensibility of an audience, was perhaps never produced in a Theatre, than her scene with Dick in the fourth act. Miss De Camp, and Mrs. Davenport, did every thing that the scope of their respective characters would admit.

The Prologue was classical and well written. It was by no means ill delivered by Mr. C. Kemble. The Honourable Mr. North, (the brother of the Earl of Guildford) favoured Mr. Colman with it.

The Epilogue, written by Mr. Colman, was an Epilogue of parts delivered by all the personages of the Drama, each taking a share in it in the character he represented. It produced a most whimsical and laughable effect. The same species of Epilogue was adopted by the late Mr. Garrick to the *Clandestine Marriage*, and other Comedies. Perhaps Mr. Hoare's success in introducing Sofettos, &c. as Finales, after the manner of the Italian stage, as he has done in the *Lock and Key*, and the *Italian Villagers*, prompted Mr. Colman to revive the custom in dialogue. The difficulty in composing such sort of Epilogues is ending them epigrammatically, which Mr. Colman has done very neatly, by adopting the last line which Terence, in his Comedies, puts into the mouth of one of his characters at the end of each Drama, by way of Address to the Audience—

Valete et plaudite!

Which schoolmasters and rigid versionists would translate—*Farewell, and give us your applause*—but which the writer of this article chuses to put into more familiar colloquy—

Good by i'ye, let's shake hands at parting!

This Comedy was received in every scene either with so much hearty laughter, or with such loud applause, as the action excited each, that it cannot fail to prove as great a favourite as any of Mr. Colman's former productions.

CHARLES MACKLIN.

THIS stage veteran, who has at length paid the inevitable demand, was born in 1699, in the Barony of Inniskeen, the north-ernmost

ernmost district of Ireland. His name was M'Laughlin—the change to Macklin was ludicrously related in a Farce first acted in 1763, in Dublin.—Macklin's origin was of the humblest description; it is believed that he himself had been what is called a skull, synonymous to the Oxford term *scout*, or a common servant, in the University of Dublin. Self-taught, he had acquired a competent portion of polite literature, when he engaged early with a company of *strollers* at Chester, and appeared first in 1725 on the London Theatre. Before his celebrated performance of the *Jew*, in 1731, and *Quin's* well known *Bon Mot*, he was limited to subaltern representations. In 1733, a fatal accident had nearly crushed his rising hopes—from a foolish quarrel behind the scenes of Drury-lane, about a large wig, and its temporary use in a performance, a stroke from Macklin's cane entered the right eye of his opponent, penetrated to the brains, and caused his death: for which offence Macklin was tried, and, though it was a chance blow, in the heat of passion, it appears from the Sessions Paper that he barely escaped condemnation. Though a native of the *humblest* description, he had not the least of the Irish *patois*, but a tone was observable like the Scotch accent, as similarities of dialect occur in Scotland and the North of Ireland.—Conceiving that he had a pure and correct delivery, with the accent of genuine Anglicism, he gave lectures in a great room, now the Piazza Coffee-house, in Covent Garden, in 1753-4; his audience was numerous; and Mr. Potter, then an eminent senator, and son of the learned Archbishop, was his oratorical pupil. In 1749, he produced *Love A-la-mode*, which he read before the late King, at his Majesty's desire. Having, in August, 1785, attempted to per-

form the *True Born Scotchman*, as well as in an interlude, and a farce of his own composition, in Dublin, he was in the last piece suddenly seized with a loss of memory, which he never recovered, though he acted till 1790, occasionally, in London. He constantly frequented the pit, where he was, for the last time, in May, when the *Guardian* was performed by Royal command. In private life, Macklin was humane, courteous, cheerful, and convivial, though somewhat warm in argument: he was fond of his country, and vain of being an Irishman. These particulars are authentic, collected from his own narratives and frequent conversations, by a friend, who knew him well, and esteemed him such, and form a just and faithful tribute to his memory.

FUNERAL OF MR. MACKLIN.

Saturday, July 15.

At twelve o'clock the mourners assembled at the apartments of the deceased, in Southampton-street. It was always his wish that useless pomp might be omitted at his funeral. Accordingly only three mourning coaches followed the hearse: in the first coach were Mr. Barlow, Mr. Hull, Mr. Griffith, and Mr. Kirkman; in the second, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Macdonald, Dr. Atkinson, and Dr. Kennedy; and in the last, Mr. Brandon, Mr. Davies, Mr. Ledger, and Mr. Munden. The corpse was taken to the church-yard, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, at one o'clock, and the solemn service being performed, it was deposited in the vault, at the east end of the church. On the coffin-plate was inscribed

MR. CHARLES MACKLIN,
COMEDIAN,
Died the 11th of July, 1797,
Aged 97 years.

RIGHT

RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE.

MMR. Burke was born in Ireland. His father was an attorney in Dublin; and Mr. Burke so early displayed the promise of extraordinary genius, that his father always looked forward to those elevations in life which his son so deservedly obtained.

Mr. Burke passed some time at the College of Dublin; and, among his fellow-students, fully confirmed all the expectations which parental affection had zealously presaged. It is said, that he afterwards went to the City of Glasgow, and was a candidate for the office of Professor of Logic in that University, but was unsuccessful. To this fortunate disappointment, perhaps, is the subsequent fame of his talents to be in a great measure ascribed; for, if he had succeeded, the brilliant Orator, and profound Politician, must have been buried in the dull round of collegiate discipline and obscurity. He then visited London, for the purpose of studying the law, and took up his abode in the Temple.

At this time the Robin Hood Society, in Butcher-row, maintained a considerable reputation for political discussion and oratorical emulation. This School of Rhetoric was conducted by Mr. Jacocks, a baker, but who, though a simple tradesman, possessed such knowledge, and such a clear discriminating judgment, that Lord Chesterfield, a shrewd observer of mankind, pronounced him fit for the office of Prime Minister. To this place Mr. Burke resorted, with a view to exercise himself in the habit of public speaking, to prepare for the time when he hoped to exert his abilities at the bar. It was impossible that such splendid talents should pass unnoticed, even without the recommendation of per-

sonal consequence, or distinguished patronage; and Mr. Burke's display of exalted genius, ready wit, and extensive knowledge, procured him an easy intercourse, in due time, to his warm admirer and steady friend, the late Marquis of Rockingham.

About this time, Mr. Burke was introduced to the house of Mrs. Montague, whose benevolence, genius, and erudition, are so well known; and who, at a very advanced age, at this moment possesses a fund of good spirits, and a vigor of intellect, that animate the winter of life with an autumnal glow. In this mansion of taste, and resort of genius, Mr. Burke was always an acceptable visitor; and here he soon formed those connections that led to hopes of more rapid distinction than was likely to be obtained through the regular pursuits of legal elevation. Hence Mr. Burke threw aside all ideas of the law, as a profession, and devoted himself only to the fair objects of political ambition.

Before, however, he had wholly thrown himself into the road of politics, he published his celebrated *Treatise on The Sublime and Beautiful*; a work that evinces a profound philosophic mind, a deep insight into the human powers, a correct judgment, and a full knowledge of the graces of composition, as well as of all the sources of the grand and beautiful in nature. This work fully established his reputation, and made his friends proud of being connected with a character so adorned by genius and learning. It would be a pleasing, but is an unnecessary task, to follow him through all the various publications which have brought his name into such celebrity. His works are in the hands of every reader of taste. But we may, however, notice his *Vindication of Natural Society*, which was written

in professed imitation of the manner of Lord Bolingbroke. The characteristic style of that Nobleman he has, indeed, imitated with great spirit, and with admirable irony; but with the natural warmth of imagination, he has so forcibly urged some of his ironical arguments, that it would be a difficult matter for a mind inferior to his own to overturn them, by a serious refutation. All the rest of Mr. Burke's publications were wholly of a political nature, though embellished with a store of incidental graces that gave them currency through the nation, and rendered them highly gratifying to those who would have turned with disgust from a mere political discussion, however supported by argument, reason, and utility.

Mr. Burke now became the ornament and the idol of a numerous train of friends, and those friends were derived from the first circles of rank, genius, and literature. It remained, however, for Mr. Burke to display the full powers of his mind; when the volcano of Gallic Democracy first poured its horrors upon mankind. Mr. Burke was always the advocate for popular freedom, though the firm friend of legitimate authority, and due subordination of rank in Society; and though it is certain that many passages in his early works may be opposed to many opinions in his subsequent productions, yet, it should always be remembered, that those early works long preceded the French Revolution; an event that seemed likely to unhinge mankind, and to keep Society in perpetual confusion, by a vain promise of unattainable excellence in political institutions.

The first cloud that seemed to overcast Mr. Burke's Political Reputation, was his rejection in the City of Bristol, of which he had been the favourite representa-

tive. Mr. Burke, however, lost no credit on this occasion, but, on the contrary, the 'City of Bristol was much lessened in its own credit by the loss of so brilliant a representative. Mr. Burke published his speech on this occasion, and it is a powerful display of eloquence, as well as a satisfactory vindication of his own character and conduct. As Mr. Burke was always distinguished for the benevolence of his feelings, it has generally been thought strange that he should seem to attack Mr. Hastings with so strong an indication of what some have esteemed personal rancour and vindictive persecution; but as his mind was wrought with detestation of the atrocities of the East, and as all the information he had received tended to make him believe that Mr. Hastings had extended and systematized those atrocities, it was natural to expect that Mr. Burke's diffusive humanity would induce him to take up with zeal the cause of oppressed millions, and deal the fulness of his vengeance on the suspected author of the oppression. It may be urged, that it was the duty of Mr. Burke, to obtain the fullest information; but without venturing to decide whether he was right or wrong in this treatment of Mr. Hastings, we lament the effects of party combinations, which could even fetter the vast mind of Mr. Burke, and prompt him to think and act upon information that might have resulted from envy, from malice, from disappointed avarice, and from defeated ambition.

The whole tenor of his life shews, however, that no influence of a pecuniary kind ever had power over his public conduct, and whenever he has appeared to err, he has obviously been under the impulse of an overflowing philanthropy. His services to this Country have been great and various. From his

His suggestions, vast improvements have been made in public measures, and his plan for the introduction of a more economical system in the approbation and management of the Civil List, was a work of wonderful patience, assiduity, labour, perseverance, judgment, and comprehensive genius. Among the inferior works of his pen has been ascribed to him the Historical department of *Dodfley's Annual Register*; and it is certain, that if he did not actually write the part attributed to him, it was conducted upon the plan which he suggested.

As a writer he is often sublime and beautiful, though the exuberance of his genius, and the warmth of his feelings, frequently betrayed him into a violation of taste; but he is never trifling or tame.

From Mr. Burke's numerous productions may be collected the profoundest maxims of policy, the most striking declinations of the human character, the most useful rules of life, and the most exquisite beauties of imagination and luxuriant graces of language. The first domestic trial which Mr. Burke endured was the death of his brother, which happened about five years ago; and this event was indeed a heavy stroke upon his feelings, as his brother was a very pleasant companion and amiable man, who had

“Grown with his growth, and strengthen'd with his strength.”

This melancholy circumstance was soon followed by the death of his only son—a calamity that certainly gave a blow to his constitution—that was a vital stab. In private life, he stands in the fairest, most amiable, and most honourable point of view. We know not at what time he entered into the state of wedlock; but we cannot pronounce a higher panegyric on

the fair partner of his private happiness, than to observe, that she has never obtruded herself upon public life, notwithstanding the splendid reputation of her husband, but has been contented to move within the circle of domestic enjoyment.

He was a steady and zealous friend, a fond and faithful husband, a tender and affectionate parent; and, to conclude his domestic characters, his servants were

“The happy subjects of an easy reign.”

Such was Edmund Burke—a character that will be held in veneration, as long as patriotism, philanthropy, genius, literature, and moral excellence, shall be considered as claims to the esteem and admiration of mankind.

The following remarkable occurrence, which is said to have happened during the thunder storm on Wednesday, July 19, we have taken from a *Country paper*. Certainly it is not quite so wonderful a phenomenon, as that of a man being carried alive several millions of miles in a cloud of fire; but still the passing of a thunderbolt, as it is vulgarly called, through so immense a body of dry hay, is not quite unworthy of the minute attention of philosophic minds. For our own part, we wonder the writer of the narrative has failed to add, that not two hair's breadth from the place at which the bolt entered, there had been placed by two boys, who were just before at play, a cartridge full of powder.

WONDERFUL ESCAPE OF A RICK OF HAY!

A Very extraordinary accident took place on Wednesday, at Mr. Rowley's, an eminent farmer of

Prior's Lee. During a violent thunder-storm, a ball of fire fell upon a large stack of two year-old hay, and passed quite through it, making a large perforation into the ground. The hay took fire, but being very solid, the flames did not spread with that rapidity which might have been expected from an article of so combustible a nature; and a man who was then passing through the stack-yard, and saw the thunderbolt strike the stack, instantly giving the alarm, the fire was presently extinguished. The damage done was so trifling, that it was not computed to amount to five shillings. Mr. Rowley very prudently had the stack as soon as possible cut through and laid open. By the same thunder-storm, however, he had the misfortune to lose one of his best horses, found dead in the field.

The whole horizon was at the same time so overcharged with the electric fluid, that a gentleman near Colebrook-dale, who very attentively observed the progress of the storm, beheld a great number of very large and vivid sparks almost incessantly emitted by the collision of the clouds.

DOCTORS' COMMONS.

WILSON v. WILSON.

ON Tuesday, July 18, came on a cause brought by Richard Wilson, Esq. member for Barnstaple, in Devon, against the Hon. Anne Wilson, his wife, for adultery with James Thompson.

It was proved by the evidence of several of Mr. Wilson's servants, that while their master was

at Margate in the year 1795, for his health, Mr. Thompson, who rented a cottage on Mr. Wilson's estate, in Hertfordshire, adjoining to Datchworth Lodge, where Mrs. Wilson resided, having at unseasonable times visited Mrs. Wilson, it created suspicions, and that curiosity led them to bore holes through the shutters of the room in which Mrs. Wilson usually received him, and through which the parties were several times seen in such situations as left no room to doubt of their criminality. That one night, while the parties were together, the ladder falling on which the groom was mounted, feasting his eye, it caused such an alarm as occasioned the lady to elope the following day with her paramour. Very full proof was given of the inconstancy of the Lady at other times and places,— and Sir William Scott pronounced a divorce *a mensa et thoro*.

This Honourable Lady is daughter of the late Right Hon. Charles Townshend, by Lady Dalkeith, mother of the present Duke of Buccleugh.

SINGULAR TRIAL.

A Singular trial occurred at Bradford General Quarter Sessions last week. James Mackmanus was indicted for entering a house at midnight with intent to seduce the wife of the owner. The case was made out to the satisfaction of the Court, and the gallant was sentenced to be confined for the term of one year in York gaol, and until he paid a fine of one hundred pounds, to enter into a bond of two hundred pounds to keep the peace, and to find securities in the sum of one hundred pounds each.

THE

THE FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE STROKE OF DEATH.

A FRAGMENT.

"I Am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, part of an estate he had just purchased.

"I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds!" said old Gregory, as he attained the summit of a hill, which commanded a full prospect of his estate; "and here," said he, "I'll plant an orchard; and on that spot I'll have a pinery."

"Yon farm-houses shall come down," said old Gregory, "they interrupt my view."

"Then what will become of the farmers?" asked the steward, who attended him.

"That's their busines," answered old Gregory.

"And that mill must not stand upon the stream," said old Gregory.

"Then how will the villagers grind their corn?" asked the steward.

"That's not my busines," answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber, from which he never more awoke. The farmers reside on their lands—the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers rejoice in his death.

Some gentlemen dining together the other day, one of them asked "why Mr. Pitt was like a fly?"

Another smartly replied, "Because he is supported by corruption!"

"FRAILTY, THY NAME IS WOMAN!"

A Mrs. Mills, a newly-made widow, aged 55, who attended the obsequies of a dear husband to the old church-yard, Edinburgh, about a month ago, was seen the morning of the 8th instant, with the tear of tenderness in her eye, (for she had but one) over the grave of her "lov'd man!"—When a friend passing by, and seeing her in that contemplative mood, said, "I'm sorry for you, poor woman, you've had a heavy los!"—"Yea, that I have, God thou knows it!" exclaimed the afflicted widow—her heart seeming ready to burst with anguish.—At that moment the Clerk of the Church came up, and accosted her in a half whisper with, "the parties are now waiting."—"What parties, Mrs. M.!" said her friend.—"Don't ask me," cries the melancholy matron—(grief almost choking her utterance)—"I'm going to be—be—be—married again this morning to Mr. Carter."

Dr. Warren expired, saying, "there was no use in physic;" as Brutus did exclaiming—"Virtue was no more than a name." But though there may be no use in taking physic, there is a great deal in giving it. The Doctor has left, it is said, one hundred and fifty thousand proofs of its utility.

The Loggerheads is the sign of a public-house near to the Holyhead road,

road, in Wales. The sign has *two* human heads painted on one side, with the words, "We *three* Loggerheads be." If a stranger, who notices the sign, happens to observe that only *two* are on it, they tell him the *third* is on his own shoulders. In consequence of this quibbling sign being so common, the dollars which now circulate through that part of the country go by the name of Loggerheads.

TAX ON LUXURIES.

An order was made in the House of Lords, in May 1776, "That the Commissioners of his Majesty's Excise do write circular letters to all such persons whom they have reason to suspect to have *plate*, as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same." In consequence of this order, the Accomptant General for household plate sent to the celebrated John Wesley a copy of the order; John's laconic answer was in these words:

"Sir, I have *two* silver teaspoons in London, and *two* at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present: and I shall not buy any more while so many round me want bread.

JOHN WESLEY."

A sailor coming across Blackheath a few days ago, was stopped by a footpad who demanded his money, when a scuffle ensued, the tar took the robber, and, meeting with some people, was advised to bear away with his prize to the Justice at Woolwich, which he did; and when the Magistrate came to examine into the assault, he said, "he must take his oath that the robber put him in bodily fear, otherwise he could not commit the

man." The sailor, looking steadfastly at the Justice, answered, "He, damn him; he put me in bodily fear! no, nor any that ever lived; therefore, if that is the case, you may let him go, for damn me if I swear to any such a lie."

A person in company said to another, "You are a damn'd scoundrel." The other replied, "Gentlemen, you must not mind what the man says, he is only talking to himself."

Macklin and Dr. Johnson disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I do not understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," answered Macklin, and gave him a quotation in Irish.

Mr. Macklin a few years ago went to one of the fire offices to insure some property, when he was asked by the clerk, "how he would please to have his name entered?" "Entered," replied the veteran, "why I am only plain Charles Macklin, a vagabond by act of parliament; but, in compliment to the times, you may set me down Charles Macklin, Esq. as they are now synonymous terms."

During the last term, a solicitor of no gentleman-like appearance, was passing through Lincoln's Inn, with his professional bag under his arm, he was accosted by a Jew, with "Clowes to sell, Sir, Clowes." The lawyer, somewhat nettled at the address, from a supposition that Moses

Moses mistook him for an inhabitant of Duke's Place, snatched a bundle of papers from their damask repository, and replied, "No, you scoundrel, they are all new suits."

Diogenes, the cynic philosopher, seeing the son of a common woman throw stones among a crowd of people, "Take care, young man," said he, "that you do not hit your father."

A booby of a country 'squire, who made an *honest woman* of his father's chambermaid, bolted into the room when she was in labour, and blubbering over her with great tenderness, sobbed out, "that he was sorry she felt so much pain *on his account*." "Do not make thyself uneasy, love," said she, "I cannot bear to see thee fret, for I am sure it was *not thy fault*."

A nobleman telling the husband of a lady remarkably beautiful, "that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment." "Your Lordship," replied the gentleman, "is welcome to break the tenth commandment as much as you please, provided you do not break the seventh."

Harry Stephens relates an anecdote of a little crooked dwarfish man who had espoused such a gigantic woman, that he was obliged to climb upon a table if he wanted to kiss her. "This woman," says our author, "would look down, as if from a two pair of stairs window, and ask, who it was that kept grembling there below."

An officer happening lately to express some doubts of the professional talents of the Surgeon of his regiment, was called upon by the latter for *honourable* satisfaction. "I shall attend you with pleasure," replied the officer, gaily, "being in little dread of your *sword*, whatever I may be of your *lance*!"

WAYS AND MEANS, or a NEW MODE
of saving a HALFPENNY.

A couple of *weeks*, a few days ago, having occasion to pass the New Bridge, in Manchester, unluckily could muster only a single halfpenny between them. How to raise the other halfpenny, for the toll, they knew not—till one of them proposed to *soft up* which should *carry* the other over—this was done—one was instantly crammed into the bag—and lugged over the shoulders of the other, as a burthen of *sist*.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FEMALE GALLANTRY.

ON Thursday the 29th of June, being the day appointed for the inspection of the Lincoln Volunteer Cavalry, the lady of Mr. Ellison, M. P. presented them with their colours, with the following *harangue*, which we copy from a Country Paper:

"The Ladies of Great Britain cannot be unconcerned spectators of the imminent danger with which their country has been threatened, and they regard with extreme anxiety the awful moment when their husbands and their dearest friends are

are thus called upon to stand forward in defence of their King and Country. Unable from their sex to contribute any active defence, all that is left for them is to express their admiration, their applause, and their gratitude, to their gallant countrymen, who thus dedicate themselves to the Public Defence, and whose energy increases with the increasing danger. Every part of this kingdom bears testimony to the loyalty and the spirit of its generous inhabitants, and the City of Lincoln and its vicinity make an honourable appearance in the common cause, testified by the corps which I have now the honour to address. Much as I regret the necessity of this measure, and with whatever solicitude I may consider the risk which those most dear to me may be exposed to, yet our King, our Country, and our very existence, call for exertion; and I esteem it the highest honour that can be done to myself, that you have chosen him (who of all men is the most dear to me) to be your Commander in the path of honour, where I trust he will always be found; for this I beg the corps to accept my grateful acknowledgments.

"To you, Sir, I commit this sacred Standard; the one represents the arms of our Most Gracious Sovereign and of our Country, the other the Arms of this loyal City. Your motto is, "for your altars and your families;" and your object is the preservation of every thing that is dear to man. I have full confidence that you, Sir, and your brother Officers, will be found where honour calls you, and where danger presses, and at that moment I am well assured that not one of this gallant corps will be far distant from you. In this noble cause may success attend you! To the divine disposer of events, it is my fervent prayer, that the blessings of

Peace may soon be restored to our dear Country; but if it be his will that War must be continued, may he preserve you and your brave companions amidst its dangers; may he give success to your endeavours, and may he restore you victorious and safe to the bosoms of your families, and to the enjoyment of domestic comfort! It will then be our duty, and it will be to us the most acceptable employment, to render, by the most sedulous attention, those homes happy to you, which your exertions have made safe and secure to us."

The Earl of Darlington, and a number of officers belonging to the camp at Ayr, have established races every Friday, to be run over the race ground there, and to be rode by gentlemen only; they have been attended by a great concourse of people, and afforded excellent sport. On Friday the 14th of July instant, the following bets were run for:—

Major Lynn's b. g. Paradise, 12ft. 3lb. rode by Capt. Wright; and Mr. Wycliffe's c. g. 12ft. 10lb. rode by Lord Darlington, one mile and an half, 20gs. p. p.—won by Lord Darlington.

Gen. Drummond's bl. g. Othello, 11ft. rode by Lord Darlington; and Mr. Hall's g. g. Kinlock, 9ft. 12lb. rode by Mr. Hall, one mile and an half, 10gs. p. p.—won by Mr. Hall.

Major Lynn's g. g. Soldier, 12ft. 9lb. rode by Lord Darlington; and Capt. Wright's b. g. Crop, 12ft. rode by Capt. Wright, one mile and an half, the best of — heats, twenty guineas, p. p.—won by Capt. Wright.

A young man, at Roxburgh, having lately found a nest of larks, carried them home with him. The next

next day he observed the old ones hovering over the house, which induced him frequently to show them the cage, with the young larks in it, when the cock often came within a few inches of his hand, singing at the same time. One day hearing an uncommon noise among the young ones, and running to see the cause, he found the cock with a bee in his bill, attempting to break the glass; he immediately set the cage on the outside of the window, with the door open, and a line fastened to it, by which means he soon made the old bird a prisoner, who still continues, to the admiration of every one, his parental care, not only of his own young, but over three of another nest, which he also carefully feeds.

On Tuesday July 11, as the Gentlemen Volunteers of Newcastle were exercising at shooting at a target, fixed against a rock, near the Westgate, a ball struck against the stone, and flew off obliquely with such force, that it wounded John Bennet, one of the corporals, who was standing with a flag about twenty yards distant, in the hand, so severely, that the loss of one of his fingers is considered inevitable, the bone being all fractured to pieces.

BEES SWARMING.

As Mr. Wright, of St. Faith's, Norwich, was walking in his garden a few days since, a flight of bees alighted on his head, and entirely covered his hair, till they made an appearance like a Judge's wig.—Mr. W. stood upwards of two hours in this situation, while the customary means were used for hiving them, which was completely done without his receiving any injury.

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On Friday, July 14, a swarm of bees alighted on the pole of a chaise whilst it was passing through Keynsham, on its way to Bristol, and in that situation were conveyed to that city; the carriage put up at Mr. Weeks's stables in Dolphin-street, where, in a short time, they were securely hived.

About six weeks since, the waiter at the Falcon, Gravesend, was bit by a dog, on the lower part of the wrist, and not conceiving it to be of any consequence, took no notice; within the last fortnight, however, he was seized with the hydrophobia, and died raving mad.

Sunday night the 16th of July, as three young Gentlemen, (Mr. Taylors) relations of Lord Grenville, two of them clerks in the Office for Foreign Affairs, the other Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of York, were coming to town from Richmond, in a small wherry with a sail, the boat overset near Kew, by striking against a barge, and all three tumbled overboard. Mr. W. Taylor was drowned, but the others with difficulty were saved. The night was extremely dark and tempestuous.

The History of Newcastle, lately published, mentions an extraordinary fact, which is corroborated by No. 908 and 78 of the Harleian MS. viz. a weaver in Scotland had by one wife, a Scots woman, 62 children! but only four daughters of these lived to be women, and 46 sons attained the age of maturity, some of whom were living at Newcastle in 1630, when J. Delaval, Esq. rode thirty miles to be satisfied of the truth of the report.

G g None

None of the numerous families were then with the parents, as Sir J. Bowes and three other gentlemen had taken ten sons each, and the rest were otherwise disposed of.

USEFUL HINT.

A quarter of a pound of salt, strewed among three hundred weight of hay, when making the mow, will correct the damp, prevent its turning mouldy, and give it a relish highly pleasing to cattle.

The Cricket-match, Norfolk against All England, for Five Hundred Guineas, which has of late much excited the public attention, commenced on Monday July 17, on Swaffham race ground, and on Wednesday following was decided in favour of All England (in one innings) as follows—Norfolk first innings 50, second ditto 81— together 131. All England, first innings 144.

The Silver Cup, given by the Proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens, was on Thursday, July 13, sailed for by the Mercury, Active, St. George, and two other boats. The contest rested principally between the two former; but the wind falling off before they reached the destined spot, they were unable to proceed; in consequence of which the decision was postponed to a future day.

A few days since, a young man fishing in the river Avon near Twerton Ferry, observed a great toad making off very fast from the river side, and in pursuit of it a

large water rat, which seized on the toad, and while eager to devour it on the bank, the rat suffered the young man to put his foot on it and kill it.

WHAT SHALL WE SAY WHEN JURIES DISAGREE?

A cause respecting the Life Insurance of the late Lord Glencairn, was lately tried in the King's Bench, before a Special Jury—“Whether his Lordship was in good health when the policy was underwritten?”—when a verdict, after a long trial, was given, that his Lordship was *not in good health*. The same cause was tried a few days ago, in the Common Pleas, before another Special Jury, who gave a verdict, that his Lordship *was in very good health!*—This is what the late Judge Bearcroft facetiously termed—“*game and game*, and now the *third game* for the *rubber*.”

GUILDHALL.

SATURDAY, JULY 22.

WILLIAMS *versus* HANDASIDE.

This was an action for a breach of promise of marriage.

Mr. Erskine addressed the Jury in behalf of the Plaintiff in an energetic and impressive manner, and represented Miss Williams as a young lady entitled to their justice and to their compassion. She was entitled to their justice, sitting there under the solemn obligations by which they were bound to administer justice to every person, who

who should require it of them, for the injuries they might have sustained. She was entitled to their compassion as men, who could not but feel for a young lady under the distressing circumstances in which this lady was unfortunately placed. It would be doing them a great injustice to imagine, that, after his long acquaintance with them, and his frequent knowledge of their feeling and humanity, that the dictates of their own hearts, and the sensations within their own breasts, would not operate more forcibly in redressing his client's wrongs than his feeble representation of her unfortunate situation could possibly do. He would not dwell longer on the subject than briefly, without comment, to relate the case. Miss Williams carried on an honourable and respectable business, the profits of which were very considerable: the defendant, a man of considerable property, entertaining a high respect for her virtues, entered into a solemn engagement to marry her, and with his approbation she resigned her business: the settlements were made, and every thing prepared, when, for some reason with which he was totally unacquainted, the defendant refused to perform that engagement so solemnly promised. This was no inconsiderate hasty contract, as was frequently the case with young men, who, contrary to the wish of their friends and parents, contrary to prudence, and to reason, formed engagements "more honoured in the breach than the observance:" the parties were of proper and nearly equal age; the gentleman about fifty, the lady thirty-five; neither of them was urged by an attachment rashly or hastily formed, but, after a long acquaintance and mature deliberation, feeling a mutual and regular affection for each other. All further observation would be useless; no doubt could

arise in his mind but the lady would obtain from their commiseration and justice the satisfaction she so highly deserved.

After proceeding some length in the evidence, it was agreed between the Counsel for both parties to withdraw a Juror.

A duel took place the beginning of last month at Gibraltar, between a Captain of the Royal Artillery and another of the Royal Engineers, wherein the latter was shot through the body, and was not expected to recover.

On Thursday, the 20th of July, the fishermen at Loretown, in the parish of Nigg, Aberdeenshire, found a sick whale at sea, and towed it ashore. It is about fifty feet in length, and, though not of the species from which the whalebone is taken, will be considerably productive of oil.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF THE VICISSITUDES OF FORTUNE.

The following is given in an Italian publication as a genuine sketch of the life of one of the first vocal performers now at the Court of Turin:—A Swine herd of G——n in Switzerland being wearied one day with the heat of the sun, and falling asleep after dividing his morsel with his faithful dog, was awakened by an uncommon noise among the swine; starting up and missing his dog, he ran among the herd, and found him in the midst of the swine licking the face of a female infant, which had been dropped in a hand basket by some

2 G 2 unfeeling

unfeeling parent. Penetrated with its dangerous situation, the shepherd immediately bore it to his cottage, and notwithstanding a hurt in the leg rendered the child lame, as long as she remained with him and his wife, she was treated as one of their own, till the school-master of the village, noticing the excellency of her voice, recommended her to a person of quality, who took her to Turin, where, making her fortune, she had the gratitude to reward the school-master, and purchase a farm for her foster-father, besides portioning out his sons and daughters; the former she followed to the grave within a few months since.

“ THE RULING PASSION STRONG
IN DEATH.”

A Mr. W—, as remarkable for his *riches* as his *avarice*, having been given over by the Physician, desired the person who attended him to give him a particular shirt out of a drawer; and upon being asked his reason, he replied, that as whoevers performed the last offices to him would be entitled to it, he thought the one he then had on was *rather too good* to be given away!

PROGENY.

A remarkable one of Mr. Richard Wadsworth and Jude his wife, of Duxon-hill within the township of Brindle, but who were both born near Halifax, in Yorkshire:—Richard met with Jude his wife at Hentonstall fair, near Halifax; they were then about the age of 18 years each, and from mutual affection

soon after married, living together accordingly, in *conjugal love*, till little more than about two years since, when Jude died; but hearty Richard continues stout and healthy, although arrived at the venerable age of 95 years, and rides every Sunday to church, a distance of two miles. He was brought up to the trade of a cordwainer, but afterwards took up the business of a dealer in horses, by which he has made an ample fortune. Richard's progeny is as follows, viz. 10 of his own children, 43 grand children, and 57 great grand-children; besides several more coming forward to birth.

MR. THELLUSON'S WILL.

Mr. Thellusson is calculated to have died worth 400,000l. Sterling; and the following is a pretty accurate account of the disposal of his property:

To Mrs. Thellusson, his wife, an annuity of 2000l. a year for her life, and the house and furniture of her residence.

To each of his three sons only 7,500l.

To each of his daughters 12,000l.

And some other inconsiderable legacies.

His Yorkshire estate is to be sold, and the purchaser is obliged to take the name of Thellusson; the produce and residue of his fortune is to devolve to the first of his grandsons, of the name of Thellusson, when he attains the age of 23; and in default of such issue arriving to that age, his fortune is bequeathed to the Nation, to assist in paying off the National Debt. The will is one of the most extraordinary ever made.

POETRY:

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PROLOGUE
TO THE NEW COMEDY OF
THE HEIR AT LAW.

Written by the Hon. Francis North, and
spoken by Mr. C. Kemble.

HARD is the task—as you've been
told before—
And will, while Prologues last, for ever-
more.

To furnish matter in this critic age,
Worthy the liberal Patrons of the Stage.
With littlest apathy the audience hears
What none regard, an Author's anxious
fears.

Where'er the Bard may be, the Prologue's
certain
Always to make him quake, behind the
curtain.

His Play he owns is faulty—bad. 'Tis true,
He owns 'tis bad—and kindly gives it you.
Our Author scorns to woo with arts like
these,

And boldly tells you, he aspires to please.
As once Patroclus, in the Trojan field
Wielded the lance beneath Achille's shield,
So has our Bard of late maintain'd the fight;

For Shakespeare shelter'd what he strove to
write.

His faults, this night, to Critics be it known,
And merits (if he has them) are his own.
Rash Man, beware!—Caution may ex-
claim,

Why risk your little footerkin of Fame?
Why quench the spark you caught from
Shakespeare's flame?

Tho' leaving Shakespeare now, he trusts
you'll find

He has not left poor Common Sense behind.

To make you laugh each honest art he'll try;
He loves, my friends, no more than you to
cry.—

Yet like an April day his piece appears,
Or, more like real life—some mirth, some
tears—

Plain Nature's simple path he keeps in view,
Convinc'd what Nature dictates must be
true.

EPILOGUE,
TO THE SAME.

Spoken by the Dramatis Personæ.

Dick.

CUSTOM exacts—and who denies her
sway?—
An Epilogue to every Five Act Play.

Pangloss.

You speak it, then:—and do not mouth it:
—Come!
But be not too tame neither—Shakespeare—
hum!

Daniel Dowlas.

Od rabbit it; best let those logs alone.

Pangloss. Dan. Dowlas. Mrs. Dowlas.

Epi— Well, Epilogs—They're all the ton.
Zekiel.

What be this Epilogue you be talking on?

Pangloss.

Epi and Logos—wide Lexicon.

Kenrick.

Kenrick.

I'll tell you, Honey—Epilogues they say,
Are what are always spoke before the Play;
By some good-looking Gentleman, well drest.

Cicely.

Oh, then I'm sure my Dick will speak it
best.

Henry.

To win the Town, the Epilogue intends,
And, the Play over, please our best of
friends.

Zekiel.

Please our best friends? Aye, that be right:
I spy
A power, here, we feign would please.—
Who'll try.

Henry, Caroline, Old Dowlas, Mrs. Dowlas,
Zekiel, Kenrick, Dick, Cicely, Pangloss.

I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, and I,

Kenrick.

Och! faith, we're of one mind, had we
been twenty.

Pangloss.

'Tis carried—*Nemine diffidente.*

Dick Dowlas.

Thus to begin, then—

If here some thoughtless youngster should
be found,

In Fashion's giddy vortex whirling round,
May he, to-night, from Dick's example, see
That Honour's real prop is Honesty:
May Reformation's pledge his cheek o'er-
cast—

The self-accusing blush for errors past.

Cicely.

If there's a Lass in love here—Yes, I've
spied her—

Sitting quite snug with that young man be-
side her—*[To the Gallery.]*

Let her, like Cicely, to this maxim cling—
She flings all Gold—except a Wedding
Ring.

Daniel Dowlas.

Pray is there ne'er a Chandler here?—be-
cause

Old Daniel Dowlas axes his applause.

Mr. Dowlas. Daniel Dowlas. Mrs. Dowlas.

Hush! hold your tongue.—Why, zounds!
—'Twill never stop.

Daniel Dowlas.

I'm only begging custom for the shop.

Henry.

While filial duty animates our youth,
While Virtuous Passion warms the breast of
Truth,

With qualities like these, to Britons dear,
Henry may surely hope for favour here.

Caroline.

And may not Caroline applause secure?
Who, to all these, adds feeling for the Poor.

Kenrick.

Och, brother! you've so many virtues here,
There won't be any left for me, I fear.
Burn him who leaves—I can't say more nor
less—
A Patron, Friend, or Female in distress.

Zekiel.

Flesh! gi's your fist,—that's hearty, now,
and fair—
You be of Zekiel's kidney to a hair.

Pangloss.

Hem—On my virtues I shall lay no stress—
I'm L. L. D. and an A double S.
If any body wants a Tutor here,
My terms are just Three Hundred Pounds a
Year.

On their own merits modest men are dumb:
Plaudite et Valete—Terence—hum!

SONNET TO HOPE.

Written in NEWGATE.

STAFF of the Nimming Tribe—on whose
sole aid
Full oft I've plac'd reliance undismayed;
By thee encouraged, div'd beneath a coach
And bore my prize away!—or when Poll
blab'd

Hearing the feet of Townsend quick ap-
proach
I leap'd the casement!—Now, alas, I'm
nab'd,

O do not yet desert me—when I'm tried,
Sit by the cunning Lawyer's learned side,
And ply him well with quibbles!—If I'm
caft,

While on the *black machine* I fearful stand,
The clean white nightcap in my trembling
band,

Do thou sweet Hope stick by me to the
laft!

O do not then thy Votary deceive,
But hover o'er me with—a kind *Reprieve!*

J—

EPIGRAM.

IN England, lo! what changes pass!
Who was *John Bull*, is now *Jack Ass*.

THE

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

TRAVELLER, thou know'st where
Winwick's temple stands,
And proudly lifts its spiry top in air ;
The lofty site a prospect wide commands,
And its gilt honours glitter from afar.

Pleas'd with the sweet seclusion of the place,
In days of yore, if legends rightly tell,
Those rural haunts a monarch lov'd to trace,
And there, apart from grandeur, deign'd
to dwell.

Fast by its walls, beneath a yew-tree's
shade,
Where a low stone its humble head up-
rears,
He lies, whose nod my timid youth obey'd,
Who for the muses form'd my early years.

To guide the trembling hand, the lisping
tongue
Skill'd to correct, and not unknown to
fame,
Ah ! what avails that erst the infant throng,
To manhood grown, still tremble at his
name !

Firm fix'd upon a rock's projecting brow,
The village school defied the shock of
time ;
Its reverend image oft does fancy draw,
And visits oft the scenes of early prime.

There while the tardy hours their circles ran,
Impatient childhood fate, compell'd to
pore
On ling'ring tasks that with the dawn began,
And conn'd th' ungrateful lesson o'er and
o'er.

Hard fate, when scarcely from the fully'd
page
The curious eye a moment dar'd to stray ;
Nor from the oaken bench, era worn'd with
age,
The nimble foot might prove its light essay.

When on the silence scarce a whisper broke,
A kindred thought of pleasure to excite ;
Nor, unrestrain'd by terror, fancy spoke,
The fond idea of appall'd delights !

Save that the unpleasing hour of sad con-
straint,
With famen's echo'd through the man-
sion drear ;
And ever and anon the piteous plaint
Of smarting dullness smote the list'ning
ear.

For ah ! a wight he was whose very frown,
With timid awe each wayward thought
repris't :

And when he spoke, the authoritative tone
Awoke to terror each discordant breast.

Exalted high upon imperial chair,
He rul'd the assembly with despotic sway ;
His scanty praise 'twas glory's self—to share,
His wrathful brow diffus'd around dismay.

'Twas hence, his glance each lurking corner
try'd,
Suspicion's self late brooding in his eye ;
Where might the self-convict'd truant hide,
How frame to meet the fraudulent lie !

In vain the stamm'ring accent would con-
ceal
The hurry'd task, by negligence prepar'd ;
Nor suppliant looks, nor artful tears, avail,
Vindictive stripes from slaggard backs to
ward.

With stern, convulsive grasp his forceful
hand
The culprit seiz'd, while cries his terror
spoke ;
Nor idly fell the unrelenting wand,
As shrinking instinct writh'd to shun the
stroke.

What anguish keen from young sensation
flows,
Full well my youthful feelings could at-
test ;
But short-liv'd is the grief that Nature
knows,
When life's young tide invigorates the
breast.

Hail ! happy days ! which follow soonest
finds,
In swift forgetfulness a kind relief ;
Where quick transition soothes the vacant
mind,
And liveliest joy succeeds to keenest
grief !

Ah ! could my ripen'd fancy still efface
From mem'ry's brazen page each mourn-
ful scene ;
With lighter hand the lines of pleasure
trace,
Nor dwell on tales of woe that intervene !

Full oft again she'd join the sportive throng,
Haunt the gay mead, the fragrant breeze
inhale,
Explore the mossy nest, the brakes among,
Or in the race outstrip the flying gale !

Again, with youthful eagerness, partake
The buxom joys that innocence bestows ;
With morning suns to dreams of pleasure
wake,
And sink with eve to undisturbed repose,
Denton Academy.

W. G.
JOHN

JOHN AND JOAN.

A TALE.

By PETER PINDAR.

HAIL, wedded Love! the Bard thy
Beauty hails!
Though mix'd, at times, with cock and hen
like *sparrings*:
But calms are very pleasant after *gales*,
And dove-like. Peace much sweeter after
warrings.
I've written—I forgot the page, indeed;
But folks may find it, if they choose to read,
“ That Marriage is too *sweet* without *some*
“ *feur*—
“ *Variety* oft recommends a *flow'r*,

“ Wedlock, should be, like *punch*, some
“ *sweet*, some acid;
“ Then life is nicely *turbulent* and *placid*.
“ A Picture that is all in *light*—
“ Lord, what a thing! a very fright!
“ No, let some *darknes* be display'd;
“ And learn to *balance* well with *shade*.”

John married Joan—they frown'd, they
smil'd;
Now parted, and now made a child:
Now tepid show'r's of Love, now chilling
snows;
Much like the seasons of the year;
Or like a brook, now thick, now clear,
Now scarce a rill, and now a torrent flows.
One day they had a desp'rate quarrel
About a little small beer barrel,
Without John's knowledge slyly tapp'd by
Joan;
For Joan, t'oblige her old friend Hodge,
Thought asking leave of John was fudge;
And so the wifely left the leave alone.
It happ'd that John and Joan had not *two*
beds
To rest their angry, frowning brace of
heads;
Ergo, there was but *one*
To rest their gentle jaws upon.

“ I'll have a *board* between us,” cried the
Man—
“ With all *my* spirit, John,”—replied the
Wife:
A *board* was plac'd, according to their plan:
Thus ended this barrier at once the strife.

On the first night, the husband lay
Calm as a clock, nor once *wink'd* over—
Calm as a clock, too, let me say,
Joan never squinted on her lover.

Two, three, four nights, the sulky Pair,
Like two still mice, devoid of care,
In philosophic silence fought repose;
On the fifth morn, it chanc'd to please
John's nose to sneeze—
“ God blets you, Dear!” quoth Joan at
John's loud nose.

At this John gave a sudden start,
And, popping o'er the hedge, his head—
“ Joan, did you say it from your *heart*? ”
“ Yes, John, I *did*, indeed, indeed! ”
“ You *did*? ”—“ Yes, John, upon my
“ word”—
“ Zounds, Joan, then take away the
“ *Board*! ”

THE POINTED EPIGRAM.

A N Eton boy, who did not want for wit,
In careles haste his exercice had
writ;
How dare you, Blockhead, quoth the Master, bring
An Epigram to me that has no sting?
Pray, Sir, forgive me, says the youth, this
once,
Another time you shall not call me *Dunce*.
A Wasp next day the dext'rous stripling
caught,
And, wrapped in paper, to the Master
brought;
What have you here? the purblind Doctor
cries,
An Epigram, good Sir, the boy replies.
An Epigram? remember what you bring,
You know what follows if it has no sting,
He said—when quickly by the painful
smart,
He found the Rogue had not forgot the
Dart.

EPITAPH ON PARKER.

HERE Parker lies—of brief command,
Who woul'd his Country's vitals
tear;
But after troubling *Sea* and *Land*,
His corpse, “ affrights the troubled *air*! ”

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE,
ENTERPRISE and SPIRIT,

For AUGUST 1797.

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		RACING CALENDAR
		25—36

Embellished with a beautiful Etching of Harriers, and an excellent Plate of a Hunting Adventure of Henry IV. of France.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

Our Printer omitted in the Title page of the last Number, to mention the Second Plate given in that Number; the reading should have been,
" Embellished with a beautiful Etching of *Bear Hunting*, and a mas-
terly Engraving by Scott, from a Painting of Marshall's, of *Dabster*,
" a celebrated Fox-hound belonging to the Berkeley hunt."

N. B. Some account of this Hound is promised for our next Month's Magazine.





Drawn in et f.

WILLIAM FERGUS,

Published Augt 1797 by J. Dodsley, Warden of the

Sporting Magazine,

For AUGUST, 1797.

HARRIERS.

INTRODUCTION TO A SET OF PLATES TO BE ETCHED.

FIRST PLATE.

OUR Subscribers, we hope, will not be displeased to hear, that we mean this Plate as a specimen, and the first of a series which will comprise all the species of Dogs commonly used in hunting, and of Animals usually hunted in Great Britain. It will include the Harrier, the Fox-hound, the Terrier, the Stag-hound, the Otter-hound, the Spanish and English Pointer, the Spaniel and the Greyhound, with (as in the Plate annexed) the appropriate objects of pursuit; they will be designed and etched by the same artist, who, to our own knowledge, is not unused to field sports; and as the spirit of the chase is strong in him, we expect he will do his best in the composition and execution of these subjects.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE ITALIAN MONK.

A Serious Musical Play, founded upon the Italian of Mrs. Radcliffe, was on Tuesday night, August 15, performed for the first time. It is the production of Mr.

Boaden, the successful author of *Fountainville Forest*, *The Secret Tribunal*, &c.

THE CHARACTERS.

Schedoni,	-	Mr. Palmer.
Vivaldi,	-	Mr. C. Kemble.
Paulo	-	Mr. Sueti.
Antaldo,	-	Mr. Aickin.
Spalatro,	-	Mr. R. Palmer.
Countes,	-	Mrs. Harlowe.
Olivia,	-	Miss Herd.
Fioreca	-	Mrs. Eland.
Rosalba,	-	Miss De Camp

SKETCH OF THE STORY.

Schedoni, in the present Play, is a man of unbounded passions. He dissipates his fortune by prodigality, and he flings the woman he had married. He is jealous without love, and upon doubtful grounds stabs her, when the suitor whom he thought her paramour fled from his vengeance. He quits his country with precipitation. His wife does not fall a victim to this jealousy; but indignant and deserted, flies to a convent herself, and leaves her daughter to the care of her aunt. That aunt changes her name, and with her niece goes to reside at Naples.

Schedoni, eighteen years after the imagined death of his wife, having made his profession, becomes the spiritual guide of the Marchioness Vivaldi. His former ambition is seen corroding through the Cowl, and he seeks to involve her in some act that shall be a bond of crime, and make over to him the powerful

influence of her family. The young Count Vivaldi, becomes enamoured of Eliena Di Rosalba, whose aunt is now dead. The Marchioness and Schedoni strive to frustrate this union. At last, she is taken to a lonely cottage by the sea-side, and Schedoni discovers her to be his daughter. Vivaldi is carried to the prison of the Inquisition at Rome, for menacing Schedoni while employed in the act of confession. Upon discovering his daughter, Schedoni, discerning how he had laboured only to defeat his own object, hastens to Rome to release the Count, and bestow upon him his Ellena.

Ansaldo, who was the suitor, though unprevailing, of Schedoni's Lady, also enters the church, and sitting in the confessional chair some time after the event, hears the confession of Schedoni. Knowing himself to be the lover, he studiously observes the conduct of Schedoni, and unknown to him, becomes a brother of his order. He labours to defeat his designs; and finally, when he judges the heart of Schedoni, changed by the discovery of his daughter, and his disposition fitted for felicity, restores to him his long absent wife, and reveals himself at a moment, when every circumstance seemed to threaten the repentant Monk with assured destruction.

From the above sketch it appears, that Mr. Boaden has adhered very closely to the incidents of the original; and when the difficulty of transferring the interest of a three volume Novel, which is for the most part furnished by description, to a Play, which can only take up two or three hours in representation, we may very heartily congratulate him on the successful execution of his task.

The principal merit of the Itali-

an Monk, in his dramatic shape, is that of language, which is throughout highly poetical, vigorous, and refined. There are few modern Authors who have put together better dialogue, or more to the purpose, than is introduced in the present drama. Without any laboured endeavour after imitation, it approaches nearer to Shakespeare than any which has been written a long time.

The interest commences early in the play, and is kept up in a very masterly manner to the close. The scene between Schedoni and Ellena, when the Monk discovers his daughter in the person of his intended victim, is highly wrought up indeed. The interview also between Vivaldi and the Monk of Poluzzi, in the prison of the Inquisition, is managed with infinite judgment.

We have not space to enter at large into the merits of the production, but have no scruple in affirming, that in point of strength, of character, and incident, it is superior to most pieces that we have seen.

The Music does not add considerable to the fame of Dr. Arnold; but there is a little air by Mrs. Bland, which struck us very forcibly. It will be found in the poetical department of our Magazine.

The scene of the ruins of Poluzzi, with a distant view of Vesuvius, does infinite credit to the taste and executive abilities of Marinari.

The Play was received throughout with the most unbounded applause, and will, no doubt, be attractive for the remainder of the season.

The House was crowded with fashion.

The following, we confess, has no allusion to *Sporting*, excepting the few lines of Postscript; yet as it may prove interesting to our readers we give place to it, on the double consideration of wishing to please them, and the Correspondent who sent it.

To the Editors of the *SPORTING MAGAZINE.*

GENTLEMEN,

THE recent discovery of the remains of King John in our Cathedral, will no doubt attract the attention of your readers: I have therefore taken the liberty of sending you an exact account of the situation of the King upon the tomb being opened.

The Cathedral has for some time past been shut up, on account of the thorough repair which it is now undergoing, and in order to make some alteration in the choir, it was deemed expedient to remove the tomb of King John to the place where it was removed his body was interred. The workmen accordingly proceeded to take off the figure of the King, which covered the top of the tomb; upon removing which, to their great surprize, they discovered the full length of the King, lying as full length, in the stone coffin beneath. The Dean was immediately sent for, and the inhabitants of this place having heard of the discovery, proceeded in great numbers to view the royal remains: they were not disappointed, for the Dean had given the Sexton directions to admit a convenient number at a time, and thus was the curiosity of most of the people of Worcester fully gratified. As the accounts which have appeared in the public prints differ very widely

from the truth, I shall proceed to state minutely every thing which struck my attention. It is supposed the body was wrapped in a crimson damask robe, the colour of which had nearly perished by time; the cap was visible on the left arm; part of his sword lay on his left side, and parts of the leather scabbard. The robe had been tied across the ankles; part of the knot remained on the left ankle. The right leg did not lie so strait as the left, from which it appeared to have been contracted; part of the shin bone of the right leg, and that of the right arm, were seen below the elbow; the upper jaw, with teeth, lying near the right elbow, and the bone of the left arm out of its place, and lying flatways on his breast. A quantity of white paste appeared in several lumps on and below his belly, which had probably been buried into the body, on the last armadoes being taken out: on breaking a piece of this paste, it was mixed with the skeletons of maggots, or flies, of which a great quantity lay on and about the body. On the right cheek of the body was a Chapel of about half a yard long, and some grey hair, a yard or under part of the cap, which seemed to have filled his head with hair, and appeared to have been a buckled cap or the case, part of the straps remaining. The cap had the appearance, in many points, of being embroidered, particularly about the right knee. This Chapel was laid upon the same level as the floor of the choir, the robe being even with the surface of the pavement. There was no cover or canopy over than two marble bowls, which appeared perfectly dead. King John was buried in the year 1264, and it is now clearly ascertained that the body was deposited here, and not in the more eastern part of the church, as was supposed. The singular circumstance

circumstance of their being no record of the place of interment in the archieves of the Cathedral, is now obviated. Whether his body lay under the tomb stone or not, has occasioned much enquiry and investigation. Most of the authors who have treated upon it have left their readers in a state of incertitude and doubt; and where they have ventured their opinion, it has been generally wrong. This tomb was opened in the time of Dean Waugh, which I am well convinced of from the following circumstance: An old gentleman of my acquaintance, to whom I was relating the news of the day, had heard of the opening of the tomb, and begged me to go to the Cathedral and bring him an exact account of every thing I might see, which I accordingly did. "In return," says he, "for your kindness, I will impart a circumstance to you which very few know any thing about. In the time of Dean Waugh, it may be about forty years ago, the Cathedral was then being repaired, and something was to be done to King John's tomb. The Dean, no doubt, excited by curiosity, resolved not to lose so favourable an opportunity as then offered, of opening the tomb, and imparted his wish to Davis the sexton, whom he desired to attend at a stated hour the next morning, with a stout labouring man, for the purpose of putting his design in execution. The sexton (Davis) and his companion attended at the time appointed, and the tomb was opened in the presence of Dean Waugh, Mrs. Ellistone, and another lady, whose name I do not now recollect; it was instantly closed, and no other person was permitted to see it. Davis has since told me, that when it was first opened, the body of the King was found quite perfect, but that it gave way on the slightest touch,

and the Dean desired him to tell no one of what had happened. Thus, said my friend, "that which has created such astonishment at the present moment, I have known these forty years ago." All I can say to support the authenticity of this account is, that the gentleman who related the circumstance to me, is a respectable and independant character, well known in the city of Worcester, and is ready to come forward at any time to vouch for the truth of it.

Green, in his *History of Worcester*, vol. i. p. 67, gives the following account of the tomb of King John, which may not be uninteresting to such of your readers who have not the book to refer to. "A simple stone coffin, with his figure upon it, of the thirteenth century, raised a little above the surface of the earth, was all the memorial left for posterity to contemplate the personal character of a monarch, to whom it has casually been so much indebted. This stone was removed at the reformation, for the evident purpose of perpetuating, in the public mind, the new policy of that important era. The influence of papal authority having been compelled to yield to regal supremacy, the image of that same King, whom two centuries before had been basely surrendering his dignity and his crown to that overwhelming tyranny, was now brought forward, and most appositely made, the visible sign of that important part of the reformation having taken full effect in the church of Worcester. But his corporeal remains, as if unworthy to assert a right so legitimate and just, were left to their repose in obscurity and neglect, and in so marked a manner, as *at this time* it remains a question with many, where they really are; a question we shall endeavour to resolve." For that purpose, Mr. Green

Green refers to p. 35. of Doctor Thomas's Survey of this Cathedral, by Mr. Dougharty, to whom the author had presented it. It is stated July 24, 1754, "on examination, the sepulchre of King John was within the tomb. It is of purbeck marble, the same with the relieve, and is painted of a vermillion red ground, ornamented with lions, in *or*; the sarcophagus is covered with wood, over which are some flat sand stones, the rest filled with rubbish. When it was first deposited, the figure lay on the stone coffin; both were environed with gilt palliades, which I suppose were destroyed in 1651, after which the present embellishments of the sides were added. *His body remains within.*" In the first edition of the same work, p. 40, the late Rev. Mr. Garbett has noted in his copy, in the possession of Dr. Nash, "That there is within the tomb a sepulchral case, or stone coffin, adorned with nine lions, and a plank over it, *but no bones were found in it.*"

"On these informations," says Mr. Green, "I have only to remark, that both agree with respect to a sepulchral case being within the tomb, and as to its decorations; but it appears, that although the first concludes by saying, "His (King John's) body remains within," (that sepulchre), yet that it had not been examined; whereas the latter states, "but no bones were found in it," which could only have been known from actual inspection.

I have made these extracts for the purpose of shewing the different opinions relative to the place where King John was interred; but being fearful I have already intruded too much on your goodness by this long letter, I shall take my leave of Green's History of Worcester, and the subject of this

letter; and hoping this will be worthy of a place in your useful Miscellany,

I am, Gentlemen,
with good wishes,
yours, obediently,

Worcester.

I. A.

P. S. A gentleman has actually angled with some of the maggots found in the coffin of the King, and it is true, though a curious fact, that he caught some very fine bleak, with which he treated his friends.

GROUSE SHOOTING.

THE following fact, which is told on undoubted authority, will give our readers some idea of the extraordinary plenty of moor game this season:—On Friday, August 18, a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Lauder, laid a bet with the factor of the Earl of Lauderdale, that the latter should not kill twelve brace of grouse on his Lordship's moors in that neighbourhood, on the day following. The whole day, from sun-rise to sun-set, was allowed for performance.—About six o'clock on Saturday the 19th, the Earl's factor set out with a couple of pointers, and a single fowling piece only; and before half past eleven, considerably within five hours after coming on the ground, he killed no fewer than fourteen brace. Upon which, with the true spirit of a sportsman, so different from that of a slaughtering poacher, he returned home without firing another shot; though, had he continued the pursuit through the course of the day, there was no doubt but he could have easily won his bet twice over.

KILLING A DOG.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Fletcher v. Chambers.

THIS action was brought to recover a satisfaction in damages for killing the Plaintiff's dog, &c.

Mr. Erskine said, if his instructions were true, they must excite the honest indignation of every man of feeling at the conduct of the Defendant, which was extremely disgraceful to human nature. Humanity was the best and most amiable quality of the human mind; and the Great Author of Nature had given to the inhabitants of this island more humanity, kindness, and benevolence, than to any other nation under Heaven: and that affection was not confined to the human race, but extended itself in various degrees to the whole animal creation. The Defendant lodged with the Plaintiff, who had a small bitch terrier, for which he had contracted a great affection. She used to alarm the House when any strangers made their appearance; and it was unnecessary to state, that a little waiter of this sort in a house in the suburbs of this town, where they could not afford to keep a number of servants, was of extreme importance to warn them before they were pillaged of their property, or had their throats cut. One day the Defendant, in an amorous or mad fit, was pulling the maid-servant about, and using some indecencies, when this little bitch snarled at him, and thereby shewed a degree of decency and decorum which he had not. By this means the attention of the Plaintiff was directed to this busi-

ness, who called him in question for the impropriety of his conduct. If he had killed this bitch in a moment of passion, he would by no means have been innocent; but that was not the case; some days after, seeing this little animal a-sleep on a cushion, with a little family of its own, he seized it, and barbarously dashed its brains out on the pavement. Though in the estimation of man, that was not murder, yet he believed it was in the eye of the Great Author of Nature, inasmuch as it was a cruel and malicious taking away of a life which the Author of Nature had given it, as much as he had given life to him who took it away. But here they were on the subject of property. The law of England, as well as the Roman law, regarded the *pretium affectionis*. That is, it did not consider what value a dealer in dogs might have set on such an animal, but what it was worth to the proprietor of it, and estimated the loss accordingly.

As the learned Counsel was proceeding, Lord Kenyon asked him and Mr. Perceval, leading Counsel on the other side, if they would refer it.

They said they were perfectly ready to do whatever his Lordship pleased.

Lord Kenyon said, he wished it to be referred to some gentleman of feeling and honour, to say what ought to be done on the whole of the case. His Lordship recommended Mr. D. P. Coke to settle the bating's, and who undertook it. The reason, his Lordship said, why he recommended it to be referred was, that he entertained some doubt whether the pleadings would have let in this case as they ought, without a new alignment.—Referred.

A TREATISE on FARRIERY, with ANATOMICAL PLATES.*(Continued from page 190.)***OF A FISTULA IN THE WITHERS.**

THIS disorder generally begins on the top of the withers, and is small at first, but it soon increases and spreads on both sides, often reaching down to the shoulders and forwards toward the neck, which impostumes and turns sinous unless taken in time. Sometimes it is confined to one side only, though the other may be a little swelled. It may proceed from bruises of the saddle, or the poll evil, in the same manner as in fevers. When it is caused by a bruise, it is not dangerous, and may be repelled with safety. When it breaks on one side only, and the swelling on the other subsides, it may be cured in the same manner as any other abscesses. If in both sides between the spines, the cure will be difficult. That between the sinusses of the lowermost rack-bones is of a very bad kind, and if cured causes a deformity. When there are several sinusses that communicate with each other, the cure is generally impracticable.

When the swelling is caused by the saddle or a blow, bathe it with hot vinegar; if that fails, mix half an ounce of white vitriol with a quart of vinegar; but the vitriol must be first dissolved in water. This will reduce small swellings in a short time. When the swelling is hot, or when little hot watery pimples arise, there is an ulcerous disposition, which may be prevented with the following mixture:

Boil two ounces of sal-armoniac, or a handful of wood ashes, in a quart of water: then pour off the

clear, and mix it with half a pint of spirit of wine.

Bathe the eruption with this first, and then anoint it with linseed oil to soften the skin. Aqua fortis may be applied once in two days, but then it burns off the hair, and makes the swelling turn to a quaggy ichor, which will cast off sloughs and abate the swelling, leaving a scar with a little baldness. Oil of vitriol will do the same; or white vitriol mixed with vinegar and spirits of wine.

When this tumour is the consequence of a fever, it must never be repelled, but ripened with ointment of marsh-mallows mixed with a little oil of turpentine; or a poultice made with a pint of rye flour, six ounces of hog's lard, four ounces of ointment of marsh-mallows, and four ounces of oil of turpentine, mixed and warmed in a pipkin. The swelling must be always covered with a cloth under his body-cloth till it breaks.

The abscesses should break of itself, or at least be very ripe before it is opened, which may be known by its softness. It may be opened with a hot iron, small at the point, but neither round nor sharp. Empty the abscess, and put in a leaden probe to discover which way it turns, that you may open it still farther. This opening should be made downwards from the orifice a little slanting, as far as the hollowness reaches, which is best done by an half round firing iron made hot. This may prevent a fistula. When there is an abscess on the other side, it may be opened in the same manner, and when there is a communication between both, it may be preserved by a perforation through the withers, taking care to avoid the ligament which runs along the neck to the withers.

Some of the ulcers will fill up with the use of turpentine, honey,

and the tincture of myrrh mixed with red precipitate, and bathing the sore all round with rectified spirit of wine. But when the ulcer is foul, and the matter of a bad colour, with fungous flesh, then the following mixture will be proper:

Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of Roman vitriol in half a pint of water; oil of turpentine and rectified spirit of wine, of each four ounces; of white vine vinegar six ounces; oil of vitriol and Egyptian ointment, of each two ounces.

Mix these together, making them scalding hot, and soak pledgits in it to apply to the ulcer; as often as it is dressed it must be bathed with the following mixture:

Take spirit of wine and vinegar, of each a pint; of oil of sulphur two ounces. The oil must be dropt in by little and little, to prevent too great an effervescence.

There is no material difference between oil of sulphur and oil of vitriol, so that you may use which you please. The pledgit should be laid in the ulcer as loose as possible, and when it fills up with sound flesh, lint alone will do, or pledgits large enough to cover the whole sore, armed with the common digestive, and mixed with a small quantity of precipitate. When the ulcer is sinous, the sinuosities must be laid open and dressed as before; when it is a true fistula, its sources must be destroyed with a caustic or an hot iron.

When the bones are foul, inject equal quantities of tincture of myrrh and tincture of euphorbium, bathing the sore all about with the preceding mixture. This disease may likewise be cured with scalding, as in the poll evil.

OF STRAINS of the SHOULDERS,
KNEES, and PASTERNS.

A fresh strain in the shoulder

may be easily known by the horse not putting out that leg like the other, that is, not so far, and by his endeavouring to favour it. When it proceeds from humours, and affects both shoulders, he stumbles as he goes along.

Sudden lamenesses of the shoulders may be cured by dissolving half an ounce of bole armoniac, or French bole, in a pint of good vinegar; and bathing the part with it two or three times a day, from the wither almost to the knee, and half way up the breast, letting the horse rest a few days, till he is well. If the horse is lame without a swelling; then

Take of the best vinegar half a pint; spirit of vitriol and rectified spirit of wine, of each two ounces; of French bole half an ounce; use it as the former.

When the shoulder is much swelled and relaxed, then fomentations will be necessary.

Take of the tops of rosemary, lavender and wormwood, of each an ounce; of camomile flowers half an ounce; bay berries and juniper berries, of each an ounce and an half; of crude sal armoniac four ounces; of salt of tartar two ounces; boil them in two gallons of chamber-lye.

Take a quart of this fomentation, and mix it with half a pint of spirit of wine, and foment the horse's shoulder with it with pieces of flannel large enough to cover it all over. The liquor must be made hot, and the flannel applied as usual. Besides this, it will be proper to make a rowel in the point of the shoulder, and there will be no doubt of a cure.

The Stringhalt may be cured with frictions and fomentations, without any farther trouble.

Strains of the knees and pasterns, may be cured with poultices made with rye flour, the grounds of beer and chamber-lye. When the swelling

ling and inflammation is abated, bathe the parts twice a day with the following mixture:

Take vinegar a pint; of camphorated spirit of wine four ounces; of white vitriol dissolved in a little water, two drams; this will strengthen the horse's knees and pasterns.

**OF STRAINS in the COFFIN-JOINT,
BACK-SINEWS, and HOCK.**

The Strain of the Coffin-joint is not readily known at first, because the horse does not favour that foot, except he plants it on the ground, but in time it will become so stiff that he will only touch the ground with his toe; nor will the foot play with the hands. Blistering and firing will cure this disorder, unless it has been of too long standing.

The Strain of the Back-sinew, is a common accident, and generally proceeds from hard riding in bad roads. In this case the sinew will swell, sometimes from the backside of the knee to the heel; and then the horse does not care to put his foot even on the ground, but sets it before the other while he is standing.

There is nothing cures this disorder so soon as the vinegar, and French bole, lately mentioned. It must be made warm, and rubbed into the sinews often in a day. And if any weakness remains, a milde blister will compleat the cure, and bring down the sinew to its natural state.

Strains in the Hock, are easily cured when taken in time, by bathing them with coolers and repellants, as in other recent strains. But when the ligament is murt, they must be well plied with fomentations, and then there will be no danger of success. If the callosity

or hardness grows only on the outside, it may certainly be removed by repeated blistering. But if the callosity is on the inside, it will be necessary to fire the part very gently, making lines pretty close together, and then apply the following charge:

Take of the plaster of gum armoniac with mercury, to be had at the shops, six ounces; melt it with a little linseed oil to make it a little softer, but not too soft, and apply it like a charge over the hock, and when it is fallen off, renew it once or twice more.

When there is a hard scabby sore or crack in the bending of the hock, it is called the Sallenders, and when there is the same in the bending of the knee, it is termed the Mallenders. These are first to be washed, after the hair is clipped off, with a lather of soap in chamber-lye, and then lay on the mercurial ointment of the shops spread on tow. This should be repeated night and morning; or

Take Ethiop's mineral half an ounce; of white vitriol a dram; of soft green soap six ounces; incorporate them well together in a mortar, and apply as before.

Either of these used with care, will be sufficient; though some make a strong liniment with two drams of corrosive sublimate, and two ounces of hog's lard.

**OF LAMENESS in the STIFLE,
WHIRL-BONE, and HIP.**

When a horse is lame in the stifle, he generally treads upon his toe, and cannot let the heel to the ground. Sometimes the stifle swells pretty much. Cooling applications, such as were used for the shoulder, will succeed very well, unless the swelling be large and puffy, and

then fomentation must be used. When there is an abscess which breaks and runs, it will terminate the disease.

Lameness of the whirlbone and hip, may be cured, when they are discovered in time; otherwise the cure is very uncertain. At first the horse discovers but little lameness, or scarce any at all, in his walk, unless he comes to trot, and then he drops backwards upon his heel.

The cause of the lameness may lie either in the muscles or the hip, which at first may be removed with coolers and repellers so often mentioned. They should be used at least four or five times a day. But when this disorder is confirmed, we must use blistering and firing, which may remove the lameness so far as to leave only a limp, that will not hinder his going through business. Rowels in this case have done more harm than good.

OF NARROW HEELS, BINDING of
the HOOF, and SAND-CRACKS.

Narrow Heels are generally natural defects, and are often rendered incurable by bad shoeing. The best method is to hollow the foot in shoeing, and to pare nothing out but what is rotten or foul. When the foot is hard or dry, or inclined to be rotten, bathe them often in chamber-lye, or boil two pounds of linseed in chamber-lye to the consistence of a poultice, and then add six ounces of soft soap, and anoint the foot every day with this, and put a little upon the foal. Or,

Take six ounces of fresh butter; two ounces of bees wax; one ounce of tar, and as much linseed oil as will bring it to a smooth ointment.

Binding of the hoof, is when it is so small about the instep, that it turns the hoof into the shape of a bell. The cure of this is by making seven or eight lines, with a drawing-knife, from the coronet almost to the toe. The lines must penetrate almost quite through the hoof, but not quite reach the quick; and keep it charged with pitch till the lines are quite worn out with shoeing, which will require several months; and therefore many turn the horse out to graze till the feet grow down, though some are able to travel in a few weeks.

Horses sometimes have old nails and other sharp things run into the tender parts within the hoof. When this is the case, after taking them out, the part must be bathed with warm oil of turpentine and spirit of wine, and pledgets with basilicon should be laid over it by way of stopping. If it turns to an ulcer, and discharges foul stinking matter, and proud flesh arises thereon, the dressing must be made with honey, Venice turpentine, and Egyptian ointment: first strewing precipitate on the sore.

A Sand-crack is a little small cleft on the outside of the hoof. When it penetrates through the horny part of the hoof, and runs directly downward, it is not easily cured. When it passes through the ligament which unites the hoof with the coronet, it is apt to breed a quitter or a false quarter, which are very dangerous. When the crack penetrates through the hoof without touching a ligament, it may easily be cured by rasping the edges smooth, and applying thick pledgets of yellow basilicon, and binding them down with soft list or a piece of very large waxed pack-thread bound round it like a hoop. But if there is a hollowness under the hoof, and the cleft seems to be ready to penetrate through the cartilage

tilage or ligament, it had best be fired directly with irons moderately hot; but both sides of the cleft are first to be rasped thin, and that gradually on each side to some distance. This done, the horse should be turned out to grass till the foot is well.

La Fosse has lately discovered that the coronary bone is often cracked into three pieces, and sometimes from slight accidents. But as this is incurable, it is only a caution for people not to throw away their money in attempting a cure. He does not pretend to give any symptom to discover it, but only in general says, it is a lame-ness that draught horses are most subject to.

OF A QUITTOR, RUNNING FRUSH,
and CANKER.

A Quittor is an ulcer formed between the hair and the hoof, commonly on the inside quarter of a horse's hoof. It is dangerous when the hoof is hollow near that part, or the blood vitiated. But while it continues on the outside of the hoof, it may be easily managed. The coronet must be bathed all round every day with spirit of wine, and the sore must be dressed with yellow basilicon, mixed with red precipitate, in the proportion of an ounce of the former to two drams of the latter.

But when the matter gets under the hoof, there is no way of coming at it but by taking off part of the hoof. This must be done very carefully and judiciously, and then the cure will not be difficult. When the ulcerous matter is got so near the quarter, as to make it necessary to be taken off, the cure can only be palliative; for when it grows again, it leaves so large a

seam as to weaken the foot; but he may serve pretty well for a draught horse afterwards.

A running of the flush or thrush, is an impostume that gathers in the frog of horses that have fleshy heels, and have deep clefts in their frogs. Those that have clean dry frogs are seldom troubled with such accidents. They are sometimes attended with the grease.

When the abscess appears, the hard part of the frog must be pared away, and whatever appears rotten. Then the bottom of the foot must be washed two or three times a day with old chamber-lye; which will serve for the present, for it is very apt to return.

When there is a great flux of humours upon the part, it is apt to turn to a canker, which we must endeavour to prevent by applying the following mixture:

Take vinegar and spirit of wine, of each two ounces; of tincture of myrrh and aloes an ounce; of Egyptian ointment half an ounce; mix them together, and bathe every part that appears moist; and lay tow dipped in the mixture over the ulcer, in the manner of stopping.

Then the horse should be purged with laxative physic, and two or three diuretic doses mentioned in the next section.

When a thrush becomes rotten and putrid, it is apt to degenerate into a canker, especially when it is got into the sinuosities of the coffin-joint. Sometimes it may proceed from bruises, corns and nails.

The canker sometimes makes so swift a progress, that it will turn the muscles of the foot to a quag in one night's time, and rot the foal at the same time. The quick growth of fungous flesh that appears in these sores, requires the strongest applications. Aqua fortis or oil of vitriol should be applied

plied every day, and then we may get ground of the disease, even though it reaches the coffin-bone; for though the muscles of the foot are quite wasted with the canker and the cure, yet they will grow again, and the horse will at length have a better foal than before. When the canker does not arise while the dressings are used, once in two days will be sufficient, and sometimes a little red precipitate and burnt allum will be necessary to strew on the growing flesh, till the foal begins to appear. The hoof should not only be cut off in all places where it presses the tender parts, but should be kept soft with linseed oil, and every time the foot is dressed, it should be bathed all round with chamber lye. He should have two or three doses of laxative physic, at proper intervals, when he is come to his stomach. When the foot is firm and strong, a little working will do the horse good.

(To be continued.)

CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Tuesday July 25, a Grand Match of Cricket was played at Eton, between Eleven Gentlemen of the Oldfield Club, and Eleven young Gentlemen of Eton College, for One Thousand Guineas.

ETONIANS.

FIRST INNINGS.

Thornhill	41	b. F. Quarne.
Vansittart	6	c. Sale.
Beauchamp	1	b. Cooper.
Joynes	0	b. Sale.
Ponton	55	b. Cooper.
Nield	5	run out.
Sumner	0	b. F. Quarne.
Thackeray	5	b. Cooper.
Ekins	14	b. Mannefey.
Baylay	6	b. Ditto.
Lloyd	3	not out.
Byes	0	

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SECOND INNINGS.	
Thornhill	2 b. F. Quarne.
Vansittart	14 b. Ditto.
Beauchamp	0 c. Sale.
Joynes	13 c. Cooper.
Ponton	28 b. Sale.
Nield	0 c. Quarne.
Sumner	6 b. Sale.
Thackeray	4 c. Ditto.
Ekins	7 b. Quarne.
Baylay	0 b. Sale.
Lloyd	7 not out.
Byes	1

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OLDFIELD CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Leycester	2 b. Beauchamp
Sandy	2 c. Thackeray.
James	4 b. Beauchamp.
Mannefey	6 b. Joynes.
Quarne	2 b. Ditto.
F. Quarne	4 b. Sumner.
Cooper	14 c. Thornhill.
Sale	9 c. Thackeray.
Powys	0 b. Beauchamp.
Barker	5 b. ditto.
Matthews	0 not out.
Byes	1

49

SECOND INNINGS.

Leycester	0 b. Beauchamp.
Sandy	0 c. Baylay.
James	12 not out.
Mannefey	21 c. Lloyd.
Quarne	0 b. Joynes.
F. Quarne	0 b. Beauchamp.
Cooper	0 b. Joynes.
Sale	2 b. ditto.
Powys	0 b. ditto.
Barker	4 b. Beauchamp.
Matthews	0 b. ditto.
Byes	2

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We have been favoured with the following list of the Players in the Grand Cricket Match played on Swaffham race ground last month

month (July 17,) between Thirty-three Men of the county of Norfolk, and Eleven of all England, with the number of notches obtained by each man.

—
NORFOLK.

FIRST INNINGS.

Allen	5 b. J. Walker.
Brooks	0 b. J. Wells.
Archer	9 b. ditto.
Brown	6 b. T. Walker.
Mitchell	0 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Glascock	0 not out.
Watlin	0 c. Beldam.
Cox	1 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
B. Fuller	0 c. Hammond.
Cousin	0 ran out.
Milligan	6 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Warner	0 b. ditto.
Sculfer	1 ran out.
G. Withers	0 c. Beldam.
R. Harmor	0 c. Hammond.
J. Fuller	7 c. Lord F. Beauclerk.
M. Raven	3 c. Fennex.
J. Withers	0 c. Hammond.
Rust	1 c. Beldam.
J. Fuller	6 c. ditto.
Jackson	1 c. Freemantle.
Little Raven	0 c. H. Walker.
Raynor	0 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
B. Fuller	0 c. Hammond.
Curtis	0 c. Small, jun.
Rumball	0 c. Fennex.
Bennett	0 c. Hammond.
Paul	2 stumpt Hammond.
Stibbard	0 stumpt ditto.
Hale	1 c. Beldam.
Emmerson	0 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Scott	0 c. ditto.
Sturley	1 b. J. Wells.
Byes	0

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SECOND INNINGS.

Allen	2 b. Fennex.
Brooks	0 stumpt Hammond.
Archer	9 b. J. Wells.
Brown	0 stumpt Hammond.
Mitchell	14 leg before wicket.
Glascock	0 c. Small, jun.
Watlin	1 leg before wicket.
Cox	7 c. Lord F. Beauclerk.
B. Fuller	0 c. Wells.

Cousin	0 c. Wells.
Milligan	0 b. ditto.
Warner	1 not out.
Sculfer	2 c. H. Walker.
G. Withers	4 stumpt Hammond.
R. Harmor	9 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
J. Fuller	0 b. ditto.
M. Raven	1 c. H. Walker.
J. Withers	0 b. J. Wells.
Rust	3 b. ditto.
J. Fuller	1 ran out.
Jackson	0 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Little Raven	2 b. ditto.
Raynor	0 c. H. Walker.
B. Fuller	0 b. J. Wells.
Curtis	2 c. Fennex.
Rumball	0 b. ditto.
Bennett	3 stumpt Hammond.
Paul	0 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Stibbard	9 b. Fennex.
Hale	0 c. Hammond.
Emmerson	0 c. Fennex.
Scott	0 c. H. Walker.
Sturley	0 b. Fennex.
Byes	5

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ENGLAND:

FIRST INNINGS.

T. Walker,	55 c. Scott.
Lord F. Beauclerk	39 c. Emmerson.
Hon. J. Tufton	19 c. Archer.
Freemantle	4 b. G. Withers.
Hammond	10 c. J. Fuller.
Robinson	2 c. Raynor.
Small, jun.	2 c. Sculfer.
Beldam	6 not out.
Fennex	4 b. Milligan.
H. Walker	0 b. B. Fuller.
J. Wells	3 c. Warner.
Byes	0

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The match for One Thousand Guineas played on the same ground, between the Noblemen and Gentlemen, (mostly of the Marybone Club) afforded much delight and satisfaction to the spectators, who had never seen the game played in such superior style; it terminated July 21, in favour of the Earl of Winchelsea, against Lord

Lord Frederick Beauclerk. Amongst the personages who honoured this meeting we observed the Lords Clermont, Winchelsea, Dalkeith, Frederick Beauclerk, the Hon. Mr. Tufton, the Hon. Mr. Hupton, — Mellish, Esq. and many other gentlemen of rank and fortune. Lord Frederick Beauclerk played in a very superior style indeed, and was much admired for his great agility in every part of the game.

The CHACE, a POEM. By William Somerville, Esq.

(Continued from page 202.)

HUNTSMAN! her gait observe, if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Perfusing still, she'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold course; less intricate thy task:
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd
wretch
The frightened chace leaves her late dear
abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark! from yon covert, where those
tow'ring oaks
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale
Upon our rayish'd ears! The hunters shout,
The clang-ing horns swell their sweet-wind-ing
notes,
The pack wide-op'ning load the trembling
air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near: afflusive birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison
broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's
call;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs th' adjacent hill; the plough-
man leaves
Th' unfinis'd furrow; nor his bleating
flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy; men, boys,
and girls

Desert th' unpeopled village; and wild
crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy
feiz'd.
Look, how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning
glade
Slips glancing by; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unrav'le wile by wile,
Maze within maze. The covert's utmost
bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something
more,
'Tis Heav'n directs, and stratagems inspire,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert
break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to
take,
And how t' escape the fierce blood-thirsty
crew,
That still urge on, and still in vollies loud,
Inflit her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals, the loaded winds
Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears pre-
vail;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's
ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and
tide,
And all their canvas wings skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage
try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour
along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion tost;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwear'y'd, up they
climb,
And ardent we pursue; our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore; till once the summit
gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe a while;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man, who with unrival'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack; how in the rapid
course
Alternate they preside, and justling push
To guide the dubious scent; how giddy
youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old
hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chace
Sinking he finds; then to the head he
springs,

With

With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed; they stop in full career.

Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance graze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See! that old hound,

How busily he works, but dares not trust His doubtful sense; draw yet a wider ring. Hark! now again the chorus fills As bells Sally'd a while at once their peal renew, And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls. See, how they tos, with animated rage Recov'ring all they lost!—That eager hunte Some doubling wile foreshews.—Ah! yet

o'ce more

They're check'd—hold back with speed— on either hand

They flourish round—ev'n yet perfis't—'Tis right,

Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend

Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chace

Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd. From brake to brake she flies, and visits all Her well-known haunts, where once she rang'd secure,

With love and plenty blest. See! there she goes,

She reels along, and by her gait betrays Her inward weaknes. See! how black she looks!

The sweat that clogs th' obstrusted pores, scared leaves

A languid scent. And now in open view See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve. How quick the turns! their gaping jaws eludes,

And yet a moment lives; till round inclos'd

By all the greedy pack, with infant screams She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.

So when the furious Bacchanals assaill'd Thracian Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!

Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,

Return'd their clam'rous rage; distress'd he flies,

Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;

For eager they pursue, till panting, faint, By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks, To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made, Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down Her reeking entrails, and yet quiv'ring heart.

These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite.

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For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground the lies, A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes Cold death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb. Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds

Around her bay; or at their master's foot, Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause, With humble adulation cow'ring low.

All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind

Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack

The concert swell, and hills and dales return

The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,

A puny, daftard animal, but vers'd In fulste wiles, diverts the youthful train.

But if thy proud, aspiring foul disdains So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp, Magnificence and grandeur of the chace;

Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,

Line within line, rise the pavilions proud, Their silken streamers waving in the wind?

Why neighs the warrior horse? from tent to tent,

Why pres in crowds the buzzing multitude?

Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,

This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain?

Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;

Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous host Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name

And specious guile of war. A nobler cause

Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd, No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,

No violated leagues, with sharp remorse Shall sting the concious victor: but man-kind

Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts

He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey

Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!

Imperial Dehli op'ning wide her gates, Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,

And all the pomp of war. Before them found

Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,

And bold defiance. High upon his throne, Born on the back of his proud elephant,

Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race:

K k

Sublime

Sublime he fits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him
crowd,
And rein th' Arabian steed, and watch his
nod:
And potent Rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here sub-
miss
Their homage pay, alternate kings and
slaves.
Next thefe, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court; a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye; one look is death.
Ah, cruel Eastern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray,
Were lefs severe. The vulgar close the
march,
Slaves and artificers; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review,
Thro' groves of spears, from file to file he
darts
His sharp experienc'd eye; their order
marks,
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundles's line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd,
On these extended plains, when Ammon's
son
With mighty Porus in dread bâttle join'd,
The vaſt world the prize. Nor was that
hoſt
More numerous of old, which the great king
Pour'd out on Greece from all th' unpeopled
East;
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to
shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Mean while in
troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference; full many a league
In compafs round; woods, rivers, hills, and
plains,
Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reaſon bound
Man's erring will. Now ſit in cloſe divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious hoſt.
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the
chace,
From ancient records drawn. With rev'ren-
ence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these com-
mand,
Those execute with ſpeed, and punctual
care;
In all the ſtricteſt discipline of war:

As if ſome watchful woe, with bold insult
Hung low'ring o'er their camp. The high
refolve,
That flies on wings; thro' all th' encircling
line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their ſpheres roll round his
orb,
On all he ſhines, and rules the great ma-
chine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mifts,
The ſignal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th' imperial standard
waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glitt'ring
gems;
And like a ſheet of fire, thro' the dun
gloom
Streaming meteorous. The ſoldiers shouts
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din,
Fill the large concave. While from camp to
camp,
They catch the varied ſounds, floating in
air,
Round all the wide circumference, tygers
fell
Shrink at the noife; deep in his gloomy
den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at
once
Onward they march embattled, to the ſound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the ſleepy ſoul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunter's
range
Inquisitive; strong dogs that match in fight
The boldeſt brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unſearch'd,
they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking ſavages. Inceſtant shouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the for'eſt
ſeems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of ſheep
they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tygers, bears, and wolves; a dread-
ful crew
Of grim blood-thirſty foes: growling along,
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance
ſtill
Hangs peaining on their rear, and pointed
ſpears
Preſent immeadiate death. Soon as the night
Wraps in her ſable veil forbids the chace,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd,
and fires

At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint th' horizon with their ruddy
light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit
wide
Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous
roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades ! where erst the
bird
That glads the night, had chear'd the list'ning
groves
With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent
gloom
Oft they the guards assail ; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild des-
pair.
Thus day by day, they still the chace re-
new ;
At night encamp ; till now in freighter
bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no
mean ;
From man they turn, and point their ill-
judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and
claws
The civil war begins ; grappling they tear.
Lions on tygers prey, and bears on wolves :
Horrible discord ! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides : tame as the
lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of
man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress.

(To be continued.)

A PARSIMONIOUS CHARACTER.

ONE Ironmore, who lately died worth very considerable property, though only Clerk to an Attorney, was a character truly eccentric. He was not only a bachelor, but always seemed to entertain an opinion of the fair sex next to the most perfect contempt. Though sixty-six years of age when

he died, no person ever recollects seeing him smile. In his dress he was singular in the extreme, as he never purchased coat, waistcoat, or breeches from his childhood, but indulged his taste for old fashions in wearing part of a large stock of antique clothes left by his uncle, as frugal as himself. He was particularly attached to old wigs, and, except a shilling for a coarse neck handkerchief just before his death, never laid out any thing but for those and shoes, which he always mended himself. Into the room in which he slept in the house of his employer, no person had been suffered to enter for five years previous to his decease, neither was it swept or washed during that period. Instead of a pocket handkerchief, he made use of a sheet of white paper, which he always spread upon his knee while at meals. In the summer season, when the family was out of town, in which he was employed, he had a full scope to his disposition in boarding himself; but having a weak digestion, could eat nothing out of doors but leg of beef: when at home, not being willing to lose the rind of the bacon, which he could not eat, he used to cut it in slips, and use it for shoe-strings, till the smell, in consequence of its attraction of the dogs, &c. wherever he made his appearance, obliged him to abandon the practice. Being once bantered by a visitor, who observed the piteous moanings of the family cat then left to his care, and naturally imputed them to hunger, Ironmore told him he would put them in possession of a cheap remedy against importunities of that nature: and without the least derangement of features, taking the cat in his arms, and greasing her head all over with a little of the fat of his leg of beef, assured him, as was really the case, that she had then suffi-

sufficient employment for the whole afternoon to lick her face and head clean, which would be apparently as satisfying to her as solid food. Most of his property went to such of his relatives as were in good circumstances.

product. Clover and Rye-grafts have not yielded so well as the natural grasses. Turnips are promising in most parts where they are cultivated, but some tracts have suffered from the fly. Potatoes seem likely to turn out well.

The prices of cattle have dropped in the north. At St. Boswell's fair, in Scotland, July 18th, was one of the greatest shows of sheep ever known, which sold thirty per cent. cheaper than before. Black cattle also went off dull, and Horses were a drug. Butcher's meat has fallen proportionally in those parts.

On the whole, there is great reason to hope, that the present fine weather will considerably repair the damages of the earlier part of the year; and that the harvest will prove an abundant, though probably a late one.

AGRICULTURE.

So analogous is the business of Agriculture to that of Sporting, that we have resolved to give the two Monthly Reports of Agriculture, which will rescue them from the temporary duration of a Newspaper. We shall also, as occasion offers, present our readers with such other Agricultural subjects, as we think worthy of their notice.

FIRST REPORT FOR JULY.

OUR accounts from the west of England agree in representing the crops as remarkably luxuriant and healthy in their appearance. Not more than a fifth or eighth of the Wheat is laid. The Barley, Oats, and Pease, never looked better, in any season. The Turnips are generally up, and promise remarkably well. Much of this improved appearance arises from the late dry and warm weather.

Northwards, the continuance of cold and wet weather has done more lasting injury; yet, on the whole, the crops on the ground are great. The early corn has been considerably chilled; and in many places, it is to be feared, will not fill or ripen kindly. Hay is still getting in, even in some parts not far from London; and they who have waited for the fine weather, will be well repaid by the quantity and goodness of the

SECOND REPORT FOR JULY.

The warm weather at the close of the month brought the Corn so forward, that the Harvest has pretty generally commenced by the cutting of Wheat as well as Oats in the Southern and Eastern districts. The promise of crops varies exceedingly in different counties; on some of the best tender wheat lands, where the plants were early taken by the wire-worm, either a blight or mildew have materially affected the ear; the Western districts seems most free from them; in the North the straw is light, as well as the ear; so that on the average the present crops of wheat will fall much short of the copious produce of last year. —Oats are universally a crop, and in the Fens a larger one than ever was remembered; the Barleys are likewise great, and ripening early will probably give good malting samples. Beans, though abundant in

in straw, have not in the strong soils podded well; and Pease and Tares have been much injured in the Eastern counties, by the maggot and pulse-louse. The Rape Seed, already threshed out, rises to a fair average crop, but the breadth sown last year was not considerable: the highest price yet offered has been 30*l.* per last. The Clovers sown for seed have not at present a favourable appearance, but few pieces appear to bloom fairly.

In all the Turnip countries complaints are general of the repeated loss of plants by the fly, except those which were very early sown, and set out in cool sandy soils.—Hay has proved a great crop, and been well got up, except that so early mown round London.

The Hop plantations through the kingdom exhibit very different aspects: in West Kent they are foul and growing black; the grounds of Farnham and Essex are promising, while the Sussex and Worcestershire planters reckon only on half a crop.—The Wool trade has had a start, 15*d.* a lb. being now freely given for the Norfolk and Down fleeces.—Smithfield has been well supplied of late with Beef and Veal at reduced prices, but good Mutton is still scarce and dear. Lean Cattle and Store Sheep continue to be rated at extravagant prices; but the failure of turnips and shortness of latter-math, begin to be felt by the drovers, who have considerable bodies of beasts in various districts (particularly of the Irish kind) now on hand.—Store Pigs are every where plentiful, and Horses of all kinds were never more cheap.

SHEW OF CATTLE AT LEWES.

MUCH interest having been excited by the proposals of the re-

spective Society lately established in Sussex, under the patronage of the Earl of Egremont, "for the Improvement of the Breeds of Cattle and Sheep," &c. and considerable advantages to the country being expected to arise therefrom, we have procured the following account of the disposition of the Prizes, at the meeting held for that purpose on Monday July 31, at Lewes, which a Correspondent there has favoured us with.

The Prize of Twenty Guineas, or Plate of that value, for the best three-year-old Bull, was awarded to Mr. Elliott, of Petworth.

The Prize of Ten Guineas, for the second-best three-year-old Bull, to Mr. Ellman, of Glynd.

The Bulls shewn, as well those that gained the Prizes as seven or eight others, were much admired for beauty, symmetry, and proportion; and as proper models of the true Sussex breed, distinguished by their deep red colour.

The Prize of Ten Guineas, for the best three-year-old Heifer, was gained by Mr. Marchant, of Perching.

The Prize of Five Guineas, for the second-best three-year-old Heifer, by the Right Hon. Lord Gage.

There was a numerous shew of South-down Rams, a year old last lambing time.

The first Prize of Twenty Guineas value, was awarded to Mr. Ellman, of Glynd.

The second, Fifteen Guineas, to Mr. Hamphar, of Patcham.

The third, Ten Guineas, to Isaac Eeles, Esq. of Albourne.

And the fourth, Five Guineas, to Thomas Kemp, Esq. of Coneybroughs, M. P. for Lewes.

Though these four were allowed to be entitled to the Prizes, on account of some peculiar marks of distinction, yet there were others so near them in excellence, that the judges were somewhat at a loss

to

to decide. The emulation excited on this occasion promises in some respects to improve even this valuable breed of sheep—a circumstance which alone would render the Society an object of national importance.

There were only two wethers slaughtered, one belonged to Mr. Ellman, of Glynd, and the other to Mr. Pennington, of Kitchenham, near Ashburnham.

ft. lb.
Mr. Ellman's weighed 11 4 } 8lb. to
Mr. Pennington's 14 4½ } the stone.

The two hind quarters of Mr. Ellman's weighed 5ft. 7½lb.

The two hind quarters of Mr. Pennington's 6ft. 4½lb.

Mr. Pennington's, though the largest, and very fat, was remarked, to use the butcher's term, to die badly, and though three stone heaviest, was only about four pound and an half heaviest in the hind quarters, which should be the heaviest part; it was besides very deficient in kidneys, they being remarkably small, and having been brought up a flock, whereas the other had been out with the flock, was not thought a proper candidate, and the Prize has been left undetermined.

The gentlemen appointed by the Society to award the Prizes on the above occasion, were Mr. Gell, of Appleham, near Shoreham, Sussex; Mr. Wells, of Ashford, Kent; and Mr. Mighell, of Kennet, Wilts.—Their decisions gave general satisfaction.

The meeting was numerously and most respectfully attended.—Among other noblemen and gentlemen of rank, were, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Bedford, Earl of Egremont, Earl of Winterton, Lord Clermont, Lord Villiers, Sir Godfrey Webster, Sir Henry Featherstone, Sir John Lade, Sir F. Poole, Sir C. Bunbury, Sir

H. Blackman, Mr. Kemp, Mr. Trayton Fuller, with most of the principal gentlemen of the neighbourhood, and many visitors from Brighton, who it is hoped may imbibe a spirit of improvement, to the future benefit of their respective counties.

The Prince of Wales subscribed 50l. towards the next year's Prizes; Lord Egremont 50l. (annually for five years) the Duke of Bedford 20l. Lord Ashburnham 20l. and many others subscribed liberally; “so that (says our Correspondent) we hope shortly to rival your famous Agricultural Society at Bath.”

The Prince, Duke of Bedford, Lord Egremont, and about two hundred gentlemen who attended the meeting, afterwards dined at the Star Inn, opposite which the cattle were shewn, enjoying that true conviviality and delight which must naturally arise from reflecting on so well-spent a day.

THE CATTLE DISTEMPER.

An *Epizootie*, or general disorder among the Cattle, having broken out in France, the Minister of the Interior has properly addressed a letter to the Administrators of every Department, requiring them to make known what was held from the best authorities to be the cause, the best modes of cure, and of preventing the progress of the distemper.

The cause of the disorder he states to be the feeding of the cattle on damaged hay, as the malady has chiefly appeared near the banks of great rivers, where the meadows, from the late incessant rains, have all been overflowed.—As the lands bordering on the rivers in England have of late been similarly circumstanced, we think that we cannot

cannot render a service of more utility to our readers, than by stating the communications of the French Minister, respecting the cure and prevention of this disease.

The first effect of this damaged food, he observes, is an inflammation of the lungs, or the liver, but more frequently of the former. Nature attempts to remove the malady by producing an eruption, which in general covers the body of the animal. The views of art should therefore be directed either to bring about or to supply the absence of this eruption.

The use of *cordials*, he observes, to which recourse is generally had in these cases, has in most instances proved ineffectual. It has been found by experience, that wine, brandy, cyder, beer, pepper, cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger, mithridate, treacle, bark, and other heating medicines, are of no effect in small doses, and when administered in large ones, have no other effect but to increase the inflammation. It is therefore only from exterior applications that a cure can be expected.

When one beast is affected, the whole of those in the same shed or stable should be subjected to the same treatment. The operation which he recommends is the insertion of a feton, or rowel, in the dewlap (*le fanon*). The rowel being charged with a caustic of white hellebore, sublimate, or arsenic, will tend to draw the humour from the lungs, &c. and should be placed lengthways, in order to favour its evacuation.

If this operation should not, in fifteen or twenty hours, produce a sufficient swelling, a blistering plaster should be put to each side of the chest, the hair being first shaved. This plaster is composed of one ounce of cantharides, and the same quantity of euphorbium,

mixed with barm. Every morning the animal is to have a dose of pepper, garlic, assafetida, tobacco, and horfe-radish, all mixed together, or as many, at least, of the ingredients as can be procured. Its hay is to be sprinkled with water, in a quart of which a handful of salt has been dissolved. Its drink should be water whitened with bran, with a small admixture of vinegar.

To prevent the return or spreading of the disorder, the bodies of the dead animals should be carefully interred, and covered. The stables should be cleansed, not by fumigation, but by washing with hot water, and airing. If the floor be but of earth, the surface, to the depth of three or four inches, should be removed and buried, and the remainder closely beaten down, to prevent evaporation.—The cattle are not to be permitted to re-enter the flocks until they are perfectly dried.

TROTTING MATCH.

On Monday morning, Aug. 7, a Trotting Match (against time) was decided on the road between Cambridge and Huntingdon, for 100 guineas. The wager was made some weeks back, between Mr. Dyson, of Park-lane, and Mr. Fagg, of Holborn; Mr. Dyson binding himself to produce a horse, mare, or gelding, that should within a given period, trot seventeen miles within the hour, on any ground to be chosen by himself, he giving 48 hours notice to Mr. Fagg.—Monday being the day appointed for the decision of the wager, vast numbers of persons of every description, and particularly those of the *sporting world*, had assembled, to witness this bold attempt. Very con-

siderable bets were pending. A Mare, the property of Mr. Dyfon, was brought upon the ground. She was rode by a lad belonging to Mr. Mariden, of Moorfields; but she lost the wager by one minute and four seconds only.

ANECDOTES of HENRY the FOURTH of FRANCE, styled the GREAT: with a beautiful Engraving, representing a memorable Sporting Incident in the Life of that illustrious Monarch.

THE education which this great man received was calculated to make him fond of woodland scenery and the sports of the field. Sent to a remote castle, amid the dreary rocks in the vicinity of the Pyrenian mountains, delicacy had no part in the education of the youthful Henry. His ordinary food was brown bread, cheese, and beef. He was clothed like other children of the country, in the coarsest stuff, and was inured to climb and rove over the rocks, often barefooted and bareheaded. Thus, moreover, by habituating his body early to exercise and labour, he prepared his mind to support with fortitude all the vicissitudes of his future life.

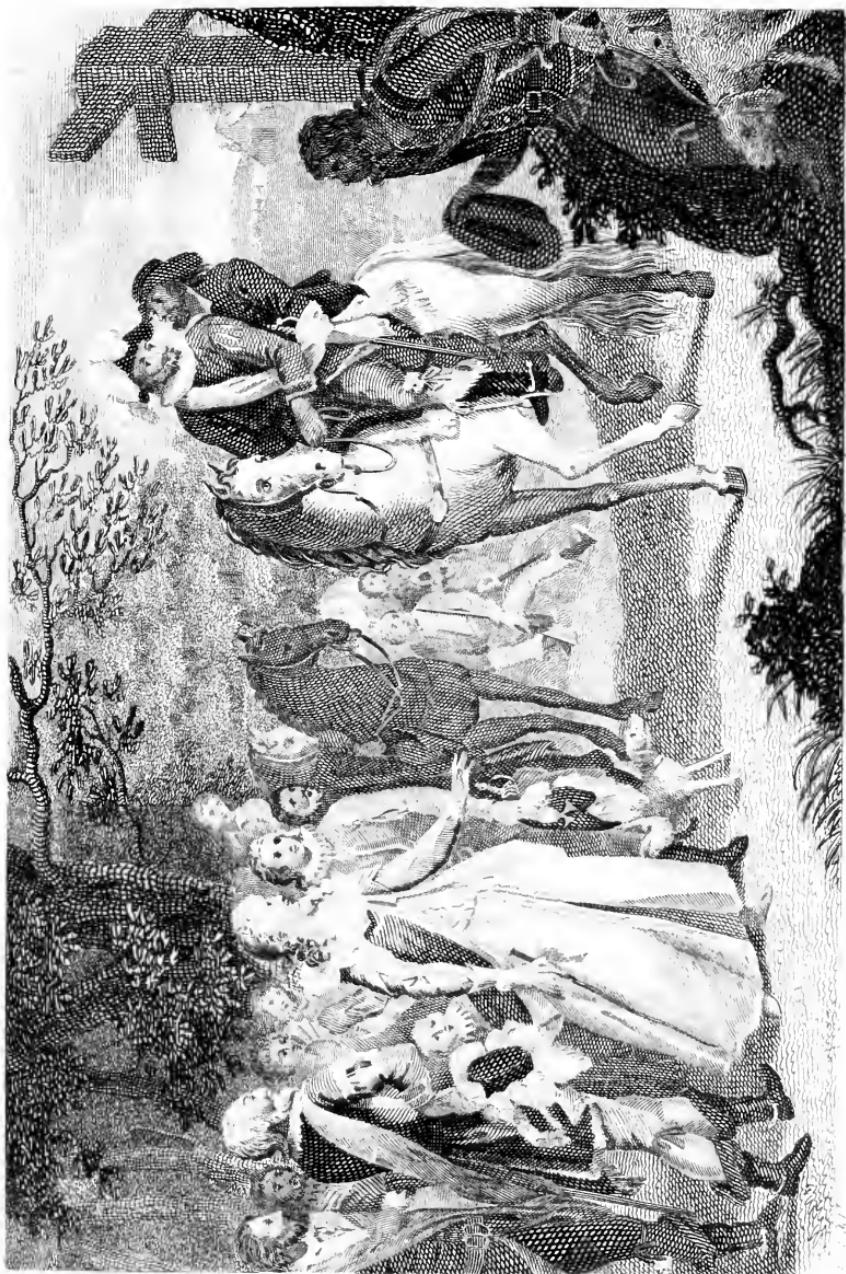
How much more interesting to the truly sentimental reader, (the reader who reflects on what he reads, with a view to extract useful wisdom from it) are the rural exploits of young Henry, amid the craggy rocks of bigorre and Bearn, than the feats of the plumed hero in the field of battle, or the deportment of the august monarch surrounded by his courtiers in the Tuilleries or the Louvre!

Hunting was ever the favourite diversion of this monarch. He

often strayed from his attendants, and met with some adventures which proved pleasant to himself, and evinced the native goodness of his heart, and an affability of disposition which charmed all who had an opportunity of observing it.

Such was the incident which is the subject of the annexed plate. Being on a hunting party, one day, in the Vendomois, he strayed from his attendants, and, some time after, observed a peasant sitting at the foot of a tree: "What are you about there?" said Henry.—"I am sitting here, Sir, to see the King go by."—"If you have a mind, answered the monarch, "to get up behind me, I will carry you to a place where you can have a good sight of him."—The peasant immediately mounts behind, and on the road asks the gentleman how he should know the King.—"You need only look at him who keeps his hat on while all the rest remain uncovered." The King joins his company, and all the Lords salute him: "Well," said he, to the peasant, "which is the King?"—"Faikes," answered the clown, "it must be either you or I, for we both keep our hats on."

But Henry had once a hunting adventure, that might have proved a more serious one, but for the extraordinary presence of mind by which he was ever distinguished. An adventurer, who had been in the Spanish service, and called himself Captain Michau, came to Nerac, to solicit employment from Henry, when he was only King of Navarre. The King was cautioned to beware of this deserter, arriving from a country, which could not but be suspected by every protestant. The mind of Henry was too full of honour, to be capable of entertaining suspicions upon insufficient grounds, and he therefore paid no regard to this advice. A few



THE ADVENTURES OF MARY OF FRANCE,
published by George L. White, Harvard.



few days after, as he was hunting in the forest of Aillas, being alone in a sequestered place, he perceived Michau advancing to him, well mounted, with a brace of pistols at his saddle-bow. On his approach, he said to him, with a firm tone of voice, "Captain Michau, alight: I have a mind to try whether your horse be as good as you pretend."—Michau instantly obeys, and the King of Navarre mounts. Then taking out the pistols, he said to Michau, "Have you an intention to kill any one, Captain? I am assured that you design me for your victim: now your life is in my power, if I please to take it."—He then discharged the two pistols in the air, and commanded Michau to follow him. At first, he attempted to justify himself; but thinking it the safest way to make his escape, he set off two days after, and never again made his appearance.

Since the French revolution, the modern writers of that Country are not so lavish in praise of Henry; by one of them he is called a tyrant; to prove this, he says, "let any one recollect the game laws enacted by this monarch, and then ask himself if he were really a good king. By an article of his *ordonnance* on this subject, it was decreed, that every peasant found with a gun in his hand, near a thicket, should be stripped naked, and beaten with rods around it, until the blood came. It was thus that the life of man was sacrificed to the repose and existence of hares and partridges, destined for the pleasures of a prince, more culpable, perhaps, in respect to this barbarous law, than any of his predecessors."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE SAD EFFECT OF A FAUX PAS,
A FRENCH ANECDOTE, OF A
DATE PREVIOUS TO THE RE-
VOLUTION.

(From *La Decade.*)

A Dancer of one of the principal theatres of Paris, enveloped in a large robe, was lounging in one of the walks of the Palais Royal, the interval of time before the commencement of that entertainment which was to amuse a large crowd of gay spectators, when a woman, with a child at her breast, asked charity of him by a gesture far more expressive than words. The evening was not so dark, but that he could easily distinguish she was both young and handsome. He gave her a piece of money, which she received with that timid silence which is, perhaps, at once the sincerest and sweetest expression of gratitude. "Here is," says he to himself, "a virtuous person in distress," and immediately felt himself interested concerning her; for dancers, although excommunicated, were not strangers to *Christian* charity. He took a seat on the same bench whereon she rested herself, and put several questions to her with all the respect due to the unfortunate. She answered him modestly, and after some refusals and hesitations, consented to tell him the following story:

"My father," said she, "kept a well-frequented Inn in a town on the road between Paris and Lyons. I was his only daughter. My mother brought me up with a care which persons in higher stations of life suppose not within the limits of the education given to those of my condition. Not that I had masters provided me, there were none even in the place, but I inhabited

inhabited a chamber remote from those of the travellers and company, which I never waited on, and of course was out of the reach of any licentious discourse.

“ These precautions, however, did not prevent several among them from attempting to seduce me. A travelling Merchant, of the name of Deslandes, who often put up at our house, and who was of an engaging address, was the most dangerous of all; this I tell to my shame! He spread before my eyes sums of gold which in no respect tempted me, but he shewed me a piece of lace, another of a rich taffeta, which dazzled me. He begged permission to bring them into my chamber at the dusk of the evening. I afforded him facility to do so by deceiving the credulity of a father and mother who adored me. Good God! What have been the consequences of this rash step?

“ This was in winter. The monster left me in three hours to go to supper. The next morning he ordered his travelling carriage to be got ready betimes, but, in packing up his merchandize, he gave out that he had been robbed. The whole house was alarmed; the other travellers were in amazement. Search was made in every apartment; the pretended theft was discovered in a chest of drawers of which I had the key. I was stunned with questions; I only answered with tears. Deslandes, with an effrontery which I shall never forget, snatched up his lace and his taffeta, and mounted his caravan, after having signed a charge, that the Justice of the Peace of the town had hastily drawn up, and which no circumstance, but of the robbery, made any part. A sense of modesty raised me up as it were to such an height, that, I should have consented to go to the scaffold, rather

than confess my shame before so many persons.

“ The Justice of Peace, urged by motives which it is unnecessary to detain you with, wrote to those of higher authority in the province, requiring them to send a party of *marchauffe* to the spot. In a short time we received four of those cavaliers, who were paid, boarded and lodged more than three months at my father’s expence. The house was deserted; travellers avoided it as a den of thieves; we dared not set foot in the street. None of those who were indebted to my father would pay him a shilling, and those, to whom he stood indebted, pursued him with rigour. Death released him from his *chagrin*: he locked me in his arms when he breathed out his last sigh.

“ My mother did not die, and I believe our misfortunes increased her affection for me. We came up to Paris to conceal ourselves; on the road she apprized me that I was pregnant, and this child, which we have so much reason to hate, we have not been able neither one nor the other, to put away from us. I shall not trouble you with a detail of our sufferings, since our arrival in this city. My mother is a Journey woman on one of the barges of the river that takes in wastling, and I comfort her for an hour or two in the day, while she holds my child: but the little we gained at that work was not sufficient to satisfy our most pressing wants, and I at last determined to follow the dreadful occupation of a beggar till my child should be weaned.”

The dancer again put a piece of money into the hand of this unhappy female, assuring her that he would do his utmost in as short a time as possible to rescue her and her mother from their pitiable condition, and it is, perhaps, necessary to add, that he exhorted her to persevere.

severe in the same virtuous disposition, of which her situation was even the strongest proof. After this he went to dance, though not without reluctance. The story which he had just heard afflicted his heart, and took possession of his mind. While he was making his *cabrioles* he could not help reflecting on the ills which beset the human species. He made, by mistake, an *entrechat* of six instead of one of ten, and a *pas de bourree* for a rigadoon step: the Boxes felt convinced that he was drunk, and the Pit hissed him.

THE HORSE from BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Translated from the French.

THE HORSE*.

THE reduction of the horse to a domestic state, is the greatest acquisition from the animal world, which was ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and with magnanimity. He delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and annoys the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in perils and conflicts alone that the horse willingly cooperates with his master; he likewise participates of human pleasures. He exults in the chace and the tournament; his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. But,

though bold and intrepid, he suffers not himself to be carried off by a furious ardour; he represses his movements, and knows how to govern and check the natural vivacity and fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider. Uniformly obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies or stops, and regulates his motions entirely by the will of his master. He, in some measure, renounces his very existence to the pleasure of man. He delivers up his whole powers; he reserves nothing, and often dies rather than disobey the mandates of his governor.

These are features in the character of the horse, whose natural qualities have been matured by art, and turned with care to the service of man. His education commences with the loss of liberty, and is completed by restraint. The slavery of the horse is so ancient and so universal, that he is rarely seen in a natural state. When employed in labour, he is always covered with the harness; and, even during the time destined for repose, he is never entirely delivered from bonds. If sometimes permitted to roam in the pasture, he always bears the marks of servitude, and often the external impressions of labour and pain. His mouth is deformed by the perpetual friction of the bit; his sides are galled with wounds, or furrowed with cicatrices; and his hoofs are pierced with nails. The natural gestures of his body are constrained by the habitual pressure of fetters, from which it would be in vain to deliver him; for he would not be more at liberty. Those horses, the servitude of which is most mild, which are kept solely for the purposes of luxury and magnificence, and whose golden chains only gratify the vanity of their masters,

* *Equus caballus*, cauda undique setosa; Linn. *Syst. Nat.* p. 100.
Horse—Hoof consisting of one piece; six cutting teeth in each jaw; *Pennant*, *Syst. of Quadrup.* p. 1.

are more dishonoured by the elegance of their trappings, and by the plaits of their hair, than by the iron shoes on their feet.

Art is always excelled by Nature; and, in animated beings, liberty of movement constitutes the perfection of their existence. Examine those horses which have multiplied so prodigiously in Spanish America, and live in perfect freedom. Their motions are neither constrained nor measured. Proud of their independence, they fly from the presence of man, and disdain all his care. They search for, and procure the food that is most salutary and agreeable. They wander and frisk about in immense meadows, and collect the fresh productions of a perpetual spring. Without any fixed habitation, or other shelter than a serene sky, they breath a purer air than in those musty vaults in which we confine them, when subjected to our dominion. Hence wild horses are stronger, lighter, and more nervous than most of those which are in a domestic state. The former possess force and dignity, which are the gifts of nature; the latter have only address and gracefulness, which are all that art can bestow.

These wild horses are by no means ferocious in their temper; they are only wild and fiery. Though of strength superior to most animals, they never make an attack. But, when assaulted, they either disdain the enemy, bounce out of his way, or strike him dead with their heels. They associate in troops from no other motive than the pleasure of being together; for they have no fear; but acquire a mutual attachment to each other. As grass and vegetables constitute their food, of which they have enough to satisfy their appetite, and, as they are not carnivorous, they neither make war with other animals, nor among themselves,

They dispute not about their common nourishment, and never have occasion to snatch prey from each other, the general source of quarrels and combats among the rapacious tribes. Hence they live in perpetual peace; because their appetites are simple and moderate, and they have no objects to excite envy.

All these features are apparent in young horses bred together in troops. Their manners are gentle, and their tempers social; their force and ardour are generally rendered conspicuous by marks of emulation. They anxiously press to be foremost in the course, to brave danger in traversing a river, or in leaping a ditch or precipice; and it has been remarked, that those which are most adventurous and expert in these natural exercises, are the most generous, mild, and tractable, when reduced to a domestic state.

Wild horses are mentioned by several ancient authors. Herodotus takes notice of white savage horses on the banks of the Hyparnis in Scythia; and, in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, he remarks, that there were wild horses, covered all over with hair, five inches long. Aristotle says, they were to be found in Syria; Pliny, in the northern regions; and Strabo, in Spain and the Alps. Among the moderns, Cardan says the same thing of Scotland, and the Orkney isles*; Olaus, of Muscovy; Dapper, of the island of Cyprus, where, he says, there were beautiful wild horses, of great strength and swiftness†; and Struys, of the island of May, one of the Cape de Verds, where he saw wild horses of a small

* Aldrovand. de Quadrup. Soliped. lib. 1. p. 19.

† See a Descript. des Isles de l'Archipel. p. 50.

stature.

stature*. Leo of Africa likewise relates, that there were wild horses in the deserts of Africa and Arabia; and he assures us, that he saw, in the solitudes of Numidia, a colt with crisped hair, and a crisped mane†. Marmol confirms this fact, by informing us, that small wild horses, some of them of an ash-colour, and others white, with short curled hair and manes, are to be found in the Lybian and Arabian deserts‡: he adds, that they outrun the dogs and domestic horses. We likewise learn, from the *Lettres Edifiantes* ||, that there are small wild horses in China.

But, as Europe is now almost equally peopled, wild horses are nowhere to be found in this quarter of the globe. Those in America are the offspring of domestic horses, transported originally from Europe by the Spaniards. In these uninhabited, or rather depopulated regions, horses have multiplied prodigiously. That this species of animal was unknown in the New World, appears from the terror and astonishment expressed by the Mexicans and Peruvians at the sight of horses and their riders. The Spaniards carried great numbers of horses to these regions, both with a view to their service, and to the propagation of the breed. Many, accordingly, were left on the islands, as well as on the Continent, where they have multiplied like other wild animals. M. de Salle§, in the year 1685, saw, near the bay of St. Louis in North America, these horses grazing in the meadows; and they were so wild that he could not approach

them. The author of the *History of the Buccaneers** remarks, "That troops of horses, to the number of 500, are sometimes seen in the island of St. Domingo, who all run together; that, when they perceive a man, they all stop; and that one of them approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop." He adds, that he is uncertain whether these horses have degenerated by becoming wild; but that he found none of them so handsome as those of Spain, though they sprung from the same race. "They have," he continues, "very gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In taking them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, where they are left for two days without victuals or drink. This trial is generally sufficient for rendering them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild; and, even if they should by accident regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached, and retaken with ease†." These

* *L'Hist. des Avantur. Flibustiers*, tom. i. p. 110.

† M. Garsault mentions another method of taming wild horses. "When the colts," he observes, "are not very early tamed, it sometimes happens, that the approach of man strikes them with terror; that they defend themselves with their heels and teeth, in such a manner, that it is almost impossible to dress or shoe them: if not broke by gentleness and patience, they are prevented from sleeping till they fall down with weakness. During this operation, a man continues, day and night, at their heads, giving them, from time to time, handfuls of hay. When

* *Voyages de Struys*, tom. i. p. 11.

† *Descript. Afrique*, part. ii. vol. ii. p. 450.

‡ *L'Afrique de Marmol*, tom. i. p. 50.

|| *Lettres Edifiantes*, recueil xxvi. p. 371.

§ See les Derniers Decouvertes dans l'Amer. septen. de M. de Salle, p. 250.

These facts prove horses to be naturally of gentle dispositions, and much disposed to associate with man. They never forsake the abodes of men, to regain their liberty in the forests. They discover, on the contrary, great anxiety to return to the stable, where they find only coarse food, which is always the same, and often measured to them more by the rules of economy, than by the strength of their appetite. But the sweets of habit supply all they have lost by slavery. After being oppressed with fatigue, the place of repose is full of delight. They smell at a distance, can distinguish it in the midst of great cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. They form a second nature out of those habits to which they have been forced to submit; for horses, after being abandoned in the forests, have been known to neigh continually, in order to be heard, to run to the voice of man, and even to grow meagre, and die in a short time, though surrounded with a profusion of nourishment.

Thus, it is obvious, the manners of a horse originate entirely from his education, which is accomplished by a care and industry bestowed by man upon no other animal; but he is amply rewarded by the perpetual services of this noble and laborious creature.

The foals are separated from their mothers at the age of five, six, or at most seven months; for experience shows, that, when allowed to suck ten or eleven months, though generally fatter and larger, they are not of equal value as those which have been more early weaned. After six or seven months, the foals are removed from their

mothers, and are fed twice a-day with bran and a little hay, the quantity of which is augmented in proportion as they advance in age. They are confined to the stables as long as they discover any anxiety to return to their mothers. But when this inquietude is gone, they are allowed to go out, and are conducted to the pasture: they must not, however, be permitted to graze when their stomach is empty. An hour before being put to the grass, they should have a little bran, be made to drink, and should never be exposed to great colds or to rain. In this manner they pass the first winter. In the month of May following, they may be allowed to pasture freely every day, and to remain out continually till the end of October, observing only not to permit them to eat the aftermarths. If accustomed to feed upon this delicate herbage, they will reject hay, which ought nevertheless, together with bran, to be their principal food during the second winter. They are managed in the same manner, namely, allowing them to pasture in winter during the day, and in summer during both day and night, till they arrive at the age of four years, when they are confined to dry food *. This change of nourishment requires some precautions. During the first eight days, they should have only straw; and a few vermifuge draughts may be given, to destroy those worms which may have been engendered by the bad digestion of crude herbs. M. de Garlaut † recommends this practice, the utility of which he had often experienced. It is, however, an established fact, that the stomachs of horses, at all ages, and in all circumstances, whether they feed

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* This may be the practice in France; but, in Britain, horses of all ages, are allowed to pasture freely in summer, without receiving any injury.

† *Nouveau, parfait, Marechal*, p. 84. upon

upon grafs, or upon oats and hay, are perpetually infested with a prodigious multitude of worms*. The stomach of the ass is always in the same condition; and yet none of these animals are incommoded by this species of vermin. These worms, therefore, ought not to be regarded as an accidental malady, occasioned by the indigestion of crude herbs, but rather as an effect depending on the common food and ordinary digestion of the horse and ass.

(To be continued.)

KING OF NAPLES FOND OF FISHING.

JOSEPH GORANI, a French writer, gives the following curious account of the present King of Naples:—"Ferdinand the Fourth has the manners and the language of a Lazaron. His passion for the chace renders him forgetful of the duties of a King. Fishing alone can withdraw him from the chace. He himself sells the fish he has caught, and sells them to as dear as possible. The Neapolitans treat the King on these occasions with the utmost freedom, and load him with abuse as if he were a fish-monger that wished to impose upon them."—Gorani says, "that he had been an eye witness of this singular spectacle."

Gorani however relates a conversation between Ferdinand and the Emperor Joseph the Second, in which the seller of fish appears greatly superior to the pretended philosopher.

One day Joseph speaking loud enough to be heard by seven or

* This affection appears to be too general; for, in this country, at least, worms are by no means so frequent.

eight persons who were in company with him, told Ferdinand that his kingdoms of Naples and Sicily were full of abuses

"I know very well," replied the ingenuous Prince, "that the administration of my states is not free from defects; but convinced of my ignorance, I am afraid to touch the least thing, least I should encrease the evils I wish to remove. To make changes is a very easy matter, but to change for the better is the difficult point. To substitute one abuse in the place of another, often more dangerous than that which it has superseded, is to go on from folly to folly. You who have the frenzy of innovation should know for us Princes a smattering of knowledge, a smattering of talents, is a stumbling block to ourselves, and a scourge to our subjects."

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ARTIFICES OF ANIMALS OF THE CHACE.

THE artifices practised by animals proceed from several motives, many of which are purely instinctive, and others are acquired by experience and imitation. Their arts in general are called forth and exerted by three great and important causes; the love of life, the desire of multiplying and continuing the species, and that strong attachment which every animal has to its offspring. These are the sources from which all the movements, all the dexterity, and all the sagacity of animals originate; the principal of self preservation is instinctive, and strongly impressed upon the minds of all animated beings; it gives rise to innumerable

blé arts of attack and defence, and not unfrequently to surprising exertions of sagacity and genius; the same remark is applicable to the desire of multiplication, and to parental affection. Upon this subject, we shall, as usual, give some examples of animal artifice, which may both amuse and inform some readers.

When a bear, or other rapacious animal attacks cattle, they instantly join and form a phalanx for mutual defence; in the same circumstances, horses rank up in lines, and beat off the enemy with their heels. Pontopidion tells us, "that the small Norwegian horses, when attacked by bears, instead of striking with their hind legs, rear, and by quick and repeated strokes with their fore feet, either kill the enemy, or oblige him to retire; this curious and generally successful defence, is frequently performed in the woods, while a traveller is sitting on the horse's back. It has often been remarked, that troops of wild horses, when sleeping either in plains, or in the forest, have always one of their number awake, who acts as a centinal, and gives notice of any approaching danger.

Margraaf informs us, "that the monkeys in Brazil, while they are sleeping on the trees, have uniformly a centinal, to warn them of the approach of the tyger, or other rapacious animals, and that, if ever this centinal is found sleeping, his companions instantly tear him in pieces for his neglect of duty. For the same purpose, when a troop of monkeys are committing depredations on the fruits of a garden, a centinal is placed on an eminence, who, when any person appears, makes a certain chattering noise which the rest understand to be a signal for retreat, and immediately fly off and make their escape.

The deer kind are remarkable for the arts they employ in order

to deceive the dogs: with this view, the stag often returns twice or thrice upon his former steps: he endeavours to raise hinds or younger stags to follow him, and to draw off the dogs from the immediate object of their pursuit. If he succeeds in this attempt, he then flies off with redoubled speed, or springs off at a side, and lies down on his belly to conceal himself. When in this situation, if by any means his foot is recovered by the dogs, they pursue him with more advantage, because he is now considerably fatigued; their ardour increases in proportion to his feebleness, and the scent becomes stronger as he grows warm. From these circumstances, the dogs augment their cries and their speed, and though the stag employs more arts of escape than formerly, as his swiftness is diminished, his doublings and artifices become gradually less effectual: no other resource is now left him, but to fly from the earth which he treads and go into the waters, in order to cut off the scent from the dogs, when the huntsman again endeavours to put them on the track of his foot. After taking to the water, the stag is so much exhausted, that he is incapable of running much farther, and is soon at bay, or in other words, turns and defends himself against the hounds: in this situation he often wounds the dogs, and even the huntsman, by blows with his horns, till one of them cuts his hams to make him fall, and then puts a period to his life.

The fallow deer is more delicate, less savage, and approaches nearer to the domestic state than the stag. The male during the rutting season, makes a bellowing noise, but with a low and interrupted voice; they are not so furious as the stag; they never depart from their own country in quest of females, but they bravely fight

fight for the possession of their mistresses; they associate in herds which generally keep together. When great numbers are assembled in one park, they commonly form themselves into two distinct troops, which soon become hostile, because they are both ambitious of possessing the same part of the inclosure: each of these troops has its own chief or leader, who always marches foremost, and he is uniformly the oldest and strongest of the flock; the others follow him, and the whole draw up in order of battle to force the other troop, who observe the same conduct from the best pasture. The regularity with which those combats are conducted is singular; they make regular attacks, fight with courage, and never think themselves vanquished by one check, for the battle is daily renewed till the weaker are completely defeated, and obliged to remain in the worst pasture. They love elevated and hilly countries. When hunted, they run not straight out like the stag, but double, and endeavour to conceal themselves from the dogs by various artifices, and by substituting other animals in their place. When fatigued and heated, however, they take the water, but never attempt to cross such large rivers as the stag: thus between the chace of the fallow deer and of the stag, there is no material difference; their sagacity and instincts, their shifts and doublings, are the same, only they are more frequently practised by the fallow deer, as he runs not so far before the dogs, and is less enterprising: he has oftener occasion to change, to substitute another in his place, to double, return upon his former tracks, &c. which renders the hunting of the fallow deer more subject to inconveniences than that of the stag.

The roe deer is inferior to the stag and fallow deer both in

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strength and stature, but he is endowed with more gracefulness, courage, and vivacity; his eyes are more brilliant and animated, his limbs are more nimble, his movements are quicker, and he bounds with equal vigour and agility: he is likewise more crafty, conceals himself with greater address, and derives superior resources from his instincts, though he leaves behind him a stronger scent than the stag, which increases the ardour of the dogs. He knows how to evade their pursuit by the rapidity with which he commences his flight, and by his numerous doublings, he delays not his art of defence till his strength begins to fail him; for he no sooner perceives that the first efforts of a rapid flight have been unsuccessful, than he repeatedly returns upon his former steps, and after confounding by those opposite motions the direction he has taken, after intermixing the present with the past emanations of his body, he by a great bound, rises from the earth, and retiring to a side, lies down flat on his belly; in this immovable situation, he often allows the whole pack of his deceived enemies to pass very near him.

(To be continued.)

ANOTHER TROTTING MATCH.

THE circumstance of a man producing a horse to trot seventeen miles in an hour, has set all the minor jockies on their mettle: a striking instance of this fact was, on Monday August 14, exhibited on the Romford road. A gelding, the property of a Pork Butcher on the Surrey-side of Blackfriars-bridge, whose daily employment is running in a cart, was matched (against time) to trot twelve miles in the hour for five guineas.

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guineas. The appearance of the poor beast was so miserable, that considerable odds at starting were laid and taken against him, and in a short time afterwards twenty guineas to five were laid that he did not trot thirteen miles in the hour, and ten guineas to one on the same chance.

Scarcely a Butcher in London, who is master of a horse, was absent on the occasion; the crowd was consequently very great, and much betting took place, but the knowing ones were all taken in. The horse, notwithstanding his meagre appearance, won easily; he trotted thirteen miles in the hour, and had a minute and three seconds to spare. He was rode by a lad, a servant of Mr. Aldridge's, of St. Martin's-lane.

MORE CRICKET MATCHES.

ON Monday August 7, a Grand Match of Cricket was played out in the New Cricket Ground, at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, between Eleven Gentlemen of the Saturday's Club, against Eleven Gentlemen of the Whitehall Club, for Five Hundred Guineas.

SATURDAY's CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.	
Chamberlain	6 b. Bessell.
C. Mortimer	10 b. Warren.
Clark	16 b. ditto.
Stanger	4 b. ditto.
Peppercorne	2 b. Bessell.
Clelan	3 b. ditto.
J. Mortimer	12 b. Warren.
Earl	0 b. Bessell.
Pickering	6 hit wicket.
H. Mortimer	0 c. Bessell.
Davies	0 not out.
Byes	2
	—
	62

SECOND INNINGS.	
Chamberlain	13 c. R. Brown.
C. Mortimer	4 b. Merry.
Clark	12 run out.
Stanger	2 b. Bessell.
Peppercorne	3 b. Warren.
Clelan	24 c. Nowell.
J. Mortimer	2 b. Bessell.
Earl	12 hit wicket.
Pickering	0 b. Warren.
H. Mortimer	2 b. ditto.
Davies	0 not out.
Byes	0
	—
	80

WHITEHALL CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.	
Brown	4 leg before wicket.
Warren	2 b. Stanger.
Bessell	33 b. J. Mortimer.
Yeates	10 c. ditto.
Nowell	3 b. ditto.
Courthope	11 not out.
Baily	0 c. Earl.
E. Brown	4 b. J. Mortimer.
Flint	1 c. Chamberlain.
Codd	0 c. J. Mortimer.
Moss	0 b. Chamberlain.
Byes	0
	—
	63

SECOND INNINGS.	
Brown	0 run out.
Warren	8 b. J. Mortimer.
Bessell	2 c. Davies.
Yeates	2 b. Clelan.
Nowell	1 run out.
Courthope	7 b. Clelan.
Baily	23 stump Stanger.
E. Brown	8 b. Chamberlain.
Flint	0 stump Stanger.
Codd	2 run out.
Moss	2 not out.
Byes	2
	—
	57

On Monday August 7, and three following days, a Grand Match of Cricket was played on Stoke Down, near the Grange, Hants, between Eleven

Eleven Noblemen and Gentlemen of the Mary-le-bone Club, against Eleven of the County of Hants, for One Thousand Guineas.

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

G. Leicester	o c. Freemantle.
Colonel Lennox	o run out.
J. Tufton	22 c. Hale.
Ld. F. Beauclerk	75 not out.
Colonel Bligh	4 b. Clare.
H. Tufton	14 b. ditto.
G. Louche	1 b. Bennet.
Earl Winchelsea	11 c. May.
T. Melfi	6 c. Freemantle.
Capt. Cumberland	5 b. Taylor.
Scott	7 c. May.
Byes	7

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SECOND INNINGS.

G. Leicester	24 leg before wicket.
Colonel Lennox	4 b. Purchase.
J. Tufton	61 b. ditto.
Ld. F. Beauclerk	43 run out.
Colonel Bligh	21 b. Purchase.
H. Tufton	19 b. ditto.
G. Louche	3 b. ditto.
Earl Winchelsea	o c. Freemantle.
T. Melfi	9 c. Hale.
Capt. Cumberland	o c. Bennet.
Scott	2 not out.
Byes	6

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HANTS.

FIRST INNINGS.

Small, sen.	4 c. H. Tufton.
Bennet	1 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Purchase	4 c. Capt. Cumberland.
Small, jun.	12 c. G. Leicester.
Taylor	16 stump H. Tufton.
Stewart	3 b. Capt. Cumberland.
Freemantle	17 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Hale	2 c. J. Tufton.
Clare	5 run out.
Mundy	o not out.
May	12 run out.
Byes	2

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SECOND INNINGS.

Small, sen.	2 b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Bennet	26 c. Earl Winchelsea.
Purchase	26 not out.
Small, jun.	53 c. H. Tufton.
Taylor	o stump ditto.
Stewart	4 b. Capt. Cumberland.
Freemantle	o b. Lord F. Beauclerk.
Hale	o b. ditto.
Clare	o b. Cap. Cumberland.
Mundy	1 stump H. Tufton.
May	36 c. ditto.
Byes	o

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LAW REPORT.

Court of King's Bench, June 21.

SITTINGS BEFORE LORD KENYON.

GAMING.

Executors of Col. Stopford v. Michell.

THIS action was brought by the Representatives of the late Colonel Stopford, who had been in the service of the East India Company, against the Defendant, Mr. Michell, who is a Coal Merchant in the Strand, to recover the amount of a promissory note for 85 guineas. The note was duly proved.

Mr. Michell's defence was, that the consideration of this note was money lost by him to Col. Stopford, at Picquet.

Major Aubrey said, he knew Colonel Stopford, and had seen him play at Picquet with Mr. Michell, at Margate, in September or October, 1795. The note was dated on the 2d of November in that year. Mr. Michell being a very indifferent player, and Colonel Stopford a very expert one, he thought it very likely the Colonel

had

2 M 2

had won Mr. Michell's money; but he did not know whether the fact was so.

Mr. Erskine, in his reply for the Plaintiffs, among other things observed, that no man in this country detested Gaming more than he did; no man was more ready to acknowledge the obligations the whole public, including himself, were under to the Noble and Learned Judge for the part he had taken in the administration of that branch of justice.

After an excellent summing up by his Lordship, the Jury found a verdict for the Defendant. His Lordship said, had he been upon the Jury, he should have given the same verdict.—*Verdict for Defendant.*

TRIAL OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL
BELL, &c. FOR MURDER,
At the Guildhall of the City of York,
BEFORE BARON THOMPSON.

MONDAY, JULY 31, 1797.

BRyan Bell, Esq. William Cooper Forster, Esq. and Owen Evans, Labourer, were indicted for the wilful murder of George Crigan, surgeon, the former by shooting the said George Crigan with a leaden ball, on the 11th day of June, 1797, in the parish of St. Laurence, near the city of York, and the two latter by being present, aiding and abetting the said Bryan Bell.

Bedford Ireland, surgeon, was included in the same Bill of Indictment, for aiding and abetting in the said murder, but did not surrender himself to take his trial.

Matthew Singleton, serjeant in the 46th regiment of foot, (of

which Mr. Bell was Lieutenant-Colonel, Mr. Forster, a Captain, and the deceased Mr. Crigan, Surgeon) deposed, that in the afternoon of Saturday, June 10, he was directed by Colonel Bell to go to Mr. Crigan to get him to sign a discharge for a soldier who had been ill: that Mr. Crigan asked him, if Colonel Bell was at home, also if Mr. Forster was at home? To both which questions he replied in the affirmative; that in the evening of the same day the witness happened to be at Colonel Bell's lodgings, where he heard from a room adjoining to that in which he was, Mr. Ireland (Surgeon's Mate to the regiment) and Colonel Bell conversing together. That it was not his practice to listen, but that towards the close of their conversation they talked loud, and he heard Mr. Ireland say, "Colonel, you must make an apology." To which the Colonel replied, "No, Sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no such thing: I shall give Mr. Crigan the satisfaction he has required." Mr. Ireland answered, "Very well, Sir, that's all I have to say to it," and then went away. The witness soon followed, and in Coney-freet he met Mr. Crigan and Mr. Ireland going towards the Colonel's lodgings. They stopped at the door for about half a minute, but did not go in. Two days before this Colonel Bell directed the witness to send the orderly Serjeant to inform Mr. Crigan that the Colonel wanted to speak to him. He immediately came to the Colonel's lodgings, and the witness heard the Colonel say to him, "Good morning, Sir, I am sorry to trouble you by sending for you, but several men are reported absent from the Parade with leave; I wish you to be on parade to certify for them. Several sick men appear in the streets very dirty, I think cleanliness would contribute to

to their recovery; but I do not wish any soldier to attend who is really sick." Mr. Crigan acquiesced in this. He staid about ten minutes; they appeared on gentlemanly terms; Colonel Bell spoke very mildly.

Gervase Rainey, Esq. a Captain in the 46th regiment of foot, deposed, that on the 11th of June last, betwixt four and five in the morning, Captain Forster came alone into his bed-room, and said to him, "I must be off immediately on account of an unfortunate accident. Crigan has called out Bell, who has shot him through the body." He then desired the witness to take charge (as paymaster) of the regimental accounts, during his absence. He told him that Crigan fired first. Colonel Bell now came also into the witness's room. He said an unfortunate business had taken place. He was extremely sorry, but he had been forced to it. He appeared much agitated and hurt. While the regiment was laying at Doncaster, Mr. Crigan told the witness he was determined to call on the Colonel for satisfaction, for an affront given by him in the West Indies, whenever he had an opportunity: the witness said he was sorry he should make such a serious affair of it, as it had laid over so long, that he had better let it pass altogether, and that no imputation of blame would lay with him on that account. Crigan replied, that it was a serious thing for a young man to have his character blown upon; that he was resolute to have it settled, and he supposed it would be determined in the field.—Captain Rainey being asked as to the character of Colonel Bell, said, that he was a man of humanity, integrity, and honour, and that he was in every respect a gentleman. On the same question respecting Captain Forster, he said he stood

as high as any man for those qualities. On being shown two letters (afterwards given in evidence) addressed to Colonel Bell, signed George Crigan, he said he knew the signature to be the hand-writing of Mr. Crigan.

James Peter Kingston, Esq. also a Captain in the 46th, deposed, he joined that regiment on the first of January last at Poole. He was intimate with Crigan, who solicited him to be his second, when an opportunity offered to call out Colonel Bell, who then was, and had been for some time, the commanding officer with the regiment; that there is an etiquette among military men, which prevents them from seeking redress for any affront, so long as the gentleman who has given it is the commanding officer with the regiment. The witness declined acceding to his request, and told him it was wrong to harbour resentment so long; he however persisted, and took this advice angrily. He said, "Do you think I will put up with such language, or such ill-treatment?" He told him the affront was given in Martinique, in June, 1796; that he had called on Colonel Bell, at his lodgings there, and had asked him if the eggs were hatched (alluding to a bird's nest which was out of the window); to this the Colonel replied, "You must either be drunk or mad! get out of the room!"—On which he retired. On Saturday, June 10, last, Crigan came to this witness's lodgings, to consult him respecting Colonel Bell's answer to a demand he had sent him for satisfaction; the answer was, that the Colonel would meet him with his servant. The witness advised Crigan not to accede to this, as he thought a servant was a very improper person to accommodate such an affair, and requested him to let him know if any thing more should be decided that evening.

He heard nothing more till Sunday morning, when he found he had been wounded. The witness was with him several times on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, and was about to relate the conversation that had passed between them, but as he swore Mr. Crigan had no idea that his dissolution was near, the Court held that those conversations could not be given in evidence, as the law is, that declarations respecting the manner of persons being wounded, &c. can only be received when made under the solemn persuasion that death is approaching. The witness also deposed, that the regiment had been at Tiverton before it went to Poole, and Mr. Crigan told him that Colonel Bell either had drank his health, or asked him to join him with a glass of wine, but that he turned away, and took no notice. Whilst at Poole, he endeavoured four or five times to dissuade Crigan from his purpose, but he was still bent on it, and it was in vain to persuade him. That in April last Colonel Bell gave Mr. Crigan leave of absence.—When he was recalled, he was very angry, although the witness told him Colonel Bell could not avoid it, as General Scott was his superior officer, and it was in consequence of his orders. That at York Mr. Crigan did not ask him to be his second; that, when the affront was given at Martinique, Colonel Bell was confined to his room and ill; that Mr. Crigan was of a hasty temper, and that Colonel Bell and Captain Forster were men of humanity, integrity, and honour.

Some other Officers proved to the same effect.

DEFENCE.

Lieutenant Colonel Bell addressed the Court in nearly the following words:

My Lord and Gentlemen of the Jury,—It is my great misfortune to appear before you to-day, to answer to a charge of Wilful Murder; an offence which those who are best acquainted with the turn of my mind, and the invariable conduct of my life, will say I am utterly incapable of committing. I have been an Officer in his Majesty's service for the space of twenty-six years, nearly twenty-five of which period, I was employed on foreign service in America, in the West Indies, at Gibraltar, and in Ireland. It is the highest consolation to my mind, that I am enabled to say, that until this unfortunate affair, I was never engaged in any quarrel whatever; and you will be thoroughly satisfied, that on the present occasion, so far from having been the aggressor, I used every possible means to conciliate Mr. Crigan, and to avert him from a purpose, which, if justice to myself did not extort it from me, I would not have said, I fear he had harboured for some time. He was determined, and I had no choice, but either to quit my profession and live a life of ignominy, or yield myself to his unjust and importunate calls upon me. No one laments more than I now do, and have ever done, the fate of the deceased; but my conscience is easy in this respect, that it was his conduct, not mine, which produced the event. I will not trouble you with a detail of the transaction: you have in part heard it from the witnesses examined by the Crown, and will be informed of further particulars, but all of them, unfortunately for me, you cannot know, by the witnesses I shall call to you. The result will show, that whatever Mr. Crigan's intentions were towards me, mine were kind and friendly towards him; that I was actuated by no spleen, no rancour, no malice, no unkind

unkind disposition towards him, and that what I did, I was urged to do, from the same motive, and the same necessity which have guided the conduct of many good and worthy persons on similar unfortunate occasions; to whom the benignity of the Law, and the humanity of juries, in consideration of human infirmity, have been often extended;—and I will not suppose that the mercy which others, under like circumstances, have experienced, will be sued for in vain by me. I have been thoroughly informed of the great goodness of your Lordship's heart, and I have the greatest reliance on the humanity of my Jury. Fortified by conscious innocence, myself, my honourable friend, and my faithful servant, have come voluntarily to your Lordship's bar, and have resigned ourselves to the clemency of your Lordship, and of your's, Gentlemen of the Jury. Had we felt any thing like the guilt of Murder, we should scarcely have appeared at this bar to day, when it was in our power to have avoided a legal trial. What affects me very deeply now, and has given me infinite pain, is, that my worthy friend, Captain Forster, and my poor servant, are involved in the consequences of this calamitous difference between Mr. Crigan and me: and the circumstance of Captain Forster's being joined with me as a defendant, deprives me of the opportunity of proving, by his evidence, the unfortunate and inadequate cause of Mr. Crigan's resentment; for he was present in the West Indies, consoling me by his conversation and company in a fit of sickness, at the very moment, it seems, Mr. Crigan took offence at something that I had said. His case and that of my servant, surely deserve the utmost pity. I will add nothing more for myself, but my thanks for the kind attention with which

you have heard this address, and respectfully submit my case to your humane consideration.

Captain Forster left his case to the Court, as did Owen Evans.

The learned Judge summed up the evidence with the greatest accuracy, and commented on the facts with the utmost candour. He stated it was his bounden duty to inform the Jury, that whoever was the challenger, if a duel was deliberately fought, the surviving party was considered by the law as guilty of the crime of murder. He regretted that military men, in their ideas of honour, were so peculiarly circumstanced. He observed, that in this unfortunate case, it appeared to the credit of the survivor, that he was not actuated by malice or resentment;—on the contrary, he had considered the youth and inexperience of the deceased, and had behaved to him with propriety, kindness, and humanity. Such had not been the conduct of Mr. Crigan, who had, as it were, sought his own fate, by persisting in his resentment to Colonel Bell, for a few words spoken, hastily perhaps, at a time when he was labouring under a severe indisposition, and persevering so long and so steadily in his determination, contrary to the advice of those officers whom he consulted, and who refused to take the challenge; and, after all, going out without informing Captain Kingston, who had particularly urged the deceased to let him know if any thing further happened.

His Lordship, after stating that no characters could stand higher than those of the Colonel and Captain Forster, directed the Jury to take the whole into their consideration, and if they thought favourable of the prisoners, they would exercise the power they had of mitigating the verdict as to the Colonel, to that of manslaughter; and

and of acquitting Captain Forster and Owen Evans.

The Jury, after a consultation of two minutes, returned a verdict of—*Guilty of Manslaughter*, against Colonel Bell; and acquitted Captain Forster and Owen Evans.

SENTENCE.

Court. “In consideration of the circumstances of the case, the Sentence of the Court is, that you, Bryan Bell, Esq. pay a fine of Six Shillings and Eight pence, and be imprisoned One Month”

THE FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

OXFORD PUNS.

A Formal fellow, going to see an acquaintance at Balliol College, made a thousand scrapes and cringes. “Lord, Toin,” said his friend, “you are just like a tree.” “How so?” said the other. “Why, because you are so full of bows.”

A man being brought before the Vice Chancellor, on an accusation preferred against him, began to *hawk* and *spit*. On being asked what he meant by such insolence, he said he was come to *clear* himself.

On Sunday August 6, a sudden puff of wind blowing off a lady's bonnet in the Green Park, the fair one aware of the *indelicacy* of appearing with her head uncovered in

public, immediately removed the handkerchief which covered her bosom, and adjusted to her head, by way of turban. This reminds us of Humphrey Clinker's sweetheart, who, when surprised by her master bathing in the sea, covered her face with her hands and ran away.

A great breeder of sheep, in Somersetshire, was telling a salesman, in Smithfield, that he had got some of the finest wethers that ever wore wool upon their backs: upon which the dealer replied, “Softly, friend *Fleece' em*, don't make a stir about 'em: for, if you do, the Minister may be in your *mutton*. There's a tax already upon *dogs* and *horses*—and if he should hear of your extraordinary *fine wethers*, who knows but the next scheme that comes into his head may be to lay a tax upon *sheep*.”

A certain Ejectment cause brings to recollection an Anecdote of the late celebrated Charles Townshend, a near relative of the litigant parties: being informed his Lady was safely delivered of male twins—“by G—d,” exclaimed the wit, “it is the first time two brothers of the family were nine months together, before the one kicked the other out of doors.”

A Cockney, after describing the gaiety and pleasures at Weymouth, pathetically laments that the streets are badly lighted for the *Londoners*. This is like the Scots Highland Laird, who, after a splendid entertainment, feeling the want of his usual fare, exclaimed, “Och! och! where be the *cheese* and the *whiskey*?”

At the Norfolk Assizes a curious action was brought for defamation. The wife of a shoemaker lost seven cheeses, and went to a cunning woman to discover the thief; the witch informed her that the culprit had a mark on her nose. On this, Crispin's dame accused the wife of a Mr. Bailey, who happened to have a scar upon her nose, with the robbery; much abuse ensued, and an action for damages was the consequence; but the prosecution appeared so frivolous, that the Judge directed a verdict to be found for the defendant.

PROJECTORS.

A projector, at Hamburgh, lately made proposals to the Magistracy for their patronage, to enable him to carry into effect a machine which he had invented to fix in houses, &c. to give notice of the approach of thieves. It was not only infallible in awaking any person asleep, but would, at the same time, ring a bell, strike a light, or, if required, fire a gun, without any necessity for the family getting out of bed. Nothing, according to the inventor, could equal the simplicity of its construction. But notwithstanding that, he warned the public to beware of counterfeits. A rival in ways and means asserted, that he had also a machine that would not only perform every thing in common with the former, "but even apprehend and carry the thief before a magistrate, without giving the person robbed any further trouble."

The following extraordinary article is copied from a recent American paper.—believe it who can:—“A printing press—on a new

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plan—has lately been invented by Apollus Kinley, of Hartford, Connecticut. It is affirmed, that although the Pres is by no means completed, it has already been so much improved by machinery, as to put the ink on the types, to carry in the paper, and print two sheets at a time; and will also deliver them—well printed—at the rate of more than 2000 sheets in an hour, by the labour of one person only!!! The usual number of sheets printed on the old presses by the labour of two persons, do not exceed 250 sheets in an hour!”

It was the late Lord Mountmorres, who in the zenith of his patriotism, contended for a radical Reform, and, in a speech on the Hustings in Westminster, said, that we ought to lay the root to the axe!

One of the Right Reverend Bench having very charitably established an alms-house, at his own expence, for 25 poor women, Mr. Murray, afterwards Earl of Mansfield, in his juvenile days, was applied to for an inscription to be placed over the portal of the house; upon which he took up his pencil, and immediately wrote the following:

Under this roof
the Lord Bishop of
keeps
no less than 25 Women.

ANECDOSE.

When the bust of Garrick, of which there are so many copies, was first made, one of them was sent as a present to Foote. Foote placed it on his *bureau*, and was

N n counting

counting some money before it, when Garrick entered the room. "So, Foote," says Garrick, "you are not afraid that my head should form any designs against your money?" "No, Davy," answered Foote, "for your head has no hands."

The Irish papers indulge in a witicism about Sir Henry Hayes and Miss Pike. They report, that the Knight is to be tried for sedition, for having a Pike found unlawfully in his possession.

When Storace was taxed with a *certain affair* at Birmingham, she asked the religious folks whether she was not justified in retiring to *A-Braham's bosom*?

In one of the ships that returned from the West-Indies with the sick troops, so many died every day as to continually employ several of the sailors in sewing them up in tacks, and heaving them overboard. An Irishman being rather clumsy, run the needle into the nose of one of the sick men, who instantly called out. "I'm alive, I'm alive." "by J—s," replied the other, "that's nothing to *me*, for you're *dead upon the Purser's Books!*"

The Marquis of Buckingham's prudent mode of disposing of his pond fish, reminds us of a *jeu de mot* of the late Oxonian Wit, Tom Warton, who, on being told, that the Duke of M. had just disposed of his carp, and them at so much per pound, replied, "I am not surprized at it, to. I always thought him a d—d *fat fish* fellow."

Lady Augusta Murray is down at Bognor with a little white-haired boy in pantaloons, whom she calls his *Royal Highness!*

There is a beautiful child tenderly bringing up in the house of an elegant widowed Duchess, that has excited the greatest curiosity throughout the family, but without the smallest discovery from whence it came, or of whom it sprang!

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Saturday the 5th of August, Lieutenant Francis Buckley, of the Loyal British Fencibles, in the Island of Jersey, was killed in a duel with Captain Smith, of the same regiment. After exchanging several shots, the deceased received his antagonist's ball in his right side, and died almost instantly. The cause of this unfortunate affair is said to have arisen from a quarrel between Capt. S. and the deceased, in which the former received a blow from the latter, who imagined that Capt. S. had made use of improper language to him. This unfortunate gentleman has left a wife and two children, a brother, a Lieutenant in the same regiment, and aged parents, to lament his unhappy fate.

A duel took place on Monday morning August 15, near Hammersmith, between Colonel G— in and Adjutant Jones. The circumstances of the transaction are these: Colonel G. having used an expression which was conceived to throw a reflection on the British Government and officers, Adjutant Jones, as a British Officer in the line, chal-

lenged him, and on Monday morning last the parties met. They stood at ten paces, and fired by the word of command, when the Colonel's first fire struck off part of the Adjutant's lapel and button; at the second fire, the Adjutant wounded the Colonel in the groin; the ball has since been extracted, and the Colonel is in a fair way of recovery.

Monday August 21, a duel took place near Gunnersbury House, between Lieut. Mackenzie, late of the 20th regiment, and Mr. Beal Surgeon. These gentlemen came home passengers in the last Jamaica Fleet; the dispute occurred during the voyage, when General Witlock, Major Davis, and other officers, endeavoured to adjust the difference, but without effect. The parties having met in consequence, and fired at the same time, Mr. Beal was severely wounded by his adversary's ball, which entered close into the groin. He was brought up to town, and the wound was examined by Messrs. Fearon and Rush; but their endeavours to discover the ball have as yet proved ineffectual. Mr. Beal was attended to the field by his brother. Mr. Mackenzie and his second have absconded.

COURT MARTIAL AT AYR, SCOTLAND.

At a General Court Martial, held at Ayr, upon Wednesday the 5th day of July last, and following days, whereof Colonel the Earl of Darlington was President, for the trial of Captain Charles Gordon, of the 6th (or North) Fusible Regiment of Foot, charged by Lieutenant Colonel John Woodford of the said Regiment.

1st. With violently assaulting and striking

the said Lieutenant Colonel John Woodford, his Commanding Officer, in the street of Ayr, upon the 15th day of June last, in breach of the fifth article of the second section of the Articles of War.

2d. For ungentlemanlike behaviour, in running behind, and violently striking and wounding his said Commanding Officer, with a stick, in the nature of a bludgeon, when he was in no state of self defence, in breach of the twenty-second article of the sixteenth section of the Articles of War.

3d. For disobedience of orders and breach of arrest, in refusing to return with the Adjutant to head-quarters, and going to Edinburgh, in breach of the twenty-first article of the sixteenth section of the Articles of War.

SENTENCE.

The Court upon full consideration of the evidence, and the whole matters before them, were of opinion, that the prisoner is guilty upon each of the charges exhibited against him, in breach of the Articles of War on which the said charges are laid, and that he is liable to punishment accordingly, on which account they adjudged him to be cashiered: —but, in consideration of the aggravated circumstances attendant upon the case, from an unfortunate family dispute, the Court humbly requested General Lord Adam Gordon to recommend to his Majesty, that the punishment may be so far mitigated, that the prisoner, Captain Gordon, shall only be obliged to give in his resignation to Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford, for him to forward to his Colonel the Duke of Gordon.

GENERAL ORDERS.

Adjutant-General's Office, Edinburgh,
Aug. 11.

The whole of the proceedings of the aforesaid General Court Martial having been laid before the King, his Majesty has been pleased to signify to General Lord Adam Gordon, that, from the peculiar circumstances of the case, in which his Majesty sees much to lament, and much to blame, he has not

2 N 2 thought

thought fit to ratify the sentence of the Court Martial in its full extent, with reference to each of the articles of charge; but considering it to be inconsistent with the harmony of the corps, and in point of example, with the necessary support of discipline, that Captain Gordon should retain his commission in the Regiment of North Fencible Highlanders, his Majesty is pleased to direct that it be signified to him, that his Majesty has *no farther occasion for his service as a Captain in the said Regiment.*

It is General Lord Adam Gordon's order, that the foregoing charges and sentence, with his Majesty's pleasure signified thereupon, be circulated to the Regular and Fencible Forces in North Britain, and entered in the Orderly Books of the respective corps.

By General Lord Adam Gordon's command.

MILITARY EXECUTION.

The following savage and brutal circumstance is stated as an absolute fact:—Some time since Capt. Lucas, of the county of Monaghan militia, received a letter in Belfast, where his regiment was quartered, that his wife, then in the county of Armagh, was dangerously ill; and he got a few days leave of absence, in order to go to see her. On the high road in the county of Armagh, he was met by Col. Sparrow and two dragoons. Col. Sparrow asked him immediately, “what fellow he was?” Capt. Lucas replied, “he was Captain Lucas of the Monaghan Militia.” “By Heaven (says Sparrow) I don't care who you are; you shall come with me as a prisoner to the guard-house in Tandragee.” “Why (says Capt. Lucas) I give you my honour I am Captain Lu-

cas of the Monaghan Militia.” “O damn me if I care! you must come with me.” “Well, Sir, (replied Captain Lucas) if I must go, I give you warning, you shall hereafter give me the satisfaction of a Gentleman for thus treating me.” Col. Sparrow instantly ordered the dragoons to fire, but they refused. Col. Sparrow then drew his sword, and gave him a cut in the face, which laid him open from ear to ear, and cut out four of his teeth; he then made another cut, and hit the face of the horse on which Capt. Lucas was riding, in a most shocking manner.

Capt. Lucas was not quite dead when this account came away, but it is impossible he can survive: the horse died instantaneously.”

The dragoons are both ready to prove these facts, and that Capt. Lucas never spoke an offensive word. Capt. Lucas, who was so treated, is next heir to the Castle-Slane estate of 6000l. per annum, after the death of his nephew, who is now a boy about nine years of age.”

This month three horses, the property of Mr. Henry Langsford, of Exmouth, Devon, thrust open the door of a stable belonging to an uninhabited house, where there was neither food nor litter: when the door fastening upon them, they were confined for eight or ten days, before they were discovered; when found, they were nearly starved.

At the Gloucester Assizes, there were two actions in which Lord Berkeley's name was again brought forward about killing game. Lord Kenyon said he was tired of hearing the name of that Nobleman on trials of a similar nature.

Mr.

Mr. Elderfield, of the Angel Inn, Reading, is the fortunate holder of a quarter of the ticket, No. 7940, drawn a prize of 10,000*l.* in the Irish Lottery the 21st day of drawing.

On Wednesday August 16, was played a Grand Match of Cricket between eleven Gentlemen of Stansted, Herts, and eleven Gentlemen of Waltham Abbey, Essex, which was won by the former and four men to spare; when a challenge was given to play any town in the county of Herts, except Hoddesdon and Ware.

State of the Game.

WALTHAM ABBEY.	STANSTED.
First Innings 57	First Innings 59
Second ditto 58	Second ditto 57
115	116

And four wickets to go down.

His Majesty's return from Weymouth always precedes, by a day or two, his appearance with the flag hounds on the first grand (Holyrood, Sept. 25) day of the season.

Venison has been more plentiful this season than for several years past. On a medium of 16 summers the present has been productive of finer bucks in the Royal as well as private Parks.

On Tuesday the 15th of August, a match was run over Newmarket, between Mr. Burgh's Cricketer, and Mr. Corrie's Bob, carrying twelve stone each, for one hundred guineas, the best of three four-mile heats, *play or pay*; when, after three heats of desperate running, (head

and neck) it terminated in favour of Mr. Corrie, who won by the third of a length only. The odds at starting, were five to four upon Cricketer.

At the commencement of the breeding season, six-and-thirty brace of hares were removed by order of his Majesty, from Bushy and Richmond to Windsor Great Park; where, if they have multiplied in proportion to their original number, no want of sport will be experienced with the Harriers, who form a *secondary* consideration in the Royal Chace.

A few days since, as Mrs. Ironside, widow of the late Rev. William Ironside, of Houghton-le-Spring, in the county of Durham, accompanied by her son-in-law, John Grant, Esq. of Rothymarcus, in the county of Inverness, was travelling in a phaeton towards the latter place, the bits of the bridles were taken out of the horses mouths to give them some water, when they took fright, the carriage was overturned, and Mrs. Ironside killed on the spot. Mr. Grant was considerably bruised, but is in a fair way of recovery. Mrs. Grant, with her infant child and maid, were in another carriage, spectators of this unfortunate event.

A hen canary bird, belonging to a shoemaker in Aberdeen, brought forth out of six eggs twelve birds, nine of which are living. A pigeon belonging to a weaver in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, laid sixteen eggs, three of which rotted, and from the other thirteen eggs she brought thirteen pigeons.

The

The Duke of Bedford goes on with his practical experiments in agriculture at Woburn, with unabating spirit; they are upon the most extensive scale, and executed on the best established principles of the highest cultivated counties; and the communications to all agricultural visitors are made by his Grace's orders with the utmost liberality and attention.

At Worcester races, appeared the venerable William Hyde, of Hopton Wafers, in Shropshire, who is now in his 104th year! He rode from that place to Mr. Burwick's hospitable mansion at Hallow, from whence he walked daily to the race-ground. In his cottage on the side of the Clee-hill, he has passed this long and peaceful life, in the parish which gave him birth. After the age of 70, he wandered into Wiltshire to see his sons, and walked on the first day of his journey from his home to Newport, in Gloucestershire, a distance of near fifty miles. He lived 68 years with one wife!

ANECDOTES.

Spanish gallantry, such as led to the idea that a Queen of Spain had no legs, has been embarrassed in more than one instance; D. Juan Vitian, on his commentary upon Coinines has an anecdote of Lady Juana, sister of Philip of Spain, afterwards wife of Don John of Portugal; stating, that being one day hunting she fell from her horse, which Philip hearing of did not enquire whether she had sustained any hurt, but *si cayo honesta*, if she fell decently! To satisfy this curiosity, the answer given was, *qui honestissima*, in the most decent manner possible; but having afterwards

learnt quite the contrary, and that to cover her *verguercas* the attendants nearest her were obliged to throw her their cloaks, Philip issued an order that no Ladies should ride except in a carriage either in city or country; and it is added, that if a similar accident had happened to his wife instead of his sister, he would have put an end to her existence!

The Duke de Villa Real had a mistress whom he adored, and a wife to whom he was more than indifferent. The mistress was young and tender; the Duchess had ceased to be one, and had never been the other. One evening the mistress insulted the Duchess at the Comedy; the audience resented it. The favourite called upon the Duke for protection—the Duke turned her out of the box by the shoulders, telling her he would never forgive any one for wanting respect to his wife; and that whatever might be his follies, he had not that of preferring any thing in a woman to her virtue! The story is true, and we recommend it to those whom it may concern.

SAILING MATCH.

The sailing match between the Mercury and Providence was decided in favour of the former, by beating her adversary one hour and forty-seven minutes. They started from the Gun Tavern, Blackwall, at a quarter before five o'clock on Friday morning, August 11, went round the Nore light, and the Mercury returned again to Blackwall by a quarter past three the same afternoon, having sailed the amazing distance of 130 miles in nine hours and an half.

Friday August 11, a fishmonger in Oxford-street, cleaning a cod filth, found in the belly a purse, containing two guineas and three shillings.

A GORMANDIZER.

Tuesday August 8, Edward Ryley, of Stafford, labourer, died in consequence of eating and drinking inordinately, at a dinner given that day by E. Drakeford, Esq. to a number of men who had been working at his marl-pits.

On Sunday morning, August 6, one of the large springs upon which the mail-box rests, belonging to the York mail coach, snapped in pieces, about a mile from Wandsford. The passengers were immediately got out; but while they were assisting the guard and coachman to chain up the body of the coach, the horses took flight, and ran off full gallop with the coach for above a mile, and passed over a narrow bridge before they were stopped, which was effected by the coachman at the risk of his life; for as soon as the horses st off, he caught hold of the hind part of the carriage, and raised himself to the guard's seat, to which he clung till after they had crossed the bridge, and were ascending a little hill, when he crawled over the coach to the box, and from thence down upon the pole, where getting hold of the reins, he fortunately stopped their further progress, else in all probability both coach and horses would have been dashed to pieces.

On Friday August 4, a dragoon horse, fell over a part of the cliff

near Hastings, and, alighting upon a thatched hut on the beach beneath, in which two little children were asleep, beat in the roof and almost covered the sleeping infants with rubbish, from which, however extraordinary it may appear, they were shortly after taken out without having received any other injury than very trifling bruises. The horse also, having his fall thus broken, escaped unhurt.

A circumstance of a very peculiar nature is reported of a Mr. M. who some time ago formed a tender connection with a young Lady, by whom he had a child. The father of the young Gentleman, who is very opulent, declared that he would disinherit his son, if he did not break off the connection.—The love between the parties was ardent and mutual; the son heard the injunction with grief, and with tears promised to act conformable to the willies of the father. But his resolution forsook him, and as he had just finished his school studies, in which the young Lady made also a great proficiency, he had recourse to the singular stratagem of inducing her to assume male attire, and enter with him as a Fellow Commoner in the University of Oxford. The young Lady being received as such, went through the rigours and discipline of an University education; she applied herself closely to the dead language, and in Greek and Latin became a considerable proficient. For a year she was never seen without the doors of her chamber, except by her lover; and the approbation of the University, besides several premiums, crowned her classical labours.—When the parties had finished at Oxford, the Gentleman, with his fair friend, entered the Middle Temple, where they were Students. In Term time

time she regularly dined in the Hall, and in the Vacation in different coffee-houses, with her friend. She has paid great attention to the law, and in legal disquisition is said to be a subtle disputant. At George's coffee-house, her talents, more than once, have exposed the ignorance of certain stripling Barristers.—After such constancy, few minds, we hope, are prepared to imagine the fate of the fair unfortunate; for she is now abandoned by her lover, a prey to grief, and with acquirements that, in her sex, are rendered almost useless in her progress through life by the custom of the world. The mother of the Gentleman has settled an annuity on her, but the philosophy of the schools does not prevent her from being inconsolable.

list of Justices. This debasement of his public character did not check his usual avaricious career; he even went so far as to treat his children, who had independent fortunes, which must have devolved on him at their death, with such inhumanity, that they absolutely sunk under the weight of his usage, and died, unlively, in early youth. On his death-bed he would not permit the usual attendants on sickness to be near him; nor would he suffer even a farthing rush-light to shed its dim rays round its thatched walls. To sum up his character, it may be affirmed, that in him each natural feeling was sacrificed to gold; and that, as he lived detested by society, he died amid the silent rejoicings of his friends.

Lately died near Exeter, in an advanced age, James Pitman, Esq. a man so penurious as almost to deny himself and his family the common necessaries of life; although he died possessed of property to the amount of nearly 200,000!. accumulated, for the most part, by avarice and the oppressions of his relations and tenants. For many years past he lived in a small cottage, acting under the impression that saving is getting, and let to rent the family mansion-house, because he chose to forego the comforts which wealth produces, and to shut out hospitality from the family at large. A few years ago he was made one of the Justices of the Peace for the county, but soon perceiving the smallness of the perquisites accruing from the office, his mercenary ambition led him to commit numberless paltry depredations on the purses of the poor individuals who solicited from him an equal distribution of the laws; at length, however, he was ignominiously rejected from the

Two dogs, a spaniel and a pointer, the property of Mr. Bishop, of Waterford, lately strayed from their home, and having in a wood in the neighbourhood found a hare, ran her until midnight, when, from the darkness that pervaded, they were precipitated into a pit, from whence they had no means of escape; in this situation the poor animals were discovered alive, after 17 days absence, during which time it is impossible they could receive any food.

Tuesday, August 22, a pitched battle was fought on Sunbury Common, between Bartholomew and Owen, for twenty-five guineas a side, which terminated in favour of the former after a severe contest of thirty minutes. The amateurs never experienced, in the annals of bruising, so well contested a battle. The odds were five to four, and six to four in favour of Owen. A great number of admirers of pugilism were present, but we did not recognize the Duke of H—.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE ANGLER'S PROGRESS;

WRITTEN BY MR. H. BOAZ,

July the 4th, 1789.

To the Tune of the Ploughboy;

I.

WHEN I was a mere *Schol-boy*, (ere
yet I'd learn'd my book)
I felt an itch for Angling in every little
brook;
An oifer rod, some thread for line, a crooked
pin for hook,
And thus equipp'd I angled, in every little
brook:
Where *prickle-backs* and *minnows*, each day
I caught in thore,
With *stone-backs* and *Miller's thumbs*, those
brooks afford no more:
And thus the little Angler, (with crooked
pin for hook)
Wou'd shun each noisy *wrangler*, to fish th'
murm'ring brook.

II.

Then next I bought some farthing hooks,
and eke a horse-hair line;
An hazle rod, with whalebone top, my
play-mates to out-thine:
With which I soon aspired, to angle with a
float;
And where I could not fish from shore, I
angl'd from a boat:
Then *roach* and *dace*, and *bleak* I took, and
gudgeons without e'r;
And now and then a *pearch* I'd hook, which
made my rod to bend,
And thus the little Angler, (pleas'd with
his line and hook)
Wou'd shun each noisy *wrangler*, to fish the
murm'ring brook.

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III.

Bream, *chub*, and *barble*, next I sought, their
various haunts I ty'd,
With scower's *worms*, *greaves*, *cheese* and
pease, and various baits beside;
With hooks of *kirby-bent*, (well chose) and
gut that's round and fine;
So by gradations thus I rose to fish with
running line:
A multiplying winch I bought, wherewith
my fl'l to ty,
And so expert myself I thought, few with
me now cou'd vie:
And thus the little Angler, with rod and
line, and hook,
Wou'd shun each noisy *wrangler*, to fish
the murmur'ring brook.

IV.

My mind on *tressing*, now intent, with live
and d ad snap-hook:
Seldom to the rivers went, but *pike* or *jack* I
took,
Near banks of *bulrush*, *sedge* and *reed*; (a
na k and wim' e'r):
And if the *pike* were on their feed, I rarely
mis'd my prey.
If ba ts are fresh, and proper size, no matter
w at's the sort,
At *gudgeons*, *roach*, or *dace* they'll rise;
with all by turns, I've spott:
So now a dexterous Angler, with rod and
line, and hook,
I shun'd each noisy *wrangler*, to fish the
murm'ring brook.

V.

And now to cast a *fly-line* well, became my
chieffest w.in;
I strove each sportsman to excel; and cheat
the nimble *fish*:

Q. e.

Now

Now trout and greylings I could kill, (if gloomy was the day)
 And salmon also, (at my will) became an easy prey :
 Now flies and palmers I cou'd dress, aquatic insects too,
 And all their various seasons guess, their uses well I knew :
 So now dextrous Angler, with rod and line,
 and hook,
 I shunn'd each noisy wrangler, to fish the murn'ring brook.

VI.

So now to close this charming scene, which none like sportmen feel ;
 Be sure you keep the golden mein, now arm your hearts with cheer :
 The fish with moderation take, and to the Fair be kind ;
 And ne'er with them your promise break, but virtue keep in mind :
 So Wives and Sweethearts now let's drink, let each man fill his glass,
 And may we never speak or think, to disconcert our lads.—
 Then when our lines are all worn out, and feeble grows the hook,
 They'll ne'er forget the Angler, that angled in the brook.
 They'll ne'er forget the Angler, that angled in the brook.

THE MATCH BOY.

A Favourite New Song,
 Sung by MR. DIGNUM, at Vauxhall Gardens.

Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.

The Words by Mr. VINT.

YE wealthy and proud, while in splendor ye roll,
 Behold a poor orphan, pale, hungry, and wan ;
 And learn, tho' now doom'd to Misfortune's control,
 He springs, like yourselves from the fountain of Man.
 So scanty the fruit of his humble employ,
 Dejected he roams in a sad ragged plight ;
 Then, O ! give a mite to the poor little boy,
 Who cries, "Buy my matches!" from morning to night.

Remember, tho' Luxury cloys you by day,
 And pampers you nightly on pillows of down,
 Adversity soon may plant thorns in your way,
 Obscuring your pleasures with Poverty's frown.
 While Apathy's flint and cold steel you employ,
 The tinder of Feeling you never can light,
 Nor e'er give a mite to the poor little boy,
 Who cries "Buy my matches!" from morning to night.
 And you, ye proud Fair of this ocean-girt land,
 With beauty external so gifted by Fate,
 Whose smiles can enrapture, whose frowns can command,
 Prove also your mental endowments are great.
 The crams of your table, which lap-dogs destroy,
 Might comfort our orphan, and yield him delight ;
 Then, O ! give a mite to the poor little boy,
 Who cries, "Buy my matches!" from morning to night.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

*Nibil me, sicut antea, juvat
 Scribere versiculos, amore pereculsum gravi.*

Envy von Beggars, that ragged and pale
 Intreats from the stranger his aid,
 I envy the Seaman that spreads his white sail,
 And drives on his dangerous trade !
 The Gamester that sets on one hazardous cast,
 And braves the last arrow of fate,
 Feels one bitter pang, but that pang is his last,
 Which closes his wavering state !
 The Hero, whose arms in the blood-sprinkled plain,
 Have borne the first laurels away,
 When defeat overtakes him, and valour proves vain,
 Still hopes to recover the day.

But he that has fought the soft transports of Love,
 And falls in the too tempting snare,
 Has built him a dungeon no time can move,
 And bows to the Jailer-Despair !

As the Stag that is wounded, hides far in
the gloom,
Or plunges deep in the tide,
In vain shuns the herd, and laments his sad
doom,
He bears the sharp steel in his side! .

So Love disappointed, embitters the day,
Weep what we cannot reveal,
The Heart will still bleed, tho' its Lord be
grown grey,
And nurse what it's doom'd to conceal!

TROILUS.

On the temporary STOPPAGE of the CURRENCY of the SPA BANK, at CHELTENHAM, 20th of July, 1797.

SCURVY loquitur.

DISEASES! rejoice—tho' we dance
not, let's sing,
For our foe is exhausted, that health-giving
spring.

Ep. 2.

Salt, sulphur, and steel,
No more shall ye heal,
And rid sickly folk of their ails;
For relief they must fly,
To the Galens hard by,
And take Glauber draughts for their t—.

Ep. 3.

Mourn*, hapless Cloacina! mourn,
Thy *litorals*—*Suns*—and *Stars*, un-torn;
Flow tears saline from eye,
Thy Chelt's famed stream alas! is dry.

* Mourn, hapless Caledonia! mourn,
Thy banish'd peace, and laurels torn.
Smollet's Elegy in 1745.

+ Newspapers in great request at the
throne of the Goddess.

LATINE REDITA.

Epigramma 1.

Gaudete, O Soci! redeunt Sa'urnia regna,
Jam fluere illustri fonte recusat aqua.

Ep. 2.

Sal—ferrum—sulphur non amplius ilia
ducunt;
Glauberi stomacho ductile sal det opem.
Sapphice.

Sal, chalybs, sulphur solitam quitem
Non dabunt ventri; quid agendum amice?
Quare Glauberi sal amarum, et inde
Auxilium in fer.

Ep. 3.

O unquam doleas,—unquam Cloacina!
dolebis,
Non iterum Soles oculi, St. Iasue videbunt,
Neve tuo a folio fumanti ad æthera sulphur
Ascendet; Madidas Portas Chel'dvia clausit
Nympha; sed hec remanet nobis spes forte*
recludet.

* Mrs. Forty. Naidæ ancilla.

CAPT. SNUG.

AIR.—Mrs. BLAND.

In the ITALIAN MONK.

DARK was the night, the children slept,
Poor Mary climb'd the cottage stair,
And at her chamber window wept,
And plac'd a little taper there.
“ Why does he tarry thus?” she cried:
“ Alas! what pains do I endure!
“ Heav'n grant this taper be his guide,
“ And lead him safe across the moor.”

At length his well-known step she hears:
“ He comes my terror to remove!
“ My William comes, to dry my tears!”
And down the flies to meet her love.
William, all pale and bloody stood,
Sigh'd out—“ Alas! no more we meet;
“ I'm stabb'd by robbers in the wood,”—
And fell a corfe at Mary's feet!

IMITATION OF THE 5th ODE OF ANACREON.

WITH the plant of Love, the Rose,
Let us tinge our sparkling wine;
With the fairest flower that blows
Let us blushing Crowns entwine;
And while laughing Baccus flows
Sorrow to the winds confign.

O 22

Fragrant

Fragrant Rose! thou sweetest flow'r,
Daughter of the perfum'd spring!
Priz'd by Gods at Banquet hour
Moving in the Graces ring;
Crown'd with roses, Venus' boy
Shakes his wreath, and smiles for joy!
Hither as my sportive lyre
Bromian Bacchus shall inspire.
Let the lovely girl advance;
For the mazy winding dance;
Tuck'd above her knee the vest,
Hair unbound and open breast;
Whilst her limbs to music gay,
Each soft lurking charm display.

A RECEIPT FOR MODERN DRESS.

TO describe, in its dressing, the taste of
the time,
(To answer your purpose, and fill up my
rhyme)
Your choice must be made for a figure ex-
emplar,
Of a Captain, a Cit, Macaroni, or Tem-
plar.
Let his figure be slender, and lounging, and
slim,
Confoundedly formal, and awkwardly trim.
Hang a hat on his head: let it squint fiercely
down,
And be cut, slash'd and scallop'd, and par'd
to the crown.
And when you would try to embellish his
hair,
Let your fingers be quick, and your pow-
der be fair;
Be-stiz it, and paite it, and cut it, and
curl it,
Now slope it in ranges, in rollers now furl
it.
For the head of a Fribble or Beau (without
doubt)
Having nothing within, should have some-
thing without.
For a coat, give him something so *outre* in
shape,
So awkward, so strange—'twould disfigure
an ape;
A thing nor a coat, nor a frock, nor a jacket,
All waist to the bottom, at bottom all
pocket;
What the brain of a Frenchman alone could
produce,
Without grace, without ornament, beauty,
or use.

For taste if you mean to display your re-
gard,
Let his breeches be spotted like panther or
pard;

Which will prove what old *Aesop* us'd
to exp'res,
That an a'st may look fierce in a masquerade
dres.
Nor forget that his breeches be roomy be-
tween 'em,
'Twill shew that a great deal is wanting
within 'em.
Let his shoes be cut forward as far as his
toe,
And his buckles be small, and as round as
an O.
Thus equipp'd, turn him out to the park, or
the street,
He will tos with his head, he will sprawl
with his feet,
Be as arrant a puppy as R——n or R——lii,
And vie with the blockheads at A——r's
in folly.

H. H-dly, Shelford.

EPIGRAMS.

*On the Chapel at Weburn Abbey, being con-
verted into a Wine Cellar.*

AT this apparent want of grace,
Let zealous Bigots rail and sneer:
The Chapel's still a sacred place;
Good spirits still assemble here!

*On the great Quantity of Verison in Weburn
Park.*

In Weburn Park (I'll not repine)
The Deer are very many:
Don't ask me, "if the flavour's fine,"—
I never tasted any.

WEBURN.

E. T. P.

Jack his own merit sees: this gives him
pride,
That he sees more than all the world beside.

Ned robb'd: confess'd it; was acquitted;
Why?
The Jury knew, Ned always us'd to lie.

THE
SPORTING MAGAZINE,
 OR,
 MONTHLY CALENDAR
 OF THE
 TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,
 And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE,
 ENTERPRISE and SPIRIT,
 For SEPTEMBER, 1797.

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Embellished with a beautiful Etching of the TERRIER, and an Engraved Frontispiece of the HORSE, with references, as described by Buffon.

—
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And sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

A D D R E S S.

ANOTHER Volume of the SPORTING MAGAZINE (the Xth) being completed, we have only to return thanks to our numerous Customers and Correspondents, for their continued patronage and kind assistance.

WITH respect to the present conduct of the Magazine, we presume to think, that the Volume now completed, will be found full as interesting, if not more so, than any of the former. Without vanity we may say, the SPORTING MAGAZINE is the most entertaining work of the present day, and our best exertions shall be used to render the future Volumes equally acceptable with the public, as those which have gone before them.

THE
Sporting Magazine,
For SEPTEMBER, 1797.

ROYAL HUNT.

THE ROYAL CHACE commenced on Monday, Sept. 25, under all the disadvantages that could possibly be expected from a combined severity of the elements; after a most dreadful torrent of rain for the preceding twenty hours, (which had laid all the flat parts of the country under water,) the Stag Hounds, with Lord Sandwich, and their appendages, were ready at the Starting Post, Afcot Heath, (with "some few of their faithful followers,") anxiously waiting a message from his Majesty, as no one present expecting (under the awful impression of the dreary morning, and threatening atmosphere) his Majesty would venture to *take the field*, when, to the no less joy than *surprise* of the few, his Majesty arrived, attended by General Gwynne, and Mr. Villars only: a young Deer, never before hunted, was instantly turned out, to the *thinnes* field ever known on a similar occasion; when unfortunately taking the worst ground, he crossed Sunning Hill Bog, and afforded scope for speculation. The major part of the horsemen taking the circle of Sunning Hill, were thrown out for the only burst of the day; Johnson, Gosden, Starling, Mr. Ravenshaw, and Mr. Taplin, being the only five who headed and stopped the Hounds at King's Beech, where there was a delay of near ten minutes, for his Majesty to get up; when they were

again let loose, and going over two miles of the most difficult, and worst riding ground in the Forest, or its environs, they reached the Swampy Bogs and Marshes, (nearly covered with water, and intersected with Alder Banks, and Ozier Beds) between Virginia Water and Thorpe, where they *threw up*, and after the most indefatigable exertions of Johnson, the Huntsman, and every Yeoman Pricker, for full three hours, without the least *trail, scent, hit, or slot*, they were under the necessity of submitting to the mortification of *being beat* (with a chace of only *five miles*) on the first day of the season, and by a Deer that had never before been put in fear of their superior force and instinct. His Majesty could not be persuaded to relinquish the attempt at recovery, till repeated rains came on so dreadfully severe, as to force the most resolute to seek for shelter. Sir John, and Lady Lade, with Mr. Batson, were all of the *Old School*, who "braved the fury of the day."

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE season is at length approaching, when we are to derive a fund of amusement from your occasional description of *long* or *singular* chaces, derived from the kind and communicative pens of your Correspondents, in various parts of the kingdom. These

when authentic and consistent, every old sportsman is pleased either to *read* or to *hear*; but in future have charity enough to spare the dull recital of a *hare hunt* through a number of parishes, or the *incredible* "hairbreadth'scapes" in the chace of a *bag fox*; for though these things may *read well* amongst the *juvenile Femmies* in the *City*, you, Mr. Editor, ought to know, that in the *Country* we are not very fond of

HUMBUG.

In answer to this Correspondent we shall say, that our endeavours shall be exerted to please the readers in general of the Sporting Magazine. The selections shall be made according to our best judgment, and with a wary caution against all attempts at that species of imposition, which he so elegantly terms HUMBUG.

ACCIDENT AT LINCOLN RACES,
&c.

AT Lincoln races an accident happened, of which the following are the particulars. The Subscription Purse of Seventy Guineas was run for on the Friday, and the horses came in in the order as under:

Mr. Wentworth's br. c. Harry			
Rowe, 4 yrs old	—	1	1
Ld. Clermont's br. f. Horn-			
pipe, 4 yrs old	—	4	2
Sir C. Turner's ch. c. Pepper			
Pot, 4 yrs old	—	2	3
Dr. J. Willis's b. m. by Te-			
lemachus, 5 yrs old	3	4	

Before starting, 2 to 1 Harry Rowe agst the field; at starting, 3 to 1 he won; after 1st heat, 4 to 1.

Coming up the 2d heat, Pepper-pot was leading near the winning post, when a man on foot crossed, and threw the horse and rider, (Dixon Bowers) notwithstanding which the rider re-mounted and came in third. Harry Rowe could not have won the heat but for the accident.

Children may stand on Lincoln course and see the horses run the whole round; notwithstanding this advantage, John Bull is obstinate, and whips and double-cords cannot keep him in due bounds. This was verified at the above races; the horses positively had not space to race in; and no sooner were the whip men passed, than the void part was filled. No surprize at the unfortunate accident on Friday: similar have frequently happened on the same course, and will again, unless proper ways and means are taken as a preventive. The young man who caused the accident, is son of a reputable farmer in the neighbourhood, and actually attempted to cross the ground (or was pushed forward by others) at the moment the horse was passing, at full speed, and all three came down with dreadful violence. The mare, Hornpipe, was close following, and leaped over the whole. The farmer was taken up for dead, one arm broken, and otherwise much bruised; he is notwithstanding in a way of recovery (Sept. 13th). Dixon Bowers, the rider, and his horse, (we are happy to say) were not very much injured. Had not this accident happened, Pepper-pot certainly would have won that heat, and, in all probability, the purse, Harry Rowe appearing to be completely beaten.

The main of cocks, at the Rein Deer pit, Huddleston and Newton, feeders, was won by the former.

ACCOUNT OF A BEE EATER.

BY MR. WHITE.

WE had in this village (Selborne, in Hampshire) more than twenty years ago, an idiot boy, who, from a child, shewed a strong propensity to bees: they were his food, his amusement, his sole object. As people of this cast have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties, on this one pursuit. In the winter, he dosed away his time in his father's house, by the fire-side, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alertness, in quest of his game in the fields, and on sunny banks. Honey bees, humble bees, and wasps, were his prey whenever he found them. He had no apprehension from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom, between his shirt and his skin, with a number of these captives; and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or bee bird, and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before their stools, would rap with his fingers on their hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger about the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called bee-wine. As he ran about he used to make a humming noise with his lips, like the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean

and fallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. When a tall youth, he was removed to a distant village, and died before he arrived at manhood.

OPENING OF THE WINTER THEATRES.

OPENING OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE season commenced at this Theatre on Saturday night, Sept. 16, with appearances the most auspicious, and under circumstances the most promising.—The House, at an early hour, was respectably filled, and, ere the performance had far advanced, many parts of it were literally crowded. The principal performers, as they respectively came forward, received the warm greetings of an admiring audience; but Lewis, Fawcett, Holman, and Murray, had the distinguished plaudits.

One of the productions of the Immortal Bard, we were pleased to find, was made to lead the mental banquet; it was the admirable Play of *HENRY THE FOURTH*. The humourous fat Knight was represented by Fawcett with considerable ability: he gave ample proofs of his just conception of that arduous character, and his performance, on the whole, was highly creditable to his judgment and his discretion: he is unquestionably the best Falstaff the stage at present boasts. Holman's Hotspur was very respectable, but it would have been rendered still more so, had it possessed a greater share of dignity, and a less portion of revengeful

vengeful warmth. Lewis sustained the part of the Prince with his accustomed success; and Murray was a most able representative of the King.

The FARM HOUSE closed the entertainment of the evening.

No alteration has taken place in the Theatre since last season, and for the best of all reasons, that none was necessary.

OPENING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

THIS elegant Theatre commenced its season, on Monday night, Sept. 18, to a numerous and fashionable audience.

Though we could have wished that due homage had been paid to the genius of our Immortal Bard, by beginning the dramatic campaign with one of his productions, yet as that was not altogether possible in the present state of the Company, it was certainly judicious in the Manager to give the public so excellent a substitute as the Comedy of the SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL, in which Mrs. Jordan performed the character of Lady Teazle.

The alterations which have taken place in the Theatre are evident improvements, and render the whole interior at once magnificent and convenient. The chief of the alterations are as follows:—The Pit (to which there are two entrances, one in Russel-street, and the other in Woburn-street) is rendered far more commodious as to ingress and egress; there is a passage down the middle from a new door at the middle of the top; part of the paling is taken away, and that which remains is considerably lower than before; the seats are newly covered with crim-

son baize; and the whole is sunk about one foot, and so contrived as to be highly advantageous to hearing and sight. The Orchestra Boxes, which nearly surround the Pit, are increased, three on each side. They are beautifully enriched within by a light elegant paper, and externally by a painted curtain hanging in folds or festoons, which appear through a superb gilt triclage. The orchestra extends from one side of the Pit to the other. The proscenium, or frontispiece on the stage before the curtain, is rendered quite different in its appearance, by the addition of three boxes on each side, rising to the top, inclosed by a cove, admirably decorated by Mr. Greenwood. By this improvement the stage is contracted in its width. There is also a new sounding board, by means of which the voice is distinctly heard in every part of the House. The inside of the Boxes are painted a neat French grey, with crimson furniture, instead of the blue. The fronts of the pannels are nearly the same colour as before, with the addition of a gilt edge round the mouldings. The passages leading to the Boxes are also newly painted. The pillars which support the Boxes are newly silvered; and the whole produces a most charming effect.

HORSE AND CATTLE STEALERS.

The following interesting particulars relative to the apprehension of a gang of HORSE and CATTLE STEALERS, though of newspaper origin, are nevertheless too connected with the subject of our Miscellany, to warrant their omission. The active vigilance of the Magistrate, named in the transaction, deserves

serves the highest praise; indeed, in all matters of Justice business, his penetration, perseverance, and resolution is such, as almost to leave him without an equal, for, when determined in his purpose, neither difficulty or danger impedes his career in the accomplishment of it.

THURSDAY, September 21, William Smith, alias Hunt, Stephen Reynolds, Edward Reynolds, and Joshua Halls, four more of the gang of Cattle and Horse Stealers, who have so long infested Middlesex and Essex, were committed to Chelmsford gaol by the Rev. H. B. Dudley, Clerk, charged on the oaths of Michael Reed, and others, with having feloniously stolen, at various periods, a considerable number of cows, heifers, and horses, the property of divers persons at Harefield, in Middlesex, and other places in the county of Essex.

This system of wholesale depreciation was artfully carried on by the cattle stolen in one county being regularly consigned for sale to their associates in the other. Their detention arose from Michael Reed being apprehended on suspicion, at Maldon Fair, the week before, who, after a long examination, at length acknowledged his being an accessory, and gave evidence against his principal accomplices.

In consequence of this information, the above Magistrate dispatched two persons with warrants to apprehend the several offenders, and by their exertions, Halls and Edward Reynolds were immediately secured near Chelmsford, and Smith, alias Hunt, and Stephen Reynolds, were apprehended the next morning at Edmonton in Middlesex, just as they were about to mount their horses to effect their escape.—The respective owners of

several cows and heifers had their property freely restored to them by the unfortunate purchasers, after they were clearly identified by all the parties, except two cows, on the premises of Mr. Wm. Brown, of Brentwood, who refused to deliver them up at the requisition of the Magistrate; on this Mr. Dudley issued a warrant, under which Mr. Brown was brought to Chelmsford, where, on apologizing for his conduct, he was dismissed, after making a deposition how he came by the said cows, and the cattle were surrendered up to the Steward of George Calvert, Esq. of Harefield, in Middlesex, whose property they are.

The following cattle have already been recovered, and delivered to the respective owners, viz.

Three cows to John Calvert, Esq. sold to Mr. William Brown, of Brentwood, and Mr. Brazier, of Galleywood Common.

One ditto to Mr. E. Trumper, sold to J. Heuton, Esq.

One ditto to Alexander Rose, Esq. of Harefield, Middlesex, sold to Mr. Clarence, of Paishow Hall.

Four ditto to Mr. Waghorne, of Harefield, sold to Captain Temple, of Chinkford.

Three cows to Mr. Randle, in Buckinghamshire.

Four heifers to Mr. Lungle, of Margaretting.

Three cows to Mr. Potter, of Stock Common.

One ditto to Mr. Lucken, of Writtle.

Several horses are detained, not yet owned.

Near one hundred horses, and fifty head of cow-kine, have been stolen within ten miles of Chelmsford, during the short reign of this desperate gang.

THE TERRIER,

With a Copper Plate to face this notice of that subject, in doing which we have only to remark on the spirit of the Etching.

THE strong Terrier running to assist his savage companion in killing poor Grimalkin, is admirably pourtrayed, and does much credit to the talents of Mr. Hewit, who made the design, and etched the Copper Plate.

ANECDOSE FROM SIR GEORGE STAUNTON'S HISTORY OF THE EMBASSY TO CHINA.

SIR George Staunton relates the following interesting circumstance, which took place much about the time the Chinese Embassy touched at Teneriffe, and which at that time made some noise in the island.

A young lady, during her novitiate in a convent there, had, by uncommon accident, the opportunity of seeing a youth, who inspired her with a passion inconsistent with her former views of religious retirement. Notwithstanding the apparent freedom left to novices to alter their intentions, it is in fact as unsafe as it is rare. This young novice manifested no symptoms of reluctance in pursuing her original vocation, and preparations were made for the awful ceremony of taking the last solemn vow to renounce the world.

On such occasions it is customary to throw open the gates of the convent, in order to satisfy the public that the ladies within them are equally at liberty to quit it altogether, or to continue within its walls. When the day arrived which was to conceal her doom,

and consign her for ever to the cloister, her relations and friends assembled, as is usual, to be present on the occasion. In the crowd of the spectators was the young gentleman who was disputing with Heaven the fair victim. After solemn exhortations from the pulpit, that now the final moment was arrived when she was to devote herself to God, abandoning all sublunary considerations, as well as all ties of affection or of blood, or instantly to quit the holy place she then inhabited for ever, she stretched out her hand to the youth, who advanced quickly to receive it, and hurrying with her directly from the church, while the priests, the nuns, her relations, and the people stood motionless with astonishment, the happy pair got soon safely to a place where they were married.

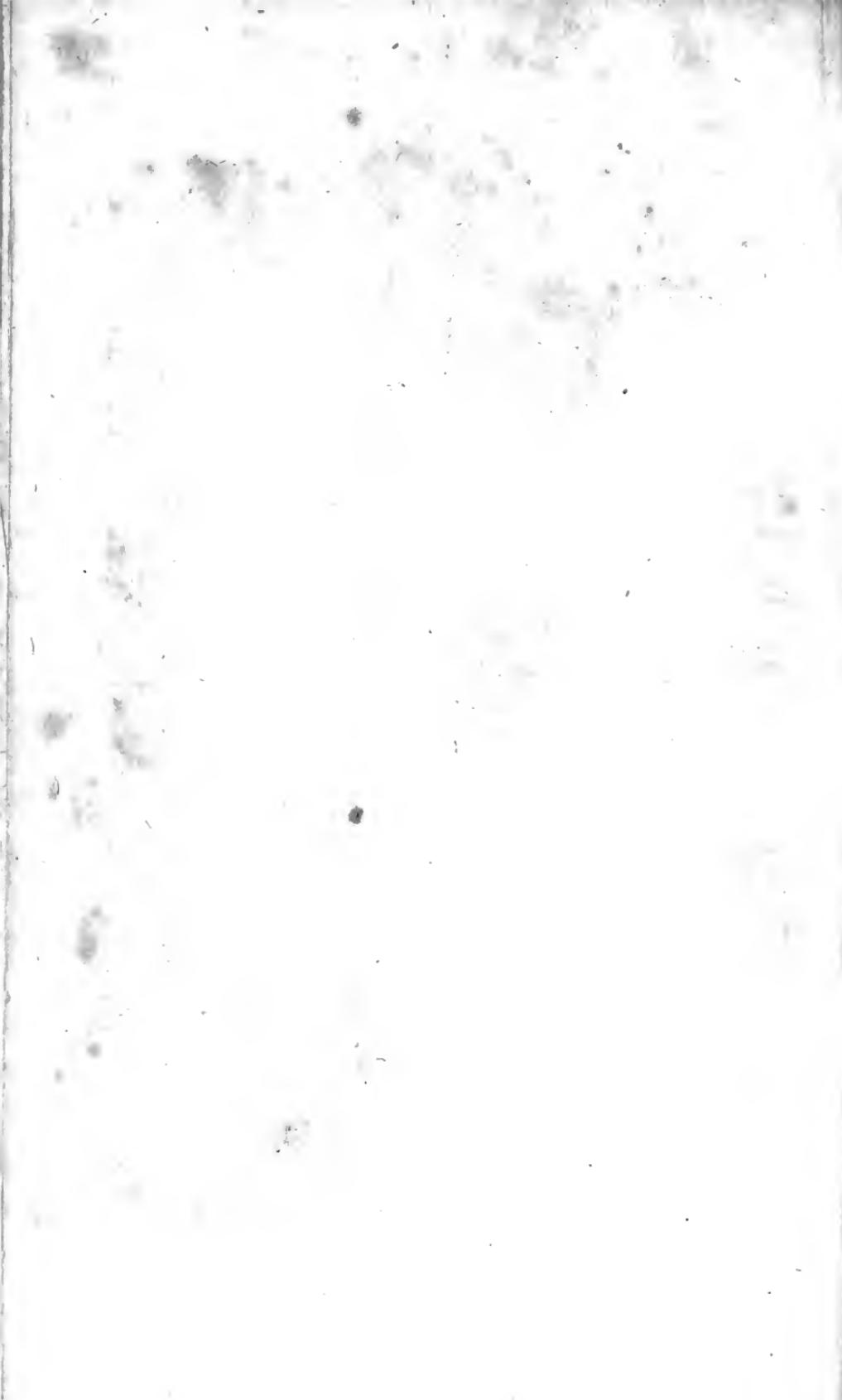
A RECENT CONVICTION IN THE COUNTY OF SUSSEX, ON THE GAME LAWS.

M. R. Hutcheson, of Lindfield, Sussex, was lately convicted before Lord Sheffield, in the penalty of 5l. for having, in the course of last season, shot a pheasant without having the least qualification which is in such cases necessary. Also in the full penalty of 20l. for being seen with a dog and gun in the pursuit of game, without having taken out a certificate for that purpose. It should be observed, that informations against trespasses on the Game Laws will lie, if given at any period after the commission of the offence; as, contrary to most other penal statutes, these acts contain no limitation, in point of time, in their favour.



THE TERRIER.

For those who like to hold it in their



THE HORSE FROM BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 263.)

AFTER young colts are weaned, they should not be put into too warm a stable, otherwise they will be rendered too delicate and too sensible to the impressions of the air. They should be often supplied with fresh litter, and kept clean by frequent friction. But they ought neither to be tied nor handled till they are near three years of age. The manger and rack should not be too high; for the necessity of stretching their neck and raising their head, may induce a habit of keeping them in that position, which would spoil their neck. When twelve or eighteen months old, their tails should be cut; the hair will shoot afterwards, and become stronger and thicker. At the age of two years, the male colts should be put with the horses, and the females with the mares. Without this precaution, the young males would fatigue and enervate themselves.

At the age of three years, or three and an half, we should begin to dress the colts, and to render them tractable. At first, a light easy saddle should be placed on them, and allowed to remain two or three hours each day. They should likewise be accustomed to receive a snaffle into their mouths, and to allow their feet to be lifted and struck, in imitation of shoeing. If destined for the coach or the draught, they ought to be harnessed as well as snaffled. A bridle is unnecessary at first: by means of a halter or cavesson on their nose, they may be made to trot up and down on a smooth piece of ground, with only a saddle and harness on their bodies: and, when they turn easily, and ap-

proach, without fear, the man who holds the *longe* or halter, they may then be mounted and dismounted, without making them walk, till they be four years old; for before this period, a horse has not strength enough to walk with a rider on his back. But, at four years, they may be mounted, and walked or trotted at small intervals*. When a coach-horse is accustomed to the harness, he may be yoked with a bred horse, and guided with a *longe* or halter passed through the bridle, till he begins to know his duty. The coachman may next try to make him draw, with the assistance of a man to push him gently behind, and even to give him some slight lashes. All this education should be gone through, before the young horses have their diet changed; for, after being fed with grain or straw, they are more vigorous, and consequently less docile, and more difficult to \ddagger break †.

The bit and the spur have been contrived to command the obedience of horses; the bit for the direction, and the spur for the quickness of their movements. Nature seems to have destined the mouth solely for receiving the impressions of taste and of appetite. But the mouth of the horse is endowed with such amazing sensibility, that, to this organ, in place of the eye and ear, man applies for conveying the indications of his will to this animal. The slightest motion or pressure of the bit gives him notice, and determines his course.

* See *Elements de Cavalerie de M. de la Gueriniere*, tom. i. p. 140.

† *Le Nouveau traité Maréchal, par M. de Garfault*, p. 86.

‡ By this management, it is admitted, that horses may be easily broke. But, after they are allowed a full and generous diet, they are apt to become vicious and unruly. For this reason, common in horsemanship, maintain, that, to break horses when they are in the highest order and best fed, is by much the most preferable mode.

This organ of sensation has no fault but that of perfection; its too great sensibility requires the most dexterous management; for the smallest abuse spoils the mouth, by rendering it insensible to the impressions of the bit. The senses of seeing and hearing cannot be blunted in this manner: but it is probable, that all attempts to govern horses by these organs have been found inconvenient. Besides, the signs transmitted by the touch have a stronger effect upon animals in general, than those conveyed by the eye or ear. The situation of a horse's eyes, with regard to his rider or conductor, is extremely unfavourable; and though they be often animated and conducted by the ear, it appears that the use of this organ is abandoned to the coarser species of horses; for, in the menage, they are seldom addressed by the ear. In a word, when horses are well educated, the smallest pressure of the thighs, the slightest movement of the bit, are sufficient to direct them. Even the spur is almost useless, being seldom employed but to force them to exert violent motions: And when, from the ignorance of the horseman, he gives the spur, and at the same time retracts the bridle, the horse, finding himself incited on one side, and restrained on the other, is obliged to rear, or make a perpendicular bound.

By means of the bridle, the horse is taught to keep his head in the most beautiful and advantageous situation, and the smallest sign or slightest movement of the rider is sufficient to make the animal assume its different paces. The trot is perhaps the most natural motion of a horse; but the pace, and even the gallop, are most easy to the rider; and these are the two motions which are most in request. When a horse lifts his fore leg in order to walk, this movement must

be made with steadiness and facility, and the knee must likewise be bended. The lifted leg must appear, for a moment, to be supported, and, when let down, it must be firm, and equally supported on the ground, before the head receive any impression from this movement; for, when the leg falls suddenly down, and the head sinks at the same time, this motion is generally made to give a speedy relief to the other leg, which is not strong enough alone to support the whole weight of the body. This is a very great defect in a horse. It is also worthy of remark, that, when he rests on his heels, it is a sign of weakness*; and when he supports himself on his toes, it is an unnatural and fatiguing attitude, which the horse cannot long continue.

Walking, though the slowest of all motions, ought to be brisk, light, and neither too long nor too short. Lightness depends much on the freedom of the shoulders, and is distinguished by the manner in which the horse, in walking, carries his head. If he carries his head high and steady, he is generally vigorous and light. When the movement of the shoulders is not sufficiently free, the limbs are not lifted high enough, and the horse is apt to stumble upon the road. In walking, a horse should raise his shoulders, and lower his haunches†. He should also elevate

* The only sure mark of strength and soundness in a horse, is when he rests firmly upon his foot, without favouring any particular part of it.

† It may be of use to introduce here an explanation of the technical terms generally employed to express the different external parts of a horse. See the plate of the horse.

A The two bones corresponding to the *temples* of a man, and called by the same name.

B The *Eye-pits*, or two cavities between the eye and ear, above the eye brows.

C The

vate and support his leg; but if he supports it too long, and allows it

C The *Vives*. The parotid glands, situated between the ear, and the locking of the under jaw.

D The *Face* or *Chanfrin*. The fore part of the head from the eyes to the nostrils.

E The *rim of the Nostrils*. The cartilage which forms the circular aperture of the nostrils, and terminates them above and below.

F *Tip of the Nose*. The partition which divides the nostrils, terminating at the upper lip.

G to **H** The bones of the lower jaw.

H The *chin*.

I The *Beard*.

Gath:ers. The two fore teeth.

Middle teeth. Those adjoining to the gatherers.

Corner teeth. The last on each side.

Tuskes. The two canine teeth on each side, and in each jaw.

Bars. The spaces between the cutting teeth and grinders, filled with ridges, which run across the palate.

K The *Neck*, which is bounded above by the mane, and below by the throat, extending from the shoulders to the head.

L The *Tuft* or *Toupet*. That part of the mane which lies between the two ears, and hangs down on the front

M The *Withers*. The place where the two shoulders approach each other between the neck and back.

N The *Shoulders*, extending from the withers **M**, to the top of the *fore hand*, or fore leg **O**.

P The *Chest* or *breast*.

Q The *Back*, reaching from the withers **M**, to the reins **S**.

R The *Navel*. The part between the back and reins; a very absurd term, as the *navel* is in the lower part of the belly.

S The *Reins*. This term is often used, though improperly, to express the whole spine of the horse.

T The *Sides*, which are formed and limited by the ribs.

V The *Coffer*. The hollow formed by the contour of the ribs. The name *Belly* is given to the part extending from **V** to the flank.

X The *Flanks*. The extremity of the belly, at the termination of the ribs, below the kidneys, and reaching to the haunch bones.

Y The *Haunch*, formed as in man, by the haunch-bone.

Z The *Crupper*, which is round, and reaches from the kidneys to the tail.

to fall down slowly, he loses every advantage of lightness; his walk becomes

The *Tail* is distinguished by two parts, the *hair* and the *rump*.

a The *Buttocks*, are situated below the crupper and the origin of the tail, and extend to the place where the hind-leg joins the body.

b The *Shoulder-blade*.

c The *humerus*. Both of these are included by horsemen under the name of *Shoulder*.

d The *Elbow*.

e The *Arm*.

f The *Knee*, or joint situated below the arm, a term improperly applied to a horse, as it corresponds to the wrist in man.

g The *Shank of Canon*. The second part of the fore leg. It begins at the articulation of the knee, terminates at the fetlock joint *i*, and answers to the metacarpus in man.

b The *Tendon*, commonly called the back sinew.

i The *Fetlock* joint

k The *Tuft* of hair which surrounds a kind of soft horn situated behind the shank.

l The *Peslerus*. The part of the leg which extends from the fetlock-joint to the hoof.

m The *Coronet*. The place where the hoof joins the leg, and is decorated with long hair falling down all around the hoof.

n The *Hoof* represents the nail in man; the bare part of it *n* is called the *Toe*, and the sides *o* the *Quarters*. The hind-part of the hoof is a little raised, and divided into two parts, both included under the name *Heel*: they extend to the middle of the under part of the foot, and uniting again under the sole, or bottom of the foot, form the *Frog*.

p The *Stiffe*, is properly the articulation of the knee, and contains the knee-pan.

q The *Thigh*. It extends from the stiffe and extremity of the buttocks to the ham *r*, and answers to the leg in man. Accordingly, the horse's thigh has a fleshy part *s*, resembling the calf of a human leg.

t The *Hock* or *Ham*, is the joint at the extremity of the thigh, and bends forward. This articulation corresponds with the *Tarsus* in man. The hinder-part of the joint called the hock, is properly the *Heel*. What is commonly

becomes hard, and he is good for nothing but state and parade.

But lightness is not the only good quality in the movements of the horse: they should likewise be equal and uniform both before and behind: For, if the crupper vibrates when the shoulders are supported, his motion will be jolting and incommodious to the rider. The same thing happens, when the horse lengthens so much the step of the hind-leg, that the foot lights beyond the print of the fore-foot. Horses with short bodies are subject to this fault. Those whose legs cross each other, or hew, have an unsteady motion; and, in general, long-bodied horses are most commodious to the rider, because he is placed at a greater distance from the two centers of motion, the shoulders and haunches, and is of course less jolted.

The general mode of walking among quadrupeds is to lift, at one time, a fore-leg and a hind-leg of

monly called the *great sinew*, which arises from the point of the hock, and terminates in the foot, is a tendon, answering to the *terto Achillis* inserted into the human heel.

- a* The *Skank*.
- x* The *Patern-joint*.
- y* The *Paterns*.
- z* The *Foot*, as in the fore-leg.

This explanation of the particular terms, will render the general ones more easy and simple. A horse is divided into three principal parts, the *fore-band*, the *body*, or *carcase*, and the *hind-band*. The *fore-band* includes the head, neck, withers, breast, and fore-legs. The *body* is composed of the back, kidneys, ribs, belly and flanks. The *hind-band* comprehends the rump, haunches, tail, buttocks, stifle, thighs, hocks, and the other parts of the hind-legs.

By another mode of division, the horse is distinguished into four parts, the head, the body, and the fore and hind trains. The *body* is composed of the back, the kidneys, the belly, the ribs, and the flanks. The *fore-train* consists of the neck, the shoulders, the breast, and the fore-legs; and the *hind train*, of the rump, the tail, the haunches, and the hind-legs.

opposite sides. As their bodies rest on four points which form an oblong square, the most commodious manner of moving is to change two at a time in the diagonal; so that the centre of gravity of the animal's body may always remain nearly in the direction of the two points of support which are not in motion. In the three natural movements of the horse, namely, the walk, the trot, and the gallop, this mode is always observed, though with some variations. In walking there are four beats or times of moving; if the right fore-leg moves first, the left hind-leg instantly follows; then the left fore-leg moves, and is instantly followed by the right hind-leg. Thus the right fore-foot rests first on the ground, then the left hind-foot, next the left fore-foot, and, lastly, the right hind-foot, which makes a motion consisting of four beats and three intervals, of which the first and third are shorter than the middle one. In the trot, there are only two beats: if the right fore-leg parts from the ground, it is accompanied, at the same time, by the left hind-leg; then the left fore-leg moves at the same time with the right hind-leg; so that, in this motion, there are but two beats and one interval; the right fore-leg and the left hind-leg rests on the ground at the same time, and the same thing happens with regard to the left fore-leg and the right hind-leg. In the gallop, there are commonly three beats: the left hind-leg moves first and rests first on the ground; then the right hind leg is raised along with the left fore-leg, and both rest on the ground at the same time; and, lastly, the right fore-leg is raised instantly after the left fore-leg and the right hind-leg, and falls last upon the ground. Thus, in the gallop, there are three beats and two intervals: in the first interval, when

when the motion is quick, the four legs, for an instant, are in the air at the same time, and the four shoes appear at once. When the horse has supple limbs and haunches, and moves with agility, the gallop is most perfect, and the feet fall at four times, first, the left hind-leg, then the right hind-leg, next the left fore-leg, and, lastly, the right fore-leg.

(To be continued.)

AGRICULTURE.

FIRST REPORT FOR AUGUST.

THE Corn Harvest throughout the island, we are concerned to state, is generally unpromising; scarce a district but has suffered severely by the blight, or mildew; and the incessant rains have added to the calamity, by spearing a considerable part of the best Wheats, which, in many counties, still remain on the ground. The country markets are rapidly advancing, particularly for old samples; the new Wheats already threshed out, have risen very moderately, and are lean, and coarse; the lateness of harvesting has added a fortnight's further consumption of the old stock; so that, should the new Corn come from the flail slowly, which it is feared will be the case, the London market must, for some time at least, be scantily supplied.

The Oats and Barleys, which are, on the average, large in bulk, have suffered much from the severity of the weather, but few samples of the former will be bright, and the latter must prove coarse, and not of a good malting quality.—Beans, Pease, and Tares are a better general crop than was expected.—The

Rye, though far from being strong, proves light in the ear.—The plants of Clover, for seed, promises a fair crop in very few places; in the Home Counties they are thin, and the heads much infected by the maggot.—The young Clovers are everywhere plentiful, and thriving.—Turnips are good plants, particularly in Norfolk and Suffolk; in Essex and Kent they have partially failed.—The latter-math Hay, in the vicinity of London, has suffered by the rains as much as the first produce.

The Fallows, except those under superior husbandry, are fouler than we remember to have seen them for many seasons past.—The Hop plantations, which are about to commence picking, will fall very short of the estimated duty; the lower branches of the bine, even in the most promising grounds, are found totally defective.—The Wool trade has rather declined from the last month's prices.—Smithfield continues but scantily supplied with good meat of any kind; and therefore the prices of all are rather higher than in our last month's Report.—Lean cattle are even dearer in proportion than the fat stock.—Sheep and Lambs are somewhat more reasonable.—Horses are still so cheap that those of an inferior quality are not saleable at any price!

SECOND REPORT FOR AUGUST:

The unsettled and stormy weather which has continued during the whole of the month, diminishes much of the favourable opinion given in our last, relative to the ultimate produce of the Harvest.

Our reports from North Britain state, that little or no Grain has yet been cut, except a few patches of Polish and Dutch oats; and that the

the greater part of the wheats, and latter fown barleys, are so lodged, or laid, as to promise a very light produce. In the Northern districts of South Britain, the Wheat and Oats are generally esteemed a flort crop, and the barley a good one: perhaps, indeed, the same conclusion may be formed respecting the crops of the whole island. We have, however, the satisfaction to state, that in the Midland and Southern counties, the harvest is described as very forward, and very abundant.

Much of the early Grasfs, Clovers, &c. were materially injured, and considerable quantities reduced even to a *caput mortuum* by the long exposure to the series of wet weather. On the backward cold grounds, the farmer has, however, been more fortunate, and the crops of those articles have proved so good that, on the whole, a reduction of price may be expected.

Turnips, except in some parts of North Britain, and in cold soils, wear universally the most promising appearance.

In Kent, the Hops possess a most promising aspect. The Apples in this county, were destroyed by an early blight.

Wheat, in consequence of the unfavourable continuance of the weather, has advanced, in the markets; in Mark lane, the last market-day, it experienced a rise of upwards of 3s. The average of England and Wales, by the last return is, for Wheat, 52s. 3d. for barley, 25s. 8d.

The prices of cattle and sheep continue stationary. In Smithfield, Beef averages from 3s. 6d. to 4s. 2d. per stone of eight pounds, and Mutton from 3s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.

In our former Volumes many interesting particulars of celebrated Racers may be found, and some

of Eclipse and his progeny, but none so accurate as the following, copied from a broad side lately printed by Mr. Hucklebridge, of Salisbury.

THE PEDIGREE, PERFORMANCE,
and PRODUCE, of the famous
RUNNING HORSE ECLIPSE.

ECLIPSE was bred by his Royal Highness William, Duke of Cumberland, and was foaled during the great eclipse that happened on the 1st day of April, 1764, from which circumstance he took his name. He was never beat, nor ever paid a forfeit, and was allowed by all ranks of Sportsmen to be the fleetest and best horse that ever ran in the world, either before or since the time of Flying Childers. Eclipse was got by Marik, son of Squirt, a son of Bartlett's Childers, (own brother to Flying Childers) which was got by the Darley Arabian. Eclipse's dam, Spiletta, (dam also of Garrick and Proferpine) was purchased by his Royal Highness of the late Sir Robert Eden, Bart. and was got by Regulus, son of the Godolphin Arabian; his grandam (called Mother Western) by Smith, son of Snake, brother to Williams's Squirrel, that won the King's guineas at York, in 1725. His great grandam, by Lord D'Arcey's Old Montague, out of a daughter of Old Hautboy, and she out of a daughter of Brimmer. After the Duke's decease, Eclipse became the property of Mr. Wildman, and in 1769, won the maiden plate of 50l. at Epsom, beating four others;—they were all together at the three mile post, notwithstanding which he distanced the whole four. He also won 50l. at Ascot Heath, beating Cream-de-Barb.—The King's plate at Winchester,

chester, at 12st. though only 5 yrs old, beating five others, two of which were d' stanced. He walked for the 50l. for 5 yrs old, at Winchester, and the King's plate at Salisbury; and the day after, won the City Bowl, with 30 guineas added thereto, beating Sulphur; afterwards he started alone for the King's plate at Canterbury—won the King's plates at Lewes and Litchfield, and at Newmarket in April, 1770. Eclipse beat Mr. Wentworth's Eucephalus, 8st. 7lb. each, over the Bacon course: Mr. Wildman staked 600 guineas to 400 guineas, after which he was purchased by Mr. O'Kelly, in whose possession he won the King's plate at Newmarket, beating Mr. Bland's Diana, Mr. Strode's Pensioner, and two others: the odds at starting were ten to one on Eclipse, and, after the first heat, six and fifteen to four that he distanced Pensioner, which he did with great ease; after which he walked over for the King's plates at Guildford, Nottingham, and York; and also won the great subscription of 319l. 10s. at York, beating the famous horses Tortoise and Bellario, with great ease.—He afterwards walked over for the King's plate at Lincoln; and at Newmarket, in October, he won the 170 guineas, for 6 yrs old and aged horses (Mr. O'Kelly paying 100 guineas entrance) beating Sir Charles Bury's Corlican—the odds were twenty to one on Eclipse; and on the following day he walked over for the King's plate there, which was the last time of his starting.

He died at Mr. O'Kelly's, at Cannons, near Edgware, in Middlesex, the 20th day of February, 1789, aged near 25 years. His heart weighed thirteen pounds.

Eclipse was Sire of the dam of the very famous horse, Paonement; and also of the 16 following truly capital racers and winners;

and no less capital breeders, as their progeny fully proves.

He was a beautiful light chestnut, with a blaze down his face, and his off leg behind white quite up to the hock, and about fifteen hands and an half high.

THE PROGENY OF ECLIPSE.

Names	First run	Plates
Adonis	1779	3
Alphonso	1781	10
Achilles	1782	3
Adjutant	1783	15
Alexander	1785	9
Annet	1786	5
Anna Liffey (Ireland)	1787	1
Aurelius	1788	3
Basilius	1775	1
Borrington	1779	17
Bondrou	1780	18
Bank	1783	1
Bobtail	1788	2
Bruin	1789	1
Big Ben, (afterwards Traveller) the last son of Eclipse	1791	3
Chestnut Colt, Mr. O'Kelly's	1776	3
Chestnut ditto, ditto	1776	1
Colt, Sir John Shelley's	1777	1
Colt, Mr. O'Kelly's	1778	1
Chesterfield	1778	6
Colt, Mr. O'Kelly's	1778	1
Colt, Lord Surry's	1779	1
Colt, brother to Eutychus	1779	1
Colt, Mr. Parker's	1779	1
Colt, Mr. O'Kelly's	1779	1
Colt, Mr. O'Kelly's	1779	1
Craibis	1779	6
Colt, Mr. Wentworth's	1781	1
Colt, Mr. Hamilton's	1781	1
Colt, Mr. Schutz's	1781	1
Colt, brother to Venus	1781	1
Colt, Sir John Shelley's	1782	1
Colt, Mr. Carpenter's	1782	3
		Cherry

Names	First run	Plates	Names	First run	Plates
Cherry	1784	3	Goldon Rose	1775	2
Chaunter	1785	5	Glow-worm	1776	2
Clarinet	1785	1	Grimalkin	1777	3
Colt, Lord Grosvenor's	1796	1	Greybeard	1778	4
Canta Baboo	1788	2	Giant	1779	4
Competitor	1789	5	Gelding, Mr. Vernon's	1782	1
Charlemont	1790	2	General	1784	8
			Gunpowder	1787	15
Dion	1788	6			
Dido (sold for \$50 guineas)	1781	5	Horison (first son of Eclipse)	1774	10
Duplicity	1782	2	Harmonia	1780	3
Dennis's Joe Andrews	1782	15	Henley	1780	4
Dungannon (beat Rockingham, and is sire of Lurcher, &c.)	1783	27	Horse, Lord Grosvenor's	1781	1
Don Quixote	1787	18	Horatia	1781	6
Drummer	1785	2	Hiccough	1782	10
Devi Sing	1791	2	Hermes	1782	3
Eagle	1778	1	Horse, Sir John Shelley's	1783	2
Eutychus	1778	4	Hope	1783	2
Everlasting, dam of Sky-scraper	1778	9	Hackwood	1786	8
Elegant	1779	2	Hidalgo	1787	7
Empress, dam of Montezuma	1779	3			
Eliza	1791	3	Javelin (sire of Chance, Herbert, Lance, and Spear)	1775	3
Filley, Mr. O'Kelly's	1776	2	Impudence	1775	4
Filley, Duke of Bolton's	1778	1	Jupiter	1777	5
Filley, Lord Grosvenor's	1773	1	Jeffey	1779	1
Filley, Mr. Clark's	1778	1	Jockey	1779	10
Filley, Mr. Carteret's	1778	1	Isabella	1787	3
Filley, sister to Horison	1778	2	King Hiram	1777	3
Filley, Mr. O'Kelly's	1779	1	King Fergus	1779	8
Farmer	1779	11	King Herman	1780	1
Filley, sister to Twilight	1779	1	Lavinia	1780	2
Filley, sister to Eagle	1779	1	Lightning	1780	2
Filley, Mr. Hanks's	1780	1	Luna	1780	13
Filley, Mr. Parker's	1780	1	Light Infantry	1783	3
Filley, sister to Venus	1780	1	Mare, Mr. Wildman's	1777	1
Filley, Mr. Garforth's	1781	1	Madcap	1777	1
Filley, Lord Derby's	1781	1	Milerus	1777	1
Filley, Mr. Douglaſ's	1782	1	Mercury (sire of Precipitate, Calomel, Cinnabar, &c.)	1782	26
Filley, Mr. Garforth's	1782	1	Meteor (the best of his get)	1786	38
Filley, Mr. Champreux	1783	1	Mare, Mr. Monfon's	1790	1
Flamer	1783	8	Mountebank	1782	19
Filley, Duke of Rutland's	1786	1			
Fair Barbara	1786	1			
Filley, Lord Egremont's	1787	3			

Names	First run	Plates	Names	First run	Plates
Nina	1787	11	Vertumnus (fire of Baronet)	1778	6
Obscurity	1781	4	Volunteer (fire of Portia and Cælia, who both won the Oakes Stakes)	1783	9
Potso's (fire of Corander, Waxey, Druid, &c.)	1776	33	Whizgig	1779	6
Planet	1776	13	Xantippe (dam of John Bull)	1783	2
Paris	1777	7	Young Eclipse	1781	13
Postilion	1777	1	Yarico	1787	3
Polydore	1780	1	Zoroaster	1783	2
Princes	1781	4	Zelia	1785	7
Plutus	1782	13	Total of Sweepstakes, Matches, and Plates, won by, and forfeits paid to the Produce of Eclipse		
Poor Soldier	1786	10			
Pegasus	1788	12			
Peeping Tom	1789	1			
Regatta	1776	4			
Ready Rhino	1779	14			
Romp	1779	5			
Recruit	1782	1			
Satellite (fire of Kefia and Keren Happuch)	1777	7			
Spitfire	1780	11			
Speranza	1781	4			
Suffex	1782	2			
Soldier (beat Rockingham)	1782	19			
Saltram (fire of Whiskey)	1783	5			
Serjeant (brother to Dungannon)	1784	10			
Sister to Duplicity	1785	2			
Scota	1786	2			
Spartacus	1786	2			
Spark	1787	1			
Stripling	1787	7			
Serpent	1789	21			
Squeal	1790	1			
Twilight	1775	6			
Termagant	1775	1			
Tempest	1775	3			
Trimbush	1778	2			
Tiffany	1779	13			
Thunderbolt	1779	2			
Ticklepitcher	1783	2			
Terefa	1787	3			
Venus (sister to Mercury)	1776	10			

To the EDITORS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

IN the name of the Sporting world at large, I presume to thank your correspondent for "his Dream," of "The Horse's Expostulation with his Master," in your Magazine for June last; as well as to solicit his kind communications in future; for where the subject is so *clearly understood*, and so perfectly *unembellished* from the recital of "a Dream" only, much advantageous information may be derived from a continuation of the subject, when emancipated from the shackles of the flumbersome deity.

With great respect believe me,
Your constant reader,

Sept. 5, 1797.

CANDIDUS.

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The CHACE, a POEM. By William Somerville, Esq.

(Continued from page 251.)

AT last within the narrow plain confin'd,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody
deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd
in heaps,
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet ar-
ray,
Sheat'd in resplendent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Ea ly refolv'd t' assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's
growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless
hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the
rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the moun-
tain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tyger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful
slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful
eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd
Would lose his own. The mighty Aureng-
zebe,
From his high-elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of
life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental
joy
Melts in his eyes, and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge.
The shouts
Of eager hosts, thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beats within
Rend wide the welkin, flights of arrows,
wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from
ev'ry arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a
wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last pre-
vails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses
all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with fu-
rious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful
band
They rush implacable. They their broad
shields

Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of
Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul
gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand.
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they
pierce
Thro' their tough hides; or at their gaping
mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last; the
bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted
skin,
Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter stride
along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her
prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry
kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in
blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet
remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th' impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dis-
pers'd.
And now perchance (had heav'n but pleas'd)
the work
Of death had been complete; and Aureng-
zebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their
race.
When lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms, but rarely to the day re-
veal'd.
Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to
fave
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can
deny
When suppliant beauty begs? At his com-
mand
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd
troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes.
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.
Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts
exult
In wantonness of pow'r, 'gainst the brute
race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless
war

Wage uncontrolld': here quench your thirst
of blood;
But learn from Aurengzebe to spare man-
kind.

BOOK III.

IN Albion's isle when glorious Edgar
reign'd,
He wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with num-
rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain: there proudly
rode
Lord of the dep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And disappo nted, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair
fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd; and with busy
oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at
land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious
prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he fav'd, -
And from rapacious savages their flocks.
Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluct-
ance) paid
Their tributary wolves; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no
more,
And all the rav'ous race extin^ct is lost.
In fertile pastures, more securely graz'd
The social troops; and soon their large in-
crease
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But y^t, alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A frantic, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm
blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in
vain:
While in th' adjacent bush, poor Philomel,
(Herself parent once, till wanton churl
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud la-
ments,
With sweeter notes, and more melodious
woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman,
prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glori-
ous 'tis

To right th' oppres'd, and bring the felon
vile
To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compars. Then to
the copse,
Thick with entangling grafts, or prickly
furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they
range
Dispers'd, how busily this way and that,
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I
hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry
mouth.
As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice,
Prest to their standard; hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods; with hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope; now driv'n on
heaps
They push, they strive; while from his
kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks
along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump
with meals
Purloin'd. So thrive the wicked here be-
low
Tho' high his brush he bear, tho' tipt with
white
It gaily shine; yet ere the sun declin'd
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd
rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd; and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.
Heav'ns! what melodious strains! how
beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest
drives
From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark re-
cess
The forest thunders, and the mountains
shake.
The chorus swells; less various, and less
sweet
The trilling notes, when in those very
groves,
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And ev'ry bush in conceit joins; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the
pow'r's
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are
barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe;

He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts
 Re-echo thro' the groves ! he breaks away,
 Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
 Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
 'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
 Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous steed ;
 Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ;
 But in the madness of delight, forget
 Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
 And dangerous our course ; but in the brave
 True courage never fails. In vain the stream
 In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch
 Wide-gaping threatens death. The craggy steep
 Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
 And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain ;
 But down we sweep, as soops the falcon bold
 To pounce his prey. Then up th' opponent hill,
 By the swift motion flung, we mount aloft :
 So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
 Adown the steepy wave, then tos'd on high
 Ride on the billows, and defy the storm.

(To be continued.)

ACCOUNT OF THE GAME OF
 LOO.

THE game is very simple of itself, as it may be learned by a child of twelve years old, in half an hour; but, however, to those who are unacquainted with Loo, it will be necessary to give some idea how this game is played.

There are two ways of playing at this game, the most common is with five cards, which are dealt from the whole pack, first three and then two, or one at a time, which ever the company agree on. Six or seven persons may play at once, but a greater number can be admitted when it is played with

three cards only. When five cards are dealt to each person, a card is turned up, which is trumps: the knave of this suit is the highest card, which is called palm, the ace is next in value, and the others in succession the same as at Whist. Each person has the liberty of changing as many of his cards as he thinks proper, or throwing up his hand in order to run no risque of being looed. If any person play their cards either with or without changing, and do not make a trick, they are what is called looed, and each obliged to put down a stake for the good of the table, to be divided amongst the winners at the ensuing deal, according to the tricks which are made by each of them. If, for instance, six persons are at play, and each person puts in three shillings when he deals, every trick is entitled to sixpence, and whoever is then looed puts down three shillings, exclusive of his deal, sometimes it is agreed for each person who is looed to pay the whole sum which happens to be down at the time when he is looed; but this is according to agreement. Five cards of the same suit are called a flush, and cannot be won only by another superior flush, or by the person who is elder hand to the dealer. When it is played with three cards, palm and flushes are omitted. This is the most simple way of playing the game, and in general most money is sported when it is so played, it being more expeditious and much more lively.

LORD GROSVENOR.

LORD GROSVENOR after an unequalled success of thirty years upon the turf, finds in winding up the debtor and creditor account

count, that he is 300,000. *minus*, and has therefore prudently determined upon a transfer of his Stud with all possible expedition; but this step has been *unluckily* adopted, at a moment when the *secrets* have all transpired, and the sport seems divested of all its former fascinating attractions. What is the lesson held out by this change, to the more serious and reflecting part of mankind? Why, what has been long known to, and seen by, every candid and impartial observer in the kingdom, that the most splendid opulence, the most unlimited experience, and the best studs in Europe, can never stand against the complicated villainy and studied depredation of training grooms, jockies, helpers, hangers on, and the long list of collateral *harpies* it is impossible for gentlemen of the above description to avoid; and who *individually*, *conjunctively*, and *professionally*, prey upon the credulity and inexperience of juvenile and speculative adventurers. So well convinced of this truth, are the oldest and most experienced sportsmen, that Messrs. Ogden, Belton, Clarke, Twycross, Cauty, O'Hara, Tetherington, &c. &c. who some few years since kept so many in training, have now scarce-ly a single horse amongst them.

CURIOS PARTICULARS CONCERNING WILD CATS IN BRITAIN.

THE dog is thought to be an indigenous animal of this island, as we find mention made of British dogs in the most early accounts we have of the country; but it is not so with the cat, as appears from the laws of Hoel D'da, who died A. D. 948, where a considerable value is put upon

them, and the property of them secured by penalties.

As the cat is a beast of prey, and particularly fond of birds, the creature is apt to stroll into the fields, and, if it meets with success there, will often become wild, without returning home. Hence came a breed of wild cats here, which were formerly an object of sport to huntsmen. Thus Gerrard Camville, 6 John, had special licence to hunt the hare, fox, and wild cat, throughout all the King's forest; and 23 Henry III. William Earl Warren, by giving Simon de Pierpoint, a gothawk, obtained leave to hunt the buck, doe, hart, hind, hare, fox, goat, cat, or any other wild beast, in certain lands of Simon's.

But it was not for diversion or sport alone, that this animal was pursued in chace, for the skin was of value, being much used by the Nuns in their habits as a fur. Hence, in Archbishop's William Corboly's Cannons, anno 1127. art. 10. it is ordained, "That no Abbots or Nun use more costly apparel, than such as is made of lambs, or cat skins." But their furs, I am told, are more valuable in North America.

The wild cat is now almost lost in England, but is described by Mr. Pennant, I. p. 47. And as no other part of the creature, but the skin, was ever of any use here, it grew into a proverb, that, *you can have nothing of a cat but her skin.*

I. I. B.

STALLIONS.

THE sporting world are the best enabled to decide upon the following fact, as a matter of chance, or the effect of judgment:

A gen-

A gentleman being accidentally at Capt. Parker's sale, at Yately, in Hants, purchased the stallion, Noble (by Highflyer) for Sixteen Pounds or Guineas, who we are informed lately sold him for Ninety to a nobleman then upon a visit at the Marquis of Blandford's, at Bill Hill, in Berkshire. This may be termed "winning to a certainty."

Upon the subject of Stallions it may not be inapplicable to observe, we have been told Mr. Taplin has now one in possession, (in which is centered an accumulation of the most esteemed blood in the kingdom,) Fulminano, got by Eclipse, dam by Herod, grand dam by Matchem, great dam by Regulus, out of an own sister to the Ancaster Starling, and that he is to cover next season at Maidenhead Thicker; previous to which, if so, we hope to give his Portrait, and annex his history, which, we are informed, will be found as extraordinary and replete with *mystery*, as the circumstance of the famous "Place Mare," well known to have been selected (or in plainer terms *stolen*) from the stud, by Mr. Place of Dimsdale, (stud master to Oliver Cromwell) who kept her concealed in a cellar, till the search was over.

EXECUTION OF A WRIT OF EN-
QUIRY, before the Sheriff of Mid-
dlesex, in a cause

BODDINGTON, v. BODDINGTON,
for Criminal Conversation with the
Plaintiff's Wife. The Defendant
having suffered judgment to go by
default in the Court of King's
Bench, a Special Jury was im-
panelled at the Sessions House,
Clerkenwell, on Friday, to assess the
damages. The damages were laid
at FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS.

M R. Erskine, as leading Counsel for the plaintiff, Mr. Samuel Boddington, opened the case, and, after expatiating with his usual eloquence on the enormity of the crime of adultery and seduction, which, he said, struck at the root and foundation of society, especially where there were children, as in the present case, and of which charges the defendant, Mr. Benjamin Boddington, had admitted the truth, by suffering judgment to go by default, proceeded to state the particular circumstances attending it, which, he contended, united in themselves the most shocking instance of depravity that ever entered the human mind, the defendant not only being partner with the plaintiff in a very extensive mercantile concern, but his first cousin. They were the children of two brothers. The defendant, under the sacred mask of friendship, abused the confidence reposed in him, and by various arts contaminated the mind of Mrs. Boddington, a Lady who, previous to this unhappy and fatal error, bore the most unblemished character, and who, besides possessing a most beautiful person and elegant accomplishments, was remarked for the exemplary manner in which she discharged the duties of a wife and mother. The unfortunate Lady in question is the daughter of a Mr. Ashburner, a Gentleman of some consequence in Bombay, who sent her over here at an early age for education, and, when she had acquired all the requisites to adorn her sex, directed that she should return to Bombay, which was to have taken place in the year 1790, and she was actually on board the ship for that purpose, when his client, Mr. S. Boddington, who had been some time deeply enamoured of her, and almost reduced to a state of despair by the thoughts of losing her, followed her on board the vessel then at Gravesend, and having obtained the consent of her Guardians in England

to await the fiat of her father for their union, persuaded her to return; which was no hard task, as the love each other bore was then reciprocal. A period of ten months elapsed before the wished for letter came, containing her father's consent, and approbation of her choice, and on which the union took place, the Lady having 5000l. settled on her by her father, and the like sum by Mr. Boddington. Two children were the fruits of this marriage, and they continued to enjoy the most uninterrupted felicity till a short time previous to Mrs. Boddington's elopement with the defendant, which took place the beginning of June last, and which was conducted in such a way as to shew that it was a premeditated thing, and a deliberate plan of seduction laid down by the defendant, who had so overpowered the Lady's reason as to make her forget the duties she owed to an honourable husband and her children, and to persuade her to elope with him. The means to effect this scheme were the most abominable on the part of the defendant. Mr. S. Boddington having observed something in his wife's conduct that gave him reason to suspect his honour was in danger, resolved to remove her for a time from the scene he dreaded, but did it in such a delicate manner as not to create the least suspicion of the cause, either to his wife or friends, proposing a journey to Bath, and then to Wales. He parted with the defendant in the most cordial manner, little thinking that matters had proceeded so far as the result had proved. It was settled with the defendant that he was to return to town immediately, if business required his presence. A few days after he got to Bath, he received a letter from the defendant to the effect as under.

DEAR SIR.—The packet arrived this morning; and, as you said you were willing to come up if necessary, I request you will, and be in town on

Monday morning, to attend a Meeting on the Exchequer Warrants. News is generally good here; Funds rather better, &c.

This letter unfortunately had the desired effect, Mr. Boddington immediately setting off to town in the mail, leaving his wife at Bath. He must have been passed on the road by the defendant, who went thither and carried Mrs. Boddington away. On Mr. Boddington's arriving in town, he found the following letter left for him by the defendant:—

When we parted on Wednesday last, it was for the last time. This night I go from London, never to return again. I have deceived you in sending for you to town, and wish I had not in other things; if you see my father, for God's sake break the matter to him by degrees. I have taken seven hundred pounds.

(Signed)
BENJ. BODDINGTON.

Mr. Erskine, in very strong colours, then painted the enormity of the defendant's conduct throughout the whole transaction, and which, he hoped, would make such an impression on the minds of the Jury, when they heard the evidence which he should bring forward, as to induce them not to mitigate the damages in the smallest degree. He said, that he was well aware of the defendant's intention by pleading guilty, and had himself opposed the matter coming into this Court for judgment, though he was certain their verdict would justify the decision of the Court of King's Bench, in not suffering it to be reinvoked.

The first witness called was Mr. Thomas Green, an attorney, who being sworn, was examined by Mr. Serjeant Rivington. Mr. Green said, that Miss Aikburner, previous to her marriage with Mr. Samuel Boddington, was principally under his care; and that, when her father sent for her to Bombay, he, the witness, provided every thing necessary for

for the voyage, and saw her on board the vessel; but, on application being made to him by Mr. S. B. he consented to her coming on shore, and remaining in England till her father's will should be known respecting the intended marriage, and who sending his consent in about ten months after, the witness signed the marriage articles, and they were united; that he visited them frequently after, and conceived them to be extremely happy, and that the union was founded in love on both sides.—Cross-examined by Mr. Law.—He said that he had no knowledge of Mr. B. Boddington, the defendant, though he believed he dined with him once: he said that Mrs. Boddington was married in February, 1792, is now about twenty-two years of age, and extremely beautiful and accomplished.

A Lady of the name of Emerson said, she had known Miss Ashburner (now Mrs. Boddington) when she was ten years of age, and had continued the intimacy ever since; that she considered her perfectly virtuous till this affair took place: she spoke of her as being extremely beautiful and attractive in her manners; and said, that, after she returned from on board the vessel at Gravesend, she was at the witness's house for some time, and then went to Mrs. Murray's school, at Kensington. The witness was present at the marriage, and conceived it to be the result of love on both sides, and that Mr. Boddington appeared to make an excellent husband. She knew Mr. B. Boddington very well, and had frequently seen him in company with the plaintiff and his wife.

On her cross-examination by Mr. Law, she said that she thought the defendant at times seemed to express too much attention and admiration to Mrs. Boddington, especially when they were not in mixed companies; which circumstance she once mentioned to Mrs. Boddington, about half a year before

the separation took place; after which she thought Mrs. Boddington did not behave with her usual kindness to her husband.

Mr. Cline, surgeon, said, he had known Mr. S. Boddington for seven years; that he had frequently visited him after his marriage, and that he thought Mrs. Boddington appeared to be extremely attentive to her husband, and affectionate to her children, the eldest of whom was four, and the other two years of age. He had frequently dined with them, but never observed any thing particular in the behaviour of the defendant towards Mrs. Boddington.

Joseph Street, a clerk in the house of Messrs. Boddington, was examined. He described them to be West India merchants, who traded to the amount of 300,000l. to 500,000l. per year. He said that the defendant was admitted a partner about three years ago; that for the first year he had only one-third share of the profits of the business, but for the two last he had four-ninths. He spoke of the great degree of happiness that appeared to subsist between the plaintiff and his wife till their separation, and described her to have always been extremely reserved in her behaviour. On being shewn the letters before alluded to, he declared them to be the defendant's writing, as were also the drafts for 200l. and 500l.

Cross-examined by Mr. Law.—He does not know that the money the defendant had in the business was advanced by his father, or that he had any other source to resort to for money; he had frequently seen the defendant at his father's, and thought he behaved as a dutiful son; he heard of his return to town on Wednesday week following the elopement, and also that he had been seen wandering on Enfield Chace. He saw Mrs. Boddington once at the house in Mark-lane, after

after she had left the defendant, and that she came to see her children.— In answer to a question from Mr. Erskine, he declared that the plaintiff was not reconciled to his wife.

The evidence being gone through, Mr. Law, as advocate for the defendant, made a very able speech in mitigation of damages, and in which he endeavoured to convince the Jury that the matter was not a pre-meditated thing on the part of his client, who, he said, was very young, and inexperienced in the ways of the world. It was merely the very powerful effect of the Lady's charms, to the *blaze* of which he was constantly exposed, from the frequent opportunities he had of being in her company, and which receiving no check, expanded till it broke out in the fever of distracted love, and led him to the commission of an act that must for ever render him a miserable outcast of society. He had already forfeited every worldly benefit, and, if heavy damages were given, what must be the result? he must either perish in a prison, or the weight must fall on the innocent and unhappy father, with eight daughters to provide for. Mr. Law admitted that his client merited a severe punishment, but prayed that it might not be beyond his means of paying, which he declared, did not amount to more than 3000l. the sum invested as his share in the business being advanced by his father. After some other observations on his client's conduct he concluded by entreating the Jury to tincture their justice with mercy, and only reward a fair retribution.

Mr. Burghall, the Under Sheriff, then summed up the evidence in a very clear and concise manner; and the Jury, after retiring out of Court for about twenty minutes, returned with a verdict of **TEN THOUSAND POUNDS** damages!

ARTIFICES OF ANIMALS O THE CHASE.

(Concluded from page 265.)

THE Roe-deer differs from the Stag in disposition, manners, and in almost every natural habit. Instead of associating in herds, they live in separate families. The two parents and the young go together and never mingle with strangers. They are constant in their amours, and never unfaithful like the stag. The females commonly produce two fawns, the one a female, and the other a male. These young animals who are brought up and nourished together, acquire a mutual affection so strong, that they never part from each other. This attachment is something more than love, for though always in company, they feel the rut but once in a year, and it continues only fifteen days. At this period the father drives off the fawns, as if he intended they should yield their place to those which are to succeed, in order to form new families for themselves. After the rutting season however is past, the fawns return to their mother, and continue with her some time longer; after which they separate for ever, and remove to a distance from the place of their nativity. When about to bring forth, the female separates from the male; and, to avoid the wolf, her most dangerous enemy conceals herself in the most deepest recesses of the forest. In a week or two the fawns are able to follow her; when threatened with danger, she hides them in a close thicket; and so strong is her parental affection, that to preserve her offspring from destruction, she presents herself to be chased.

Hares possess, not like rabbits, the art of digging retreats in the earth; but they neither want instinct sufficient for their own preservation, nor sagacity for escaping their enemies. They form seats or nests on the surface of the ground, where they watch with the utmost vigilant attention, the approach of any danger. In order to deceive, they conceal themselves between clods of the same colour with that of their own hair: When pursued, they first run with rapidity, and then double or return upon their former steps. From the place of starting, the females run not so far as the males, but they double more frequently: Hares hunted in the place where they were brought forth, seldom remove to a great distance from it, but return to their form; and when chased two days successively, on the second day they perform the same doublings they had practised the day before. When hares run out to a great distance, it is a proof that they are strangers; male hares especially, during the most remarkable period of rutting, which is in the months of January, February, and March, sometimes perform journeys of several miles in quest of mates; but, as soon as they are started by dogs, they fly back to the place of their nativity. "I have seen a hare," Fouilloux remarks, "so sagacious, that after hearing the hunter's horn, he started from his form, and though at the distance of a quarter of a league, went to swim in a pool, and lay down on the rushes in the middle of it, without being chased by the dogs. I have seen a hare, after running two hours before the dogs, push another from his seat and take possession of it. I have seen others swim over two or three ponds, the narrowest of which was eighty paces broad. I have seen others, after a two hour's chace,

run into a sheep-fold and lie down among them. I have seen others when hard pushed, run in among them, and would not leave them. I have seen others, after hearing the noise of the hounds, conceal themselves in the earth. I have seen others run up one side of a hedge, and return by the other, when there was nothing else between them and the dogs. I have seen others, after running half an hour, mount an old wall, six feet high, and clap down in a hole covered with ivy. Lastly, I have seen others swim over a river, of about eighty paces broad, oftener than twice in the length of two hundred paces."

The Fox has, in all ages and nations been celebrated for craftiness and address. Acute and circumspect, sagacious and prudent, he diversifies his conduct, and always reserves some art for unforeseen accidents. Though nimbler than the wolf, he trusts not to the swiftness of his course. He knows how to ensure safety, by providing himself with an asylum, to which he retires when danger appears. He is not a vagabond, but lives in a settled habitation, and in a domestic state. The choice of situation, the art of making and rendering a house commodious, and of concealing the avenues which lead to it, imply a superior degree of sentiment and reflection. The fox possesses these qualities, and employs them with dexterity and advantage. He takes up his abode on the border of a wood, and in the neighbourhood of cottages. Here he listens to the crowing of the cock, and the noise of the poultry; he scents them at a distance. He chooses his time with great wisdom and discretion. He conceals both his route and design. He moves forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition.

dition. When he leaps the wall, or gets in underneath it, he ravages the court-yard, puts all the fowls to death, and returns with his prey, which he either conceals under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. In a short time he returns for another, which he carries off and hides in the same manner, but in a different place. In this manner he proceeds till the light of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, admonish him it is time to retire to his den. He does much mischief to the bird-catchers. Early in the morning he visits their nets and their bird-lime, and carries off successively all the birds that happen to be entangled. The young hares he hunts in the plains, seizes old ones in their seats, digs out the rabbits in their warrens, finds out the nests of partridges, quails, &c. seizes the mothers on the eggs, and destroys a prodigious number of game. Dogs of all kinds spontaneously hunt the fox: though his odour be strong, they often prefer him to the stag or the hare. When pursued, he runs to his hole; and it is not uncommon to send in terriers to detain him till the hunters remove the earth from above, and either kill or seize him alive.

In Kamtschatka, the animals called *gluttons*, employ a singular stratagem for killing the fallow deer. They climb up a tree, and carry with them a quantity of that species of moss, of which the fallow deer are very fond. When a deer approaches near a tree, the glutton throws down the moss. If the deer stops to eat the moss, the glutton instantly darts down upon its back, and, after fixing himself firmly between the horns, tears out its eyes, which torments the animal to such a degree, that whether to put an end to its tortures, or to get rid of its cruel enemy, it strikes its head against the trees

till it falls down dead. The glutton divides the flesh into convenient portions, and conceals them in the earth to serve for future provisions. The gluttons on the river Lena kill horses in the same manner.

GAMING HOUSES.

IT may be some sort of amusement to present our readers with the following List of Officers established in the most notorious Gaming houses, as far back as the year 1731. Since that period, the English nation, having made rapid advances towards improvement in every branch of Commerce, the Polite Arts, and Public Amusements, the Gaming Houses of the present day, the resort of the whole world of Fashion, must undoubtedly have banished all persons of the following description, and established themselves on a much more polished and liberal plan:

1. A Commissioner, always a proprietor, who looks in of a night, and the week's account is audited by him, and two others of the proprietors.
2. A Director who superintends the room.
3. An Operator, who deals the cards at a cheating game called Faro.
4. Two Crowpees, who watch the cards, and gather the money for the Bank.
5. Two Puffs, who have money given them to decoy others to play.
6. A Clerk, who is a check upon the puffs, to see that they sink none of the money that is given them to play with.
7. A Squib, who is a puff of lower rank, and serves at half salary, whilst he is learning to deal.

8. A Flasher, to swear how often the Bank has been stripped.

9. A Dunner, who goes about to recover money lost at play.

10. A Waiter, to fill out wine, snuff candles, and attend in the gaming-room.

11. An Attorney, as Newgate Solicitor.

12. A Captain, who is to fight a Gentleman that is peevish for losing his money.

13. An Usher, who lights Gentlemen up and down stairs, and gives the word to the porter.

14. A Porter, who is generally a soldier of the Foot Guards.

15. An Orderly Man, who walks up and down outside of the door, to give notice to the porter, and alarm the house at the approach of the Constables.

16. A Runner, who is to get intelligence of the Justices meeting.

17. Linkboys, Coachmen, Chairmen, Drawers, or others, who bring the first intelligence of the Justices Meetings, or of the Constables being out, at half-a-guinea reward.

18. Common Bail, Affidavit Men, Russians, Bravoes, Assassins, *multus cum aliis.*

CRICKET MATCHES.

On Monday Sept. 4, and the two following days, a Grand Match of Cricket was played in Aram's New Ground, at Montpelier Gardens, Walworth, between Eleven of the Mary-le-bone Club, against Ten of the Montpelier Club, with one man given, for One Thousand Guineas.

MARY-LE-BONE CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Colonel Lenox	10 b Rubegall.
Graham	1 run out.
J. Tufton	27 b Hammond.
Lord F. Beauclerk	1 b ditto.
H. Tufton	0 b ditto.
G. Louch	9 c Goldham.
Lord	5 c Clifton.
Silvester	26 c Dale.
Sir H. Martin	0 b Hammond.
Gibbon	5 not out.
Lord Yarmouth	0 run out.
Byes	1
	85

SECOND INNINGS.

Colonel Lenox	28 b Rubegall.
Graham	8 c Ayleward.
J. Tufton	17 c Hampton.
Lord F. Beauclerk	34 b Tanner.
H. Tufton	2 c Ayleward.
G. Louch	0 b Hammond.
Lord	1 b ditto.
Silvester	5 b ditto.
Sir H. Martin	1 b ditto.
Gibbon	6 not out.
Lord Yarmouth	0 b Hammond.
Byes	0
	102

MONTPELIER CLUB.

FIRST INNINGS.

Ayleward	11 b J. Tufton.
Barton	10 c Lord F. Beauclerk
Tanner	1 b ditto
Hammond	43 b Silvester
Hampton	6 stump H. Tufton
Dale	0 b Lord F. Beauclerk
Butler	0 b Silvester
Goldham	0 run out
Clifton	12 not out
Rubegall	2 b Silvester
Smith	2 run out.
Byes	0
	87

SECOND

SECOND INNINGS.

Ayleward	12 not out.
Barton	29 not out.
Hammond	31 c Lord.
Hampton	3 c Silvester.
Butler	23 run out.
Clifton	2 b Lord F. Beauclerk
Byes	3
	103

T. WARD.

—	
W. Ward	o c C. Read.
Hampton	6 c ditto.
T. Ward	o b ditto.
—	
	6
—	

SECOND INNINGS.

W. Ward	o b C. Read.
Hampton	7 b ditto.
T. Ward	4 c ditto.
—	
	11

REMARKS ON THE GAME LAWS.

RURAL diversions, when followed in a liberal manner, are particularly useful in this island; where, from the nature of our government, no man can be of consequence without spending a large portion of his time in the country; and every additional inducement to this mode of life, is an additional security to our freedom and independence. [With all deference to modern patriotism, I humbly conceive it impossible for him who is not individually free and independent to be politically so; and individual freedom and independence never yet fell to the lot of extravagance, luxury, and dissipation.] I much question whether our morals, or even our manners, are greatly improved by that style of living, which empties our country seats to fill the metropolis, or the large provincial towns; and whether the manly character that once distinguished the Englishman, has not suffered more on the side of firmness and integrity, than it has gained on that of politeness and elegance, by sacrificing the rough sports of the field to the softer amusements of the assembly and card table.

I know

FIRST INNINGS.

Kirkman	o b T. Ward.
C. Read	26 c Hampton
Crowhurst	1 c ditto.
—	

27

—

SECOND INNINGS.

Kirkman	o c Hampton.
C. Read	9 b ditto.
Crowhurst	o c ditto.
—	

9

I know the laws which are in force to preserve those animals, which are the objects of this diversion, are severely attacked by the sentimental novel writers of the present time; writers who, without invention, humour, or real knowledge of mankind, dress up some improbable tale with affected maxims of fine feeling and exquisite sensibility, and endeavour to weaken the hearts, inflame the passions, and distract the understandings of the rising generation. These abound with horrid stories of the young and ingenuous peasant torn from his weeping parents and distracted bride, and either hurried into a leathsome dungeon, or banished into an unhealthy climate, only for killing a hare or a partridge. But I will venture to say, there is hardly a day labourer in the kingdom that may not, in a reasonable manner, be indulged with the use of these animals by a proper application; and if he is fond of the diversion they afford, and chooses to be idly busy, rather than industriously so, he may perfectly satisfy himself by attending the hounds or greyhounds of the 'squire, or assisting the game-keeper with his gun; but that laws should be made to prevent the man, whose family depends entirely on his labour for their support, from quitting his flail, his plough, or his spade, to range the woods for the destruction of animals, which afford a noble and manly diversion to their proprietor, I can conceive no more inconsistent with justice, than that he should be prevented from entering the orchard, or the hen-roost. As the beast of the forest, and the fruit of the soil, are equally common in a state of nature, so I see no reason why they may not be equally appropriated in a state of civil society. And I appeal to any person, really conversant in these kinds of facts, if he knows a single instance of one of these men, commonly called Poachers, (whose pro-

fession is a violation of the game laws, and against whom alone they are executed with any severity,) whose character and sufferings could entitle him to a tear. While I am thus defending the general principle of the game laws, I do not stand forth as their champion in every respect; they want great alterations as to the objects both of their penalties and exemptions. That a man of one hundred pounds a year may destroy the game with impunity on any one's land, and that a person of ninety-nine shall be liable to pay five pounds for killing a hare on his own, is a solecism too evident to need a comment.

J. J. B.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES
OF ROCKINGHAM.

ROCKINGHAM was bred by the late John Pratt, Esq. of Askrigg, in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, and was foaled in 1781.

Got by Highflyer out of Purity, (the dam of Archibald Fitzwilliam, St. Paul, &c.) by Matchem; gr. dam was Mr. Pratt's famous Old Squeist Mare. Her dam (Lot's dam) by Mogul, Camilla, by Bay Bolton, Old Lady, Dam of Starling, by Pulleine's Chestnut Arab. Rockwood, Bustler. The Old Squeist Mare, so well known to all sportsmen, was the dam of Virgin, Dido, Miracle, Miss Timmis, (dam of Amelia) Maiden, (dam of Walnut, and gr. dam of Gohanna, Precipitate, and Caustick) Pumpkin, Rafelas, &c. &c.

In 1784, then called Camden, he won a stakes of 300gs at Nottingham.

In

In 1785.—In the Second Spring Meeting, at Newmarket, he beat Capt. O'Kelly's Serjeant, 8ft. 4lb. each B. C. Capt. O'Kelly staked 500gs to 400gs. Before the meeting 6 and 7 to 4 on Serjeant, but at the post 7 to 4 on Rockingham. Great betting, which turned out very favourable to the Yorkshire gentlemen. Mr. Pratt sold Rockingham to Mr. Wentworth, before starting, for 700gs.

On Wednesday, he won the Jockey Club Plate, for 4 yr olds, 8ft. R. C. beating Roscius, Denmark, Camel, Carlo Khan, and Pindar. 2 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Saturday, he beat Hardwicke, 8ft. 2lb. each, B. C. for 300gs. 6 to 4 on Hardwicke. Many thousands were bet upon this match. Mr. Wentworth then sold him to the Prince of Wales for 2000gs.

In May, at 8ft. 7lb. beat Mr. Dowson's Clayhall, 8ft. 2lb. B. C. 500gs. 5 to 2 on Rockingham.

In 1786.—In the Second Spring Meeting at Newmarket, he won 50l. D. C. carrying 8ft. 6lb. Delpine, ditto; Clayhall, ditto; and George, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 12lb. 9 to 4 on Rockingham.

In June, at Ascot Heath, he walked over for a Sweepstakes of 40gs h. ft. for all ages, 4-miles; where he also walked over for the Ladies Plate of 50l. for all ages, 2-mile heats. Mr. Bullock afterwards purchased him for 800gs at the Prince's sale.

In September, he won the King's Plate, for 5 yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. each, at 2 three-mile heats, beating Marplot.

At the First October Meeting at Newmarket, he won the 70gs. for all ages, B. C. beating Guyler. 8 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Thursday in the Second October Meeting, he won 70gs. D. I. carrying 8ft. beating Oberon, 4 yrs

old, carrying 7ft. 4lb.; Wilbram, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 4lb.; and Ulysses and Soldier, both aged, 8ft. 6lb. each. 3 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Friday, he won a stakes of 5gs each, (14 subscribers) B. C. beating Chaunter, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. and Drone and Latona, both aged, 9ft. 2lb.

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In 1787.—In the Craven Meeting, he won the First Year of a Subscription of 50gs h. ft. D. C. beating Fox, Oberon, and Pilot, all 4 yr olds, 7ft. 13lb. each; Delpine, and Marplot, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. and Drone, aged, 9ft. Dungan, Alexander, and 5 others pd ft. 7 to 4 agst Rockingham.

In the First Spring Meeting, he won 50l. R. C. beating Cowslip, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 9lb.; Collector and Noodle, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb.; Challenger, 6 yrs old, and Patience, aged, 8ft. 7lb. 5 to 1 he won. He was entered for 50l. for all ages, D. C. agst Woodcock, Rosina, &c. and recd. 25gs to withdraw.

Next day, he won the King's Plate, for 6 yr olds, 12ft. R. C. beating Clayhall, Roscius, and Quibler. 5 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Wednesday, in the Second Spring Meeting, carrying 8ft. 12lb. he won the 140gs B. C. beating Skylark, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb. 40 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Thursday, he won the Jockey Club Plate, carrying 8ft. 7lb. each, B. C. beating Drone. 5 to 2 on Rockingham.

In May, he won the King's Plate at Guildford, for 6 yr olds, 12ft. 4-mile heats, beating St. Valori, who was drawn after the first heat. 4 to 1 on Rockingham.

In July, he won the King's Plate at Winchester, at 2 heats, beating Chaunter.

On the 14th of August, he won the King's Plate at Nottingham, beating Prince of Orange (late Clay-

Clayhall) drawn after first heat. 4 to 1 on Rockingham.

On the 20th of August, he won the King's Plate at York, 12ft. 4-miles, beating Milch. 20 to 1 on Rockingham.

On the 23d, he won the Great Subscription of 251l. 15s. for 6 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb. and aged, 9ft. 4-miles, beating Verjuice, 5 yrs old, Mark Antony, Harlequin Junior, and Roscius, 6 yrs old, and Faith, aged. 5 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Monday, on the First Newmarket October Meeting, he won 50l. R. C. beating Macbeth, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 5lb. Roundelay, and Oberon, 5 yrs old, 8ft. and Ulysses, aged, 8ft. 7lb. 5 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Wednesday, he won the renewed 140gs B. C. carrying 8ft. 12lb. beating Skylark, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. High odds on Rockingham.

On Thursday, he won the King's Plate, at 12ft. R. C. beating Marplot. 6 to 1 on Rockingham.

The same day, he won the 70gs B. C. carrying 8ft. 11lb. beating Flyator, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 4lb. Fox, Lepicq, Schoolboy 5 yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. each. 4 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Thursday, in the Second October Meeting, he won the 60gs D. I. carrying 8ft. 4lb. beating Mufti, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 4lb. 5 to 1 on Rockingham.

On Friday, he won a stakes of 50gs each B. C. (14 subscribers) carrying 8ft. 13lb. beating Scota, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. 10 to 1 on Rockingham. This was his 16th time of winning in 1787, besides receiving 250gs to withdraw. After which Mr. Bullock sold him to Lord Barrymore, for 2500gs.

In the Second Spring Meeting, he won the Jockey Club Plate, 8ft. 7lb. each, B. C. beating Verjuice. 6 to 1 on Rockingham. At 8ft. 12lb. (rode by Lord Barrymore) he beat Stargazer, (rode by L. Jewifson) 8ft. 4lb. B. C. 300gs. 4 to 1 on Rockingham. This was the last time of his running.

Rockingham was one of the best horses that ever ran, and his performances in the year 1787, are not equalled by any horse upon the turf. He is sire of Arabella, Brown Bess, Bennington, Patriot, Susannah, &c. &c. Though he has had very few blood mares, yet it is very clear from the performances of Bennington and Patriot, that if he had plenty of high bred mares to him, he would certainly be the first stallion in England. Yours,

A CONSTANT READER.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE APPROACH OF EGHAM RACES,
1797.

ON Tuesday next begin the RACES at Egham, upon that justly celebrated spot where the great Palladium of our Liberties, MAGNA CHARTA was exultingly wrested from the tyrannical profligation of PRINCELY PREROGATIVE, by the persevering fortitude and incorruptible purity of BRITISH BARONS, who, stemming the torrent of Ministerial contamination, rescued their country from the most abject slavery.

The TURF, it seems, (from present appearances) fluctuates as much as other fashions, dependent entirely upon the caprice of the multitude, who without knowing the reason, or affording a moment for reflection, are eternally playing the

In 1788.—In the First Spring Meeting at Newmarket, he walked over for the King's Plate, R. C.

the juvenile game of "Follow the Leader." Of this we hold as ample proofs, the retrospective of a few years only, MAIDENHEAD (where DRIVER had his desperate struggles with AARON for superiority, and where *Atom*, *Milk-sop*, *Brutus*, *Badger*, and *Gimcrack*, have so often disputed the palm of victory) is totally abandoned, without the spirit or ability to raise a *single* plate. At READING, where Plates (after the most humiliating supplications through every part of the country to raise them) are *promised*, HORSES are never sent, nor do Sportsmen ever come; whilst EGHAM, so lately become (by its vicinity to the Metropolis, and the proper compliment to Mr. Fox), the scene of celebrity, vies even with Epsom, in the opulence and popularity of its Stewards, the concourse of visitors, and certainty of sport, from the great body of distinguished characters, who run more for HONOUR, than influenced by *profit*. In proof, on Tuesday the sport consists of the Noblemen's Plate of 50*l.* the best of three four-mile heats. The Magna Charta Stakes of 100*l.* each, and a Hunters' Sweepstakes, exclusive of a Match for 100*l.* and horse for horse. On Wednesday a Plate and two Sweepstakes; and on Thursday a 50*l.* and a Sweepstakes of 100*l.* each, for which six are named. With these attractions we entertain no doubt but every Inn will be full, every stall engaged, and not one bed empty. Having said thus much upon the score of *seduction*, it becomes directly applicable to add a word of advice by way of *prevention*, reminding our *dashing* friends and *inexperienced* Sportsmen, that those who game but *little* cannot possibly lose *much*; that those who go home *early* will be in the least danger of being *robbed*; as well as that those

who drink *least* will stand a fair chance of being *at home first*.

OBSERVATIONS AFTER THE RACES.

Notwithstanding their high claims to priority, carried with them a great deal of that *chilling frigidity* which so evidently marks the present state of the turf. There was a great deal of *running without sport* — a great deal of *noise without mirth* — and a great deal of company (if countenances may be taken) for intelligence, without much individual gratification. Horses for both plates and sweepstakes were more numerous than could be expected, but the general flatness of the course, and the wintry breezes from the Thames, gave a gloominess to the whole, ill suited to the customary enjoyments of a horse race. For account of Races see the Calendar.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF CHINA.

SIR George Staunton (whose Narrative of the late Embassy is now published) and his fellow-travellers were eight months in China. They travelled by land and by water, that is, by canals, almost the whole extent of the Chinese empire, which is the eleventh part of the habitable globe. They had an opportunity of seeing and examining almost every thing that the country offers most curious, being continually accompanied by several persons of the highest dignity and authority in the Empire, who had it in charge that

T *t* every

every degree of attention and respect should be shewn to them. They were provided with every accommodation during their travels at the Emperor's expence.

The war which broke out with France, making it necessary that the Lion man of war should convoy fifteen sail of British vessels, containing several millions of property, from China, obliged them to return sooner than was originally intended; but not, however, until the Emperor had testified his desire of receiving a new Embassy, whenever it might be agreeable to the British Court.

The populousness of China amounts to 333 millions; of which the province of Pekin alone contains 38. But that capital, which is estimated by the Jesuit Grimaldi at 16 millions, does not contain above three millions. The whole Empire, however, is nearly three times as populous as Europe: whereas its revenues, reckoned in silver, hardly exceed three times those of Great Britain.

The Chinese are far inferior to the Europeans in scientific knowledge; but they greatly resemble the French *de la vieille Cour*, in vivacity and urbanity, in overweening conceit of themselves, and in manifest airs of conscious superiority over strangers with whom they converse. They value and cultivate arts only in proportion to their utility.

The exuberant populousness of China exercises human ingenuity in contriving new, various, and extraordinary means for procuring food for so many mouths. The soil is cultivated with extraordinary attention; and even the mountains are terraced to the tops. Baskets and hurdles are covered with earth, which, being planted with vegetables, form floating islands on the lakes and rivers.

The Chinese have no national

religion. Women live in the same privacy, and act as insignificant a part in society as they do in Turkey, and other Mahomedan countries. The most wonderful thing in China is the uniting so many millions of people under the influence of regular Government. This is facilitated by the authority of age and experience over youth and ignorance, which is established by the laws, and confirmed by the im-memorial usages of China. Besides this, all offices in China are distributed according to merit. There is a perpetual competition in each district, in each province, as in the Court and capital. The dignity of the Emperor only is hereditary. All other Magistrates rise by due gradation, in consequence of examinations and comparative trials, resembling those by which academic degrees were formerly conferred in Europe.

The writing of China is understood by the Japanese and several other nations, who do not understand the Chinese language; because the Chinese characters denote things and not merely words. Sir G. Staunton is the first writer we have met with, who clearly explains how letters came to be formed from hieroglyphics, and why the Chinese still prefer the use of the latter.

P. S. We shall in future numbers give some extracts from Sir G. Staunton's book, on the subjects most applicable to our work; such as Natural History, &c.

THEATRICALS.

THE Dublin Manager has taken leave of the Public by the following address:

TO THE PUBLIC.

After seventeen years of public life, in which Mr. Daly has met with

with much individual as well as general kindness from the inhabitants of this City, he would deem himself wanting towards them if he now retired to a private situation without expressing his sense of such their often experienced favour and protection.

Mr. Daly ventured on the arduous task of conducting the Dublin Theatre with a strong feeling of his insufficiency, but with a proportionably zealous determination to make up in activity and industry, what he might want in ability. He has had the satisfaction to see his endeavours rewarded by uniform and long continued approbation; and while, with unfeigned gratitude, he now pours forth his thanks to the public for their liberal acceptance of his service, he is proud to say, that however the gentleman who has obtained his situation may exceed him in the means or power of discharging the duties of it, he never can in wish and in zeal to contribute in the best manner to their amusement, nor in the indelible attachment with which he now begs leave to subscribe himself, the public's obliged and devoted servant,

RICHARD DALY.

Harcourt-street, Aug. 1797.

AMERICAN PLAY BILL.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.

NEW THEATRE.

For three weeks only. This evening, July 7, will be presented a celebrated Comedy, (written by the Author of *Columbus, Children in the Wood, &c.*) called

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.
As performed at Covent Garden Theatre 39 nights, without intermission,

the first season; and since upwards of 150 nights, with unbounded applause,

Tangent	-	Mr. Merton
Toby Allspice	-	Mr. Harwood
Captain Faulkner	-	Mr. Cooper
Caulic	-	Mr. Warren
Dick Dashall	-	Mr. Wigzell
McQuery	-	Mr. Fox
Landlord	-	Mr. L'Estrange
Ned	-	Mr. Warrell, jun.
Shopman	-	Mr. Eliffet
Postillion	-	Master T. Warrell
Officer	-	Mr. Warrell
William	-	Mr. Mitchell
Julia Faulkner	-	Mrs. Mervy
Clementina Allspice	-	Mrs. Francis
Lady Sorrel	-	Mrs. L'Estrange
Fanny	-	Mrs. D'Elia.

To which will be added, a Comic Opera, in two acts, (as performed at Covent Garden Theatre upwards of one hundred and fifty nights) called

LOCK AND KEY.

Brummage	-	Mr. Francis
Cheerly	-	Mr. Fox
Captain	-	Mr. Wigzell
Ralph	-	Mr. Harwood
Laura	-	Mrs. Warrell
Fanny	-	Mrs. Oldmixon
Selina	-	Mrs. Harvey
Dolly	-	Mrs. Milbourne

Box, one dollar twenty five cents.—Pitt, seven-eighths of a dollar—and Gallery half a dollar.

The doors of the Theatre will open at six o'clock, and the curtain rise at seven.

Places for the boxes to be taken at the office in front of the Theatre, from ten till two o'clock, and from ten till four on the days of performance.

Tickets to be had at H. and P. Rice's book-store, No. 50, Market-street, and at the office adjoining the Theatre.

Ladies and Gentlemen are requested to send their servants to keep places at a quarter before five o'clock, and order then, as soon as the company are seated, to withdraw, as they cannot, on any account, be permitted to remain.

Mr. Fox's night will be on Monday.

Mr. Francis's night will be on Wednesday.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

TO MR. D. JOHNSON, HUNTSMAN,
and MESSRS. RICHARDSON,
NOTTAGE, GOSDEN, JEWELL,
STARLING, &c. YEOMEN
PRICKERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S
STAG HOUNDS.

GENTLEMEN,

IT cannot be unknown to you, that no small portion of prejudice has for years been entertained by those who call themselves *Fox Hunters*, against the sport which you are happily appointed to conduct, and which they ludicrously appellate, when compared with their own favourite chace *of Hunting*. Adverting with a proper degree of resentment to this *contumacious* error in judgment, it is natural for me, who have stuck *close to the skirts* of you and your predecessors for thirty years past, to offer, through the medium of our sporting friend, the Editor, a few words to rescue both you and me from the apathy, with which these juvenile Gentlemen of the *Brush*, so exultingly affect to overwhelm us. Feeling with, and for you, as I know you feel for yourselves, and experimentally convinced how little assistance we derive from those visiting gentry, when the hounds are to be *left*, or a deer taken, I do most earnestly entreat, for the honour of the *forest*, for the credit of our deer, and the unshilled reputation of the *hounds*, that we may have more *bursts* and *hjs stops* (his Majesty will kindly and condescendingly excuse such efforts of energy),

when we shall soon see how many of those *sarcasie* gentry will be at hand, to assist in "taking the calf;" convinced by long and attentive experience, that although any horse may follow, yet *blood* and *blood* only can go with the hounds. However, gentlemen, when the time shall arrive that I see those unfledged sportsmen in *front*, and our old staunch forest friends in the *rear*; or when I observe them dismounting to secure the deer, and fave us the trouble, I shall then become a cheerful convert to their superiority in *speed* and *bottom*; 'till when, I shall occasionally beg permission of the Editor, to trouble you with a few comparative animadversions upon the two distinct chaces, as well as the countries they are enjoyed in, during the ensuing season, being with equal respect and sincerity,

Your's, most truly,

A STAG HUNTER.

Sept. 12, 1797.

BOXING MATCH.

THE Duke of Hamilton will rejoice to hear that "the age of Boxing is not past, nor is the glory of sparring extinguished for ever."

Monday, Sept. 18, a pitched battle was fought in Hyde Park between Burke a *cooper*, and Christian a *shoe-maker*. The contest lasted 55 minutes, during which time there were 22 rounds of the *hardest* fighting recorded on the *Broughtonian annals*. The friends of the *shoemaker* finding he was so well *lathered* that he was near his *end*, broke the ring, and attempted to charge a foul blow upon the *cooper*; but the majority of the spectators would not agree to this, and the *cooper* was declared the *victor*.

THE

DABSTER, A CELEBRATED FOX HOUND, BELONGING TO THE BERKELEY HUNT.





THE FEAST OF WIT;
OR,
SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A BON MOT.

A Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, employed in an embassy to Florence, with great parade and ostentation, wore several chains round his neck. A man of wit, who saw the Knight, thus caparisoned, observed, that for other *mad* people *one* chain was thought sufficient, but this fellow requires a *dozen*.

A Foreign sailor was punished the other day for calling his Landlord's Wife a b—h. The defence of the foreigner was, that he heard the appellation so often applied by the Husband, that he really thought it was the Wife's *proper name*!

A SNUFF-TAKER.

A good-humoured son of Mommus, at Liverpool, has contracted such an attachment to the snuff-box, that he never takes less than twenty pinches before breakfast—40 more before dinner—and 60 more before night; in all 120. Each pinch takes him up at least a minute, in opening the box, feeding the nostrils, wiping, blowing, &c. so that he is precisely two hours per day, or fourteen in the week (Sunday included) or about eight weeks in the year, very riotously and profitably employed in *tickling his nose*; which, from being crammed so frequently, has undergone a material revolution in

its physical form; possessing, as it were, a kind of elasticity; involuntarily cocking itself up, when the snuff-box is introduced, not unlike the majestic proboscis or an elephant.

Of all the doubtful law cases that were ever argued, the following, related by Christophorus Grois, is perhaps amongst the most doubtful:—A miller's ass, wanting to drink, stept into a Fisherman's boat, which was loosely floating in the water, and being thus put in motion, carried the beast down the stream. A law-suit was instituted between the parties. The fisherman complained that the miller's ass had stolen his boat. The miller replied, that the Fisherman's boat had run away with his ass. Here issue was joined.

A SINGULAR INSTANCE OF SUPERSTITION.

There is a part, in the country of Naples, very much infested with robbers and murderers. A shepherd of that district, at confession, acknowledged with much sorrow and contrition, that once on a fast day he had drank some drops of milk. “Does your conscience upbraid you with no other wickedness?” said the father confessor. “None at all, replied the penitent.” “Did you never join any of your countrymen in robbing and murdering passengers?” “Oh yes, very often, good father; but we do not look upon that as a matter of conscience.”

An article in the papers stated, that the high wind lately had blown seven calves out of the cow-house over a hedge twenty yards, without doing them any harm; and that it had also

blown a duck's head off! A correspondent who had seen the article, and deeming it a *Munchausen* says, "To have made the account quite complete, the wind should have blown the calves back again into the cow-house, and the duck's head on again!"

THE PRIEST.

THE PREVAILING PASSION
STRONG IN DEATH.

At the time when several Proclamations were issued for the purpose of mending the specie, Mr. De L—, the banker, who was extremely rich, was at the point of death. He assured a friend, who visited him, that he was quite resigned to the will of God, and asked him for his prayers. As he was leaving the chamber, the dying man exclaimed "Pray Mr. P—, can you tell me how the currency is settled?"

THE USE OF REPUTATION.

D'Arezzo, a celebrated lawyer in the fifteenth century, purloined with the assistance of his servant, several pieces of meat from a butcher's shop. Two of his scholars, of doubtful character, were put in prison for the theft. D'Arezzo in vain accused himself; it was thought he did so to rescue the young men. When the affair was blown over, and the students set at liberty by paying a certain sum, D'Arezzo brought undoubted proofs that he had been the thief. On being asked "why he had committed an action so unlike himself, and of which no one would have suspected him," he replied, "he did it to set in a strong light the advantage of a well-established character."

A Priest in the streets of Paris was in danger of being crushed between the pole of a carriage and the wheels of a cart. He called out vehemently to the coachman and carter not to move forward, or they would kill a Priest. An Artisan, who was near him, and in the like danger, exclaimed, "Here is a Priest who makes as much noise as I ought to do, who have a wife and four children." "Why now," said the indignant Priest, "I have more children than you."

A NEW WAY OF RECKONING.

A sailor married a woman, staid with her the first night, went to sea the next day, and returned in three months, when he found her brought to bed of a boy. Jack stormed, and called his wife a w—; but the nurse abused him in her turn for a sea-looby that did not know how to reckon for a woman on shore, who counts by day and night. "Well," says Jack, "but that makes but six months, and she ought to go nine." "You fool," replied the matron, "you have forgot the three months you were at sea; only recollect that three months by day, and three at night, and three at sea, make nine months, and you'll find your wife an honest woman." Jack could not follow this calculation, and was obliged to knock under, and allow it to be all right.

At the last Norwich Assizes, a plain country farmer (who had formerly been an attorney) was called upon as an evidence in a certain cause,

cause, when being asked in an authoritative tone by the counsel to assign his reason for quitting the profession of the law, replied very drily, " Why, Sir, to tell you the truth, during my connections in the law, I saw so much shuffling, quibbling, and prevaricating, that I began to be heartily ashamed of my profession, and therefore quitted it for the more honourable one of a farmer."

One of the last American papers (the *Columbian Sentinel*) contains the following curious advertisement:

" Whereas my wife, Betsey, has eloped from my bed and board, and has behaved in an unbecoming and indecent manner, by propagating the human species in a way other than the one prescribed by law: This is to caution all kinds of people, both *Black, White, or Pye-balled* against trusting her on my account, (harbour her they may if they can) as I will not pay one *Mille* of her contrasting after this date.

" JOHN BOULTON."

Bridgewater, July 30.

A waggish publican at Seven Oaks, Kent, among his other inscriptions, has now written over his door—" Licensed to keep a clock."

The convict who was lately executed at Leicester, and who adopted the singular mode of travelling in a post-chaise to the place of execution, was no less remarkable for his crimes than a copious fund of low humour. He got the following notice put up in the most frequented houses in the town:—" Wanted, an agreeable companion in a post-chaise to go a journey of considerable length, and upon equal terms. Enquire for particulars at the Castle." It is almost superfluous to mention,

that upon the terms being made known, the gentleman could not find a partner.

Some persons going into a corn field near Oxford, among whom there was a lad about nine years of age, were told by some of the farmers men they were trespassing: " Why then," says the boy, " you must forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

A few days since an ostler at Towcester, of the name of Twifit, led his wife in a halter into the public market-place in that town, amidst an amazing concourse of people, and sold her to a *Knight of the Whip*, at one of the Inns there, for the round sum of twenty-five pounds; and it may be further observed, the parties seemed much pleased with this kind of barter, each returning home well satisfied.

At a wedding lately near Stamford, the bridegroom, by way of precaution, thought proper to have present, beside the parson and clerk, a man-midwife! There was, however, no occasion for such haste, as the lady was not brought to bed before the next morning!

Mr. Christie and others celebrated for the elegance of their language in the composition of their advertisements, are all together outdone by a provincial auctioneer, who advertises an estate for sale, or to be exchanged for another, stating, that he is appointed *Plenipotentiary to treat in this business*; that he has ample *credentials*, and is prepared to

to ratify his powers: that he will enter into preliminaries either upon the principle of *status quo*, or *uti possidetis*; that he is ready to receive the *projet* of any person desirous to make the purchase or exchange, and to deliver his *contre-projet* and *finis qua non*, and indeed at once to give his *ultimatum*!—assuring the public, that as soon as a *definitive treaty* shall be concluded, it will be ratified by his constituent, and daily guaranteed.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ELOPEMENTS.

ON Wednesday the 6th of Sept. Miss D——, daughter of a respectable Magistrate for the County of Essex, eloped from her father's house with Mr. C—— H——, son of a Gentleman in one of the Public Offices. At twelve o'clock at noon, the Lady went out of the parlour, telling her mother she was going to dress, but instead of doing so, went into the garden, got out the back way, crossed a field, and was helped over the pales by two Gentlemen, who handed her into a post-chaise, and drove to Upping, where Mr. H—— was waiting in a post-chaise and four; so that the Lady had nothing more to do than to step from one chaise to the other, and drive off. They took the road to Gretna Green, and have not since been heard of. Miss D—— is a very elegant and accomplished young Lady, about twenty years of age, and, when twenty-one, will have an annuity of 900l. per annum.

The elopement from the neighbourhood of Staines, which took

place a few evenings since, was accompanied with some singular circumstances. The young lady is the daughter of an Irish Peer, and extremely beautiful. She quitted her mother's house, on the banks of the Thames, at midnight, in a *robe de chambre*, with a coloured handkerchief round her head; and in that dress, walked ankle-deep in mud, near three miles, alone, to meet her seducer. The Gentleman was also disguised; and the Romantic Pair set out together, as soon as they met, for London. What adds to the enormity of the transaction is, the Gentleman's being a married man, whose amiable wife, and two lovely children are left to lament his folly. The *inamorato* was the intimate friend of the young Lady's family!

On Wednesday the 6th of Sept. Jukes Coulson, Esq. and Miss Shergold, daughter of Mr. Shergold, banker, at Brighton, set off post from that place, on a matrimonial expedition, to Gretna Green, where Cupid's blacksmith has probably, ere this, rivetted the hymenial chains.

HYDROPHOBIA.

A dog went mad at Taplow about three weeks since, and bit five persons, of whom three were children. Two of the latter are since dead. One of those who survives had recourse to a skilful surgeon, who took the only efficacious means that of cutting out the part affected. For the rest great fears are entertained.

A tiger, within these few days, broke from his cage in Exeter Change,

Change, and killed him two or three monkies. The keeper fortunately stabbed this ferocious monster, while he was so eagerly feasting upon one of the monkies, that he did not observe the approach of the man.

An high spirit of emulation at this moment pervades the sporting world—and the great struggle with fox-hunters is, who shall bring their horses to the field in the most complete condition. In the preparation of hunting saddles and hunting uniforms, saddlers and tailors derive no small profit annually from the competition for superiority in taste and neatness, at the commencement of the season. The Meynel, the Hatfield, the Calvert, the Berkeley, the Rowley, the Dyke, the Denn, (late Newinan) the Spencer, the Raby, the Woburn, and the Fitzwilliam Hunts, with a long list of et ceteras, all feel sensibly alive to the force of their *imaginary* pre-eminence, and we doubt not the literary trumpet of fame will, during the season, surprize the somniferous cit, and entertain the country squire with the wonders of the chace, when transmitted to every part of the kingdom through the hebdomadal medium of the *County Chronicle*, or its periodical echo, the *Sporting Magazine*.

The following singular fact is sent to us by a Correspondent from Devizes:—A terror dog, about a year old, belonging to a gentleman of that town, had a habit of repeatedly running into the street, and biting passengers without any provocation, which occasioned his owner to order him on Saturday, July 5th, to be destroyed. Accordingly he was hung for a considerable

time, till there was no signs of life remaining; but in order that he might be the more effectually dispatched, the person who undertook the business, upon taking him down gave him several severe blows on the head with a large stick, and after letting him lie sometime, threw him into a necessary, twenty-four feet deep, and no more was thought of the matter; but on Sunday August 6, (a space of 32 days) the cries of a dog were distinctly heard, and by letting down a lighted candle, he was observed walking about. Proper persons were immediately employed, and with the assistance of ropes, &c. a lad was let down, who secured the dog, and brought him up, and, to the great astonishment of his master, and several others, who were standing by, it proved to be the identical dog as above mentioned, and though in a very weak and emaciated condition, immediately after his release, knew every person as usual, answered as readily to his name as if nothing had happened, and is now perfectly recovered, excepting the loss of an eye. He has also several marks about the head occasioned by the blows received at the time above mentioned.

Previous to his being thrown into the necessary, he had been twice stabbed in the neck with a knife.

Monday, Sept. 4, a Yorkshire clothier, for a wager of 20 guineas, rode his poney, an aged beast, not quite 14 hands high, 80 miles in 11 hours and 55 minutes, on the road near Morpeth. The rider weighed 14st. 8lb. and was allowed 13 hours to perform this extraordinary feat, which however he performed in the above time without much seeming hurt to himself or his nag. Great numbers of the cognoscenti in these kind of matches attended, and up-
wards

wards of 500l. were betted; 10 to 1 against the clothier at starting; but the last 20 miles the same odds in his favour. It is remarkable, that the poney is of the common cart kind, and had brought a heavy load of cloth out of Yorkshire but a few days before.

The Prince of Wales is to hunt occasionally with Lord Egremont's fox-hounds in Suffex, to throw off once or twice a week at Shoreham-bridge, &c. His Royal Highness's own dogs are to take the ground which has been for some years occupied by Mr. Bridger's pack.

Lord Sefton (who is the *main spring* of the Berkeley hunt) kindly sends half a dozen hunters to the hammer on the 11th of October; upon these, the *juvenile sprigs* will have an opportunity to speculate with their accustomed penetration.

A remarkable accident happened a few days since, to a horse belonging to Mr. Cooper of Windsor. A boy leading him to grafts, found an apple in the road and gave it him to eat, which unfortunately stuck in his throat. Several unsuccessful attempts were made by a farrier in the town, to force it into the stomach with a cane passed down the swallow. The horse continued in a most uneasy and dangerous state for several hours, when Mr. Deane, veterinary surgeon, was called in, who finding it impossible to get it into the stomach from the great swelling that had taken place, proposed the operation (never before attempted with success) of dissecting it out of the throat: this he

effected without any material loss of blood, and from a careful treatment of the wound, the horse is so far recovered as to be totally out of danger.

The cream of Mr. Panton's hounds are drafted into Calvert's, to which Mr. P. becomes a subscriber, and retains his snug box at Ware, in Hertfordshire, for that purpose. These hounds commence their season the second week in October, under the strong and respectable firm of Corbet, Boldero, Houlton, Panton, Calvert, and Co. and surely a *firmer* firm will not be found in the kingdom.

Colonel Thornton has got all his *pointers, setters, and double-barrels* in the highest order. Some ill-natured critics say, the Colonel occasionally shoots with the *long bow*. We shall be happy to record his *sporting wonders*, provided they partake not too much of the Baron Munchausen's.

Few covies of partridges are any where to be seen, owing to the constant heavy falls of rain, both at the season of the birds laying their eggs, and again when the young ones might be supposed to be quitting the nest.

CARRIER PIGEONS.

Mr. P—, of Kingsbridge, about thirty miles west of Exeter, purchased in the year 1795, in London, a pair of Carrier Pigeons, and took them to Kingsbridge; but being apprehensive, from various reports

ports of their natural attachment to their first home, that they might take their flight, and find their way back to London, he confined them upwards of twelve months. During this interval they bred, and one was reared. The gentleman, thinking he had kept them long enough to familiarize them to the change of the place, gave them their liberty, and they flew from Kingsbridge, accompanied by the young one, to the identical place where they were originally reared and purchased; but the young one flew back again alone to Kingbridge.

A certain *sporting parson* in a neighbouring county, has literally made himself *Gamekeeper* to all the neighbouring gentry, and on condition of their giving him and his servant the deputations of their manors, has entered into a contract to "supply all their tables with game during the season."

The Earl of Breadalbane is so very fond of his *game*, that in the true spirit of chivalry, he throws down his gauntlet for its better preservation. He warns all sportsmen, without a licence under his hand, not to expose themselves to the danger of being *challenged*.

An accident occurred on Friday, Sept. 8, at Lincoln Races, owing to the son of a farmer in the neighbourhood attempting to cross the course, (or was pushed forward by others) at the moment the leading horse was passing, at full speed. They all three came down with dreadful violence, and the mare, *Hornpipe*, who was close following, leaped over the whole. The far-

mer was taken up for dead, one arm broken, and otherwise much bruised; he is, notwithstanding, in a fair way of recovery. Dixon Bowers, the rider, and his horse were not very much bruised.

Sir John Dyke repents of having rather rashly abandoned the chace, and has therefore made the *amende honorable* to the neighbourhood of Bromley, by purchasing a new pack of fox-hounds for their amusement.

A Foot Race was run, on Thursday, August 31, between Lord F. Beauclerk and a fishmonger, the distance of one hundred and twenty yards, which was won by his Lordship.

ARCHERY.

Monday Sept. 4, the Royal Kentish Bowmen concluded their season. The gold medal was won by Sir Richard Glode, who also won the bugle horn; and the Rev. Mr. Dodd was declared Captain of numbers.

Saturday, Sept. 9, a Hoopoe was shot by a gentleman at Shotley, near Ipswich: this beautiful bird is a native of South America, and is very rarely seen in Northern climates. A bird of the same name and description, was shot lately near Lewes, in Sussex.

Sunday, Aug. 20, was given away in the church at Denham, in Buckinghamshire, after evening service,

service, to the poor of that parish, 1200 penny loaves, which were purchased with the moiety of a mitigated penalty paid by a person of that parish for killing a hare on the sabbath-day.

The ancient and manly science of back-sword, was introduced each day of the Races at Salisbury, in the market place.—On Wednesday the prizes were won by the Warminster players.—On Thursday four guineas were won by the Warminster players, and two guineas by a player from Lavington.—And on Friday the prizes were divided, viz. two guineas to Alexander, and two guineas between Holt, Upjohn, and Papps, all of Warminster. The remaining prize of two guineas, went to Spratt, a player, from Alderbury.

On Thursday, August 31, a match was run over the Beacon Course at Newmarket, for 100 guineas, between Mr. Corrie's High-flyer mare, and Mr. Burgh's Cricketer, which was won by the former, beating his adversary near half a mile. Odds at starting six and seven to one upon the winner.

FÉTE OF THE THAMES.

On Saturday, Sept. 9, the Gentlemen of the parish of St John, Horsleydown, gave a boat race on the river Thames. There were several prizes—the first, a boat, value eighteen guineas; and five other prizes from five guineas to one; to be rowed for by six watermen who had served their times in that parish. It was one of the hardest fought contests ever seen on the river Thames, and infinitely more interesting, on account of the

skill that was displayed, than any race above bridge. The boat was won by John Rose. The spectacle was most attractive. The day was fine, and above 10,000 people were assembled on the river to see the contest. The whole was conducted with the utmost order, and besides the laudable design of encouraging the young men of the parish to excel in their art, it was a very joyous and festive entertainment. It lasted from one o'clock till six in the afternoon, and not the slightest accident happened the whole day.

SAILING MATCH.

Tuesday, Aug. 22, the following boats took their station in Kingroad, Bristol, to contend for the premiums given by the Bristol Sailing Society, viz. the Tartar, Experiment, Marquis of Worcester, Industry, of Bristol; Industry, of Pill; Fancy, Hope, Antelope, Dolphin, and Friends. About six o'clock they started. The Tartar was the first boat that returned, Experiment the second, and the Marquis of Worcester the third, when the two first received their respective Silver Cups, and the latter a Telescope. No accident happened the whole of the day. The evening being very fine a large concourse of people of all descriptions lined the banks of the river to see their arrival.

That well-known horse, Bungay, by Herod, dam by Blank, late the property of Mr. Taplin, supposed by all the distinguished characters in the Royal Chase to be the fleetest, steadiest, and best-bottomed hunter in the kingdom, is at length purchased by Lady Breadalbane for her own riding.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

A NEW SONG.

Sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN, at Vauxhall Gardens.

Set to Music by Mr. HOOK.

The Words by Mr. VINT.

WILLY, after courting long,
Marry'd me on Sunday ;
All that day I held my tongue,
But scolded him on Monday.
Tuesday I grew dull and sad,
Weds'day pass'd in scorning ;
Thursday drove me raving mad,
But Friday—what a morning !
Till at length that balm of life,
Money, brought a better day ;
So we lov'd like man and wife,
Kissing sweet on Saturday.

Willy next began the week,
Tippling all the Sunday ;
Therefore I, provok'd to speak,
Did scold him well on Monday.
Tuesday call'd him drunken sot,
Weds'day lubber lazy ;
Thursday having mended not,
Friday drove me crazy.
Then I hop'd the fool would think
Wiser on the latter day,
Not a sou for meat or drink,
Earn'd he on the Saturday.

Bent at length to change my plan
Every future Sunday,
For 'twas plain I first began
Wrong upon the Monday :
Tuesday, then, I calmer seem'd,
Weds'day more indulgent ;
Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,
Friday thone resplendent.
Chacing thus corroding strife,
Every day's a better day :
Joy and pleasure clearing life,
From Saturday to Saturday.

THE GIPSEY SONG.

Sung at VAUXHALL.

COME, cross my hand ! my art sur-
passes
All that did ever mortal know ;
Come, maidens, come, my magic glasses
Your future husband's form can show.

For 'tis to me the power is giv'n
Unclos'd the book of Fate to see ;
To read the fix'd resolves of Heaven,
And dive into futurity.

I guide the pale moon's silver waggon ;
The winds in magic bonds I hold ;
I charm to sleep the crimson dragon,
Who loves to watch o'er buried gold.

Fenc'd round with spells, unhurt I venture,
Their sabbath strange where witches
keep ;
Fearless the sorceror's circle enter,
And woundless tread on snakes asleep.

Lo !

Lo! here are charms of mighty power!
This makes secure a husband's troth;
And this, compos'd at midnight hour,
Will force to love the coldest youth.

If any maid too much has granted,
Her los's this philtre will repair;
This blooms a cheek where red is wanted,
And this will make a brown girl fair.

Then silent hear, while I discover
What I in Fortune's mirror view;
And each, when many a year is over,
Shall own the Gipsey's saying true.

A PARODY ON THE SPEECH OF
JAQUES, IN SHAKESPEARE'S AS
YOU LIKE IT.

— Sanctity's oft a cloak for Sin—
And Parsons are but men like you or me;
They have their foibles and their fopperies;
And one fees amongst them sundry charac-
ters.
To mention only Seven.—And first the Cu-
rate,
Humming and hawing to his drowsy herd.—
And then the pedagogue, with formal wig,
His night-gown and his cane; ruling, like
Turk,
All in his dusty school.—Then the smart
Priest,
Writing extempore (forsooth!) a Sonnet
Quaint, to his Mistres's shoe-string.—Then
the Vicar,
Full of fees customary, with his burial
gloves;
Jealous of his rites, and apt to quarrel;
Claiming his paltry penny-farthng tithes,
E'en at the lawyer's price.—Then the Rec-
tor,
In sleek surcingle, with good tithe pig
stuff'd;
With eyes up-swoln, and shining double
chin;
Full of wife nods, and orthodox distinctions;
And so he gains respect.—Proceed we next
Unto the old Incumbent at his gate,
With filken skull-cap—tied beneath his
chin;
His banyan, with silver clasp, wrapt round
His shrinking paunch; and his fam'd
thund'ring voice,
Now whistling like the wind, his audience
sleeps
And snores to th' lulling sound.—Best scene
of all,
With which I close this reverend descrip-
tion,

Is, your Welch Parson, with his noble liv-
ing,
Sans shoes, sans hose, sans breeches, sans
every thing.

MESSMATES AT SEA.

BRAVE Oakum, Mainbrace, honest
Jack,
Matt Midhips, too, was there;
Who'd the compas box, knew ev'ry tack,
Could hand well, reef, and steer:
The glasses jingled, mirth went round,
We troll'd a merry glee;
And, while carousing on dry ground,
To our Messmates drank at Sea.

Sall Spriggins (who was there, d'ye mind,
And she was all my pride,) Said, while with tears her eyes were blind,
And we sat side by side:
“ Dear Jack, (says she,) my heart will
“ break
“ When you're far off from me!”
“ Lord, Sall, (says I,) a noggin take—
“ To our Messmates out at Sea.”

A thousand other toasts we gave;
With mirth our cabins ring :
“ May a Briton never be a slave!—
“ The navy!—George our King!—
At length (from toping I ne'er shrank,
It somehow seem'd to me,
I could see plainest when blind drunk,) To my Messmates drink at Sea.

Love of our isle my heart commands,
For Britain's fame I burn;
Where native freedom pipes all hands,
And steps from stem to stern.
From death or glory I'll ne'er shrink,
But douse life's colours free;
Yet, while at anchor here, I'll drink
To my Messmates out at Sea.

YESTERDAY.

AN ANACREONTIC.

SAY, ye studious, grave, and old,
Tell me, all ye fair and gay,
Tell me where I may behold
The fleeting forms of—yesterday!

Where's

Where's Autumnal plenty spread?

Winter! where's thy boist'rous sway?

Where's the vernal flow'ret fled?

Summer! where's thy—*yesterday!*

Jocund spirits of social joy,
Round our smiling goblet play;
Flit, ye powers of rude annoy,
Like the ghost of—*yesterday!*

Od'rous sweets, Falernian wine,
Hither, boy, with speed convey;
Jes'mine wreathes with roses twine,
Ere they fade, like—*yesterday!*

Brim the bowl, and pass it round,
Lightly tune the sportive lay,
Let the featal hour be crown'd,
Ere 'tis lost, like—*yesterday!*

SHAKESPEARE, OR THE STRATFORD HUNT

" Must I write Notes, which, all so piercing
" bright,
" Let in the Object, and let out the Light?
" For murder'd Shakespeare no compassion
" feel,
" Almost eat up by Commentating zeal?"

ON Avon's banks I heard Aetbon mourn,
By fell BLACK-LETTER DOGS in pieces torn;
Dogs that from Gothic kennels eager start,
And well broke-in by coney-catching art.

Hark! Johnson smacks his lash; loud
ounds the din;
Mounted in rear, see Stevens *whipper-in*.
Lo! first *Melampus* Farmer left y' springs;
(Walter-de Mapes his sire) the Welkin rings:

See Warburton in *Pomphagus* advance,
Who never stood aghast in speechless trance;
The sage *Ichnabates* fee Tyswaitt limp;
Malone *Hylatter* bounds a clear voic'd limp;
Nor can I pass *Lycisa* Montague,
Her yelp, though feeble, and her sandals

blue;
Aelius Hawkis, a grim, shaggy hound,
In mirth growls, and bears the hatches round;
Then Portion view *Nibropes* the firewd,
Yet foaming with th' Archdeacon's critic
blood;

In *Tiberia's* bourn, mark Rition next con-
tend,
Fierce, meagre, pale, no commentator's
friend;

Tom Warton last, *Agricola*'s acute,
With *Labros* Percy harks in close pursuit;
Hot was the chace; I left it out of breath;
I wish'd not to be in at Shakespeare's death.

Pursuits of Lit. Part. 1st.

[The classical reader is referred to Ovid.
Metam. Lib. iii.]

EPITAPH ON WILL GUDGEON,

A FAMOUS FISHERMAN.

AS by the Ouse, grim death did trudge
on,
He cast his net, and took a gudgeon.
The mesh was small, a true thief net,
So out poor Gudgeon could not get;
Will the same trick had often play'd,
But now he's in a safe *trunk* laid.
Thus rooks to rooks are oft a prey,
And fly men caught in their own way.

ADDRESS TO THE TOOTH-ACHE.

By the late ROBERT BURNS.

MY curse upon your venom'd stang,
That shoots my tortur'd gums alang,
And thro' my lugs gies mony a twang—
Wi' gnawing vengeance;
Tearing my nerves wi' bitter pang,
Like racking engines!

When Fevers burn or Ague freezes,
Rheumatics gnaw or Cholic squeezes,
Our neighbour's sympathy does easie us—
Wi' pitying moan:
But **THEE**—thou Hell of a' Diseases,
Ay mocks our moan;

Ah, down my beard the slaver trickle!—
I throw the wee stools o'er the muckle,
As round the fire the giglets keekle
To fee me loup;
While raving mad, I wish a heckle
Were in their doup!

O' a' the num'rous human dools,
Ill Har'fus, daft Bergains *zatty fizzy*,
Or worthy friends rak'd i' the moon—
Sad sight to see!
O' a' the tricks o' knaves, or faul' o' fools,
Thou can't the gree!
Wi' hard'er

Where'er that place by Priests ca' Hells,
Where a' the tones o' Mi'ry yell,
And ranked Plagues their numbers tell
In dreadfu' raw—
Thou, *Tooth-Ache*, surely bear'it the bell
Amang them a'!

O, thou grim mischief-making Chiel,
That gars the not's o' discord squeel,
'Till daft Mankind aft dance a reel
In gore a shoo thick—
Gie a' the facs o' Scotland's weal
A towmond's took-ache!

THE IRISH NEWSMAN.

BY MR. DIBDIN.

YOU may sing of your waggoners,
ploughboys, and watchmen,
Your lamplighters, sailors, and peddling
Jews,
There's no trade like mine, for you're so
sure to catch men,
Rich, poor, old, and ugly, all rading the
new's :
While round with my papers strait forward
I'm going,
My masters they find me employment
enough ;
For we make out the business with puffing
and blowing,
My horn's after blowing whatever they puff.
And between us both to
Botheroo ! ditheroo ! merry and frisky,
My horn always made as much noise as he
could ;
For sure as dear Dublin's the country for
whisky,
It must be an ill wind that blows nobody
good.
If our *Oracle* ever shou'd fail, 'tis no won-
der ;
The *Times* are complain'd of as not always
right ;
And sometimes the *Sun* just by way of a
blunder,
He sets in the morning and rises at night :
Then 'twould puzzle your worships my plan
to unlock it,
How often I travel, regardles of harm,
With a *Star* in my fist, and the *World* in
my pocket,
And carry a *Telegraf'b* under my arm.
And then you see I'm like the *Hampshire*
Chronicle, open to all parties and influenced
by none, and that's the way I botheroo,
ditheroo, &c.

Then I've all the agreeable news of the na-
tion,
Your battles and murders, and such pretty
jokes,
Wid your parliament spaaches, arrah ! bo-
theration,
And the nate little things that are done by
great folks.
Then I lump every accident, death, or pro-
motion,
Lamentables, laughables, all 'in a string,
Wid wedlock and hanging, for some have a
notion,
For one noose and t'other is just the same
thing.
And by my conscience I think so myself,
for a man had better be tuck'd up at
once, than plagü'd with a perpetual bo-
theroo, ditheroo, &c.

EPIGRAMS.

Boileau used to say, that these short
compositions often originated in conver-
sation, and brought his own Epigrams as an
instance.—Among these he gave the prefer-
ence to the following one :

Ci-git ma femme—ah qu'elle est been,
Pour son repos, et pour le mien !

Here lies my wife—alas ! Heaven knows,
Not less for her than my repose !

" Thy wife is a Drone, my good neigh-
" " bour, I fear,"
Says jolly young Roger to Dick ;
" If e'er 'tis my fate to be married, I
" " swear
" I'll be married to one that is quick."

In a fortnight, or more, Roger married a
lass—
A lass neither pretty nor mild—
She was quick you'll suppose, and i'faith so
she was,
For in six weeks she brought him a child.

ANAGRAM.

Four letters transpos'd mark the husband and
wife,
Who, surrounded with dirt, sport a musical
life ;
Who poems, enigmas, and rebusses made,
While their house, like a pig-stye, their
neatness display'd !
I advance naught but truth, and no secret I
blab !
For Dick was a *bard*, and his wife was a
drab !

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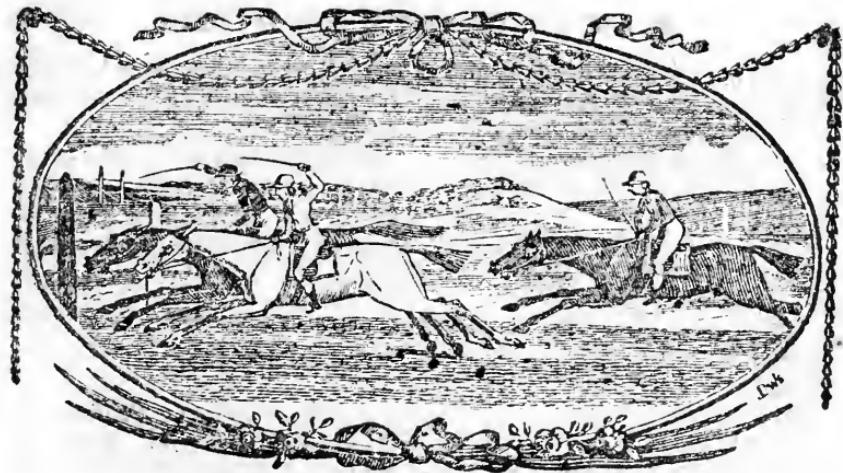
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☞ RACING CALENDAR at the end of the Volume.



THE

RACING CALENDAR,

RACES PAST.

NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING, 1797.

MONDAY, APRIL 17.

THE Craven Stakes, a Subscription of 100gs. each, for all ages; two yr olds carrying 6st. three yr olds, 8st. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 1lb. six yr olds, 9st. 5lb. and aged, 9st. 7lb. Across the Flat. (13 Subscribers)

Sir H. V. Tempest's b. c. Hambletonian, by King Fergus, 4 yrs old

Mr. Cookson's b. h. Sober Robin, by Ruler, 4 yrs old

Ld Clermont's br. h. Paynator, 5 yrs old; Mr. Durand's br. m. Hermione, 5 yrs old; Mr. Wilson's b. h. Bennington, 5 yrs old; Sir F. Standish's br. f. Parisot, 3 yrs old; Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot, 3 yrs old; Mr. Desbrow's b. h.

VOL. X. NO. LV.

Cymbeline, 6 yrs old; Sir J. Honywood's b. f. Miss Whip, by Volunteer, 3 yrs old; Mr. Wyndham's ch. g. by Mufti, out of Heifer, 2 yrs old; Mr. Watson's gr. h. Maximus, 4 yrs old; and Mr. Hamond's b. f. by Potso's, out of Aimwell's dam, 3 yrs old, also started, but the Judge could place only the first 2.

5 to 2 agst Hambletonian, and 5 to 1 agst Bennington.

A Sweepstakes of 100gs. each h. ft. colts. 8st. fillies 7st. 11lb. R. M.

Sir C. Bunbury's broth'r to Grey Diomed, by Diomed

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. by Meteor, out of the Maid of the Oaks

Mr. Dawson's ch. c. by Sweetbriar, out of Siddons

Ld Titchfield's f. by Highflyer, dam by Eclipse; Mr. Del-

me's

R A C I N G C A L E N D A R.

me's c. by Rockingham, dam by Crop; Ld Egremont's b. c. by Woodpecker, out of Camilla; and Mr. Delme's b. c. by Javelin, out of Toby's sister — pd ft 6 to 4 agst brother to Grey Diamond, and 7 to 4 agst Mr. Dawson.

Sir F. Standish's c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatia, 8ft. beat Mr. Hammond's c. Emigrant, by Escape, 8ft. 3lb. R. M. 200gs. 7 to 4 on Sir F. Standish.

Mr. Wilson's Caustic, by Mercury, beat Sir Charles Turner's Sir Solomon, 8ft. each, D. I. 200gs.

7 to 4 on Caustic.

Mr. Hallett's Stickler, by Highflyer, 8ft. beat Sir F. Standish's c. Didelot, 8ft. 2lb. D. I. 300gs. 11 to 8 on Stickler.

Mr. Delme's Stirling, by Volunteer, 5 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb. beat Ld Sackville's Kitt Car, aged, 8ft. 5lb. D. I. 300gs. 6 to 4 on Stirling.

In the Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. R. M.

Mr. Kingsman and Mr. Wyndham divided Mr. Northeys's and Mr. Dundas's forfeits.

Sir F. Standish's c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatia, recd. ft. from the D. of Bedford's c. (dead) by Mufti, out of Fidget's dam, R. M. 300gs. h. ft. No weight mentioned.

Sir H. V. Tempest's Hambletonian, by K. Fergus, 8ft. 7lb. recd. ft. from Sir F. Standish's Spread Eagle, 8ft. B. C. 500gs. h. ft.

Mr. Wyndham's c. by Sweetbriar, dam by Highflyer, out of Tiffany, recd. 100gs. from Mr. Delme's b. c. by Javelin, out of Toby's sister, 8ft. 2lb. each, Across the Flat, 250gs. 150gs. ft.

Ld Egremont's b. f. Kittiwake, by Seagull, dam by Mercury, recd. 25gs. from Ld Sherborne's b. f.

Umbra, by Spectre, dam by Conductor, 8ft. each, Two yr old course, 100gs. h. ft.

Sir T. Wallace's b. c. Sledge, by Anvil, out of Marcella, agst Mr. Hallett's br. c. brother to Katherine, 8ft. 5lb. each, D. I. 100gs. h. ft.—Off by consent.

TUESDAY.

Ld Darlington's c. Plaistow, by Alexander, 8ft. 7lb. beat Mr. Bowes's c. Sadler, by Balloon, 8ft. 3lb. Across the Flat, 200gs.

5 to 2 on Plaistow.

A Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. First half of Ab. M.

Mr. F. Bullock's b. c. by Driver, out of the dam of Old Gold. 8ft.

Mr. Panton's b. c. by Escape, out of Felicia, 8ft. —

Ld Egremont's f. by Precipitate, dam by Woodpecker, out of Everlasting, 8ft. and Sir W. Aston's c. Kid, by the Arcot Arabian, out of a sister to Calomel, 7ft. 8lb. — pd ft

5 to 4 on Mr. Panton.

A Sweepstakes of 25gs each, Across the Flat.

Ld Clermont's bl. h. Sweeper, by Saltram, 6 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb. —

D. of Grafton's Minion, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb. —

Sir H. V. Tempest's Sir Solomon, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 5lb. —

Mr. Panton's Oateater, 5 yrs old, 8ft. —

6 to 4 agst Sweeper, 11 to 5 agst Minion, 5 to 1 agst Sir Solomon, and 3 to 1 agst Oateater.

A Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. 8ft. Ab. M.

Mr. Delme's br. c. Peeping Tom, by Saltram, recd. ft. from Mr. Turner's

Turnor's ch. f. by Volunteer, out of the dam of General; and Mr. Crosby's b. f. by Halkin, out of Rosina, by Woodpecker.

Mr. Vernon's Frisky, by Fidget, 8ft. recd. 20gs from Mr. Panton's f. by Escape, 2 yrs old, 6ft. Across the Flat, 50gs.

Ld Darlington's ch. c. Recruit, by Volunteer, out of a Highflyer mare, recd. ft, from Sir J. Honeywood's br. c. by Balloon, dam by Imperator, 8ft. each, Two yr old Course, 50gs h. ft.

WEDNESDAY.

A Subscription Plate of 50s. by two yr olds, carrying 7ft. three yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. Two yr old Course.

Mr. Talbott's b. c. Gas, by Balloon, 4 yrs — 1
 Ld Grosvener's b. c. by Anvil, out of Dido, 3 yrs old — 2
 Mr. Goldring's b. f. by Highflyer, out of Smallbones, 2 yrs old; D. of Queensberry's ch. c. by King Fergus, 3 yrs old; Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Potso's, out of Aimwell's dam, 3 yrs old: D. of Eddford's b. f. by Fidget, out of a sister to Sting, 2 yrs old; and Mr. Vernon's Frisky, 3 yrs old, alio started, but the Judge could place only the first 2.
 5 to 4 on Gas, 4 to 1 agst Ld Grosvener, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Bullock, and 5 to 1 agst the D. of Queensberry.

The first Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. D. I. (12 Subscribers)

Mr. Cookson's b. c. Ambrofio, by Sir Peter, 3 yr old, 7ft. 12lb. — — 1
 Mr. Hallett's b. c. Stickler, brother to Diamond, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 9lb. — — 2
 Mr. Delme's Gabriel, 6 yrs old,

8ft. 13lb. Mr. Durand's Play or Pay, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 13lb. Mr. Villier's c. Frederick, by Fortunio, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb. Mr. Panton's Trumpeter, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. D. of Queenberry's Parrot, 5 yrs. old, 7ft. 6lb. and Mr. O'Kelly's b. c. by Dungannon, out of Miss Spindleshanks, 3 yrs old, 7ft. also started, but the Judge could place only the first 2.
 7 to 4 agst Ambrofio, 5 to 2 agst Stickler, 8 to 1 agst Gabriel, and 7 to 1 agst Parrot.

THURSDAY.

Sir H. V. Tempest's Hambletonian, by King Fergus, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb. beat Ld Clermont's Aimator, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. B. C. 300gs. Even betting.

Ld Clermont's Sweeper, by Saltram, 8ft. beat Sir H. V. Tempest's Sir Solomon, 8ft. 4lb. Ab. M. 50gs. 5 to 2 on Sweeper.

The second Class of the Oatlands Stakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. D. I. (12 Subscribers)

Mr. Lade's b. c. by Dungannon, out of Letitia, 3 yrs old, 7ft. — 1
 Ld Titchfield's Viret, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 4lb. — 2
 Sir F. Standish's Darsham, 6 yrs, 7ft. 1lb. — — 3
 Mr. Wilson's Caulic, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. — — 4
 Mr. Addy's b. h. Exton, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb. — 5
 Mr. Watson's b. c. Yeoman, by Highflyer, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb. D. of Queenberry's Crawler, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb. and Col. Grosvener's c. by Meteor, out of Mackarel's dam, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 7lb. also started, but the Judge could place only the first 5.
 5 to 2 agst Mr. Lade, 4 to 1 agst Viret, 5 to 2 agst Caulic, and 5 to 1 agst Darsham.

RACING CALENDAR.

Ld Clermont's Aimator, by Trumpator, 8ft. 3lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Durand's Guildford, 7ft. 5lb. Duke's course, 20ogs. h. ft.

Sir C. Bunbury's gr. c. brother to Grey Diomed, recd. ft. from Sir J. Honeywood's b. c. by Magpie, dam by Highflyer, 8ft. each, Two yr old Course, 5ogs. h. ft.

FRIDAY.

Mr. Wyndham's c: by Musti, beat Ld Clermont's f. by Diomed, 8ft. 2lb. each, Yearling Course, 25gs.

6 to 4 on Ld Clermont.

The Third Clasf of the Oatlands Stakes of 5ogs each, h. ft. D. I. (12 Subscribers.)

Mr. Durand's br. m. Hermione, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs. old, 9ft. 3lb.

Mr. Tatton's Patriot, by Rockingham, 6 yrs old, 8ft 13lb.

Mr. Lockley's Queen Charlotte, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb.

D. of Grafton's Drab, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb.

Mr. Concannon's c by Wood-pecker, out of Nightshade, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb.

Ld Egremont's Gohanna, 6 yrs old, 9ft. 4lb.

5 to 1 agst Hermione, 6 to 4 agst Patriot, 10 to 1 agst Queen Charlotte, 5 to 1 agst Drab, 4 to 1 agst Mr. Concannon, and 4 to 1 agst Gohanna.

SATURDAY.

Mr. Concannon's c. by Wood-pecker, out of Nightshade, 7ft. 3lb. beat Ld Clermont's Paynator, 8ft. 10lb. D. I. 5ogs.

6 and 7 to 4 on Paynator.

Mr. Smith's Little Devil, by Dungannon, 8ft. beat Mr. Cook-

son's Ambrofio, 8ft. 3½lb. D. I. 30ogs.

13 to 8 on Ambrofio.

Mr. Dawson's c. by Sweetbriar, out of Siddons, recd. 20gs from Mr. Broadhurst's c. by Balloon, out of Temperance, 8ft. 3lb. each, Across the Flat, 10ogs. h. ft.

AT CATTERICK-BRIDGE.

ON Wednesday, April the 19th, 5ol. for three yr olds, 7ft. 12lb. four yr olds, 8ft. 9lb. five yr. olds, 9ft. six yr olds and aged, 9ft. 2lb. Mares and maiden horses allowed 3lb. Maiden mares, 5lb—3-mile heats.

Mr. Walton's b. f.				
Farewell, by Slope,				
4 yrs. old	6	1	4	1
Ld Caffillis's b. c. by				
Highflyer, 4 yrs.				
old	—	3	3	1
Mr. Sheldon's b. c.				
Vintner, 3 yrs old	4	4	3	
Mr. Robinson's b. c.				
Fencer, 3 yrs old	7	5	2	
Mr. Baker's b. c. De				
Bash, four yrs. old,	5	2	dr	
Mr. Arrowsmith's b.				
c. 3 yrs. old (fell				
lame)	—	1	dr	
Mr. Hutton's b. f. 3				
yrs old	—	2	dr	

THURSDAY.

A Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for two yr old colts, 8ft. 2lb. and fillies, 8ft.—two miles (12 Subscribers.)

Mr. T. Hutchinson's br. c. by				
King Fergus, dam by Young				
Marske	—			
Sir. W. Gerard's ch. c. by King				
Fergus, dam by Chatsworth	2			
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. by Del-				
pini, out of Cora	3			
Mr. G.				

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. by King Fergus, dam by High-flyer	4	yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. six yr olds and aged, 9ft. The winner of one fifty, carrying 3lb. extra, of more, 5lb.—4-mile heats.
Mr. Jolliff's b. c. by Posthumous, dam by Eclipse	5	Sir H. Williamson's bl. c. Shepherd, by Sir Peter Teazie, 4 yrs old
Mr. Wetherell's b. c. by King Fergus, dam by Paynaster	6	3 2 1 1
Mr. Fenton's gr. c. Dapple, by Delpini, and Mr. Dodsworth's gr. c. by Drone, ran out of the Course.		Sir H. V. Tempest's ch. c. Lambourn, 4 yrs old
Sweepstakes of 2ogs each, for two yr old fillies, carrying 8ft.—a mile and an half. (6 Subscribers.)		2 1 2 dr
Sir T. Gascoigne's br. f. by Delpini, out of Tippet	1	Mr. Robinson's b. c. Belle-vue, 3 yrs old
Mr. Dodsworth's b. f. by Ruler, dam by Hutton's Ranger.	2	1 4 3 dr
Mr. Fowler's gr. f. by Windlestone, dam by King Fergus	3	Mr. Walton's f. Farewell, 4 yrs
Mr. Gregson's b. f. by Young Magog, out of Archer's dam	4	4 3 4

AT DURHAM.

ON Friday the 25th of April, the Lambton Hunt Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for real hunters, not thorough bred, carrying 12ft. each,—2-mile heats (10 Subscribers) was won at four heats, by Mr. Nefham's b. g. Nunnington, by Drone, beating six others.

On Wednesday the 26th, 5ol. given by the County Members, for two yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 11lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir H. V. Tempest's b. f. by Fidget

Sir H. Williamson's b. f.

Mrs. Burrell's gr. f. Miss Win-dlestone

On Thursday the 27th, 5ol. given by the Members for the City, for two yr olds, 6ft. three yr olds, 7ft. 2lb. four yr olds, 8ft. 2lb. five

NEWMARKET
FIRST SPRING MEETING,
1797.

MONDAY, MAY 1.

[The horses, with respect to their ages, were considered as if this Meeting had fallen in April.]

MR. Hallett's ch. c. by Coun-trymen, out of a Herod mare, beat Ld Alibrook's c. by Boxer, out of Plyche, 8ft each, two yr old course. 10ogs. 5 to 1 on Mr. Hallett.

b

D. of

D. of Grafton's f. Venom, by Woodpecker, out of Venus, 8ft. 3lb. beat Mr. Watson's f. Fugitive, by Escape, out of a Mercury mare, 7ft. 13lb. Across the Flat, 100gs.

5 to 2 on Fugitive.

The Main of the Oatlands Stakes of 200gs. each, D. I.

Mr. Lade's b. c. by Dungan-
non, out of Letitia, 3 yrs old,
7ft. — 1

Mr. Hallett's b. c. Stickler, 3
yrs old, 7ft. 6lb. — 2

Mr. Cookson's b. c. Ambrofio,
3 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb. — 3

Mr. Durand's br. m. Hermione,
5 yrs old, 9ft. 3lb. — 4

5 to 2 agst Mr. Lade, 2 to 1 agst
Stickler, 5 to 1 agst Ambrofio,
and 3 to 1 agst Hermione.

Ld Darlington's ch. c. Recruit,
by Volunteer, out of a Highflyer
mare, recd. 22gs and an half, from
Sir J. Honywood's b. c. by Alexan-
der, dam by Dux, 8ft each, Two
yr old Course, 50gs. h. ft.

Ld Darlington's St. George, by
Highflyer, 8ft. 2lb. recd. 150gs.
compromise from Ld Grosvenor's
Druid, 8ft. R. C. 500gs. h. ft.

Mr. Watson's f. Doubtful, by
Potso's, 7ft. 8lb. recd. ft. from
Ld Clermont's Hornpipe, 8ft. D.
I. 200gs. h. ft.

Mr. Delme's b. h. Stirling, by
Volunteer, 5 yrs old, 8ft. recd. ft.
from Sir H. V. Tempest's b. c.
Hambletonian, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 4lb.
B. C. 1000gs. h. ft.

Mr. Concannon's Nighthade,
8ft. 2lb. agst. Sir J. Honywood's
Miss Whip, 8ft. R. M. 300gs. h.
ft.—was off by consent.

TUESDAY.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 30 ft
7ft. 12lb. each, First half of Ab. M.

Sir T. Wallace's b. c. by Me-
teor, out of Cowslip — 1

Mr. F. Bullock's b. c. by Dri-
ver, out of Silver's dam — 2

Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Toby,
out of Ralpho's dam — 3

Mr. Hallett's ch. f. by Dragon,
out of Gnat — 4

Even betting on Mr. F. Bullock.

Fifty Pounds, by subscription,
for four yr olds, 7ft. 9lb. five yr
olds, 8ft. 3lb. six yr olds and aged,
8ft. 7lb. R. C. —

Mr. Talbott's b. c. Gas, by Bal-
loon, 4 yrs old — 1

D. of Grafton's b. m. Minion,
5 yrs old — 2

Mr. Wilson's b. h. Bennington,
5 yrs old — 3

Ld Sackville's b. h. Kitt Carr,
aged — 4

7 to 1 agst Gas, 3 to 1 agst Mi-
nion, 2 to 1 agst Bennington,
and 7 to 4 agst Kitt Carr.

Ld Darlington's b. c. Plaistow,
by Alexander, recd. from Mr.
Bowes's b. c. Sadler, by Balloon,
8ft. each. Across the Flat, 100gs.

Post Sweepstakes of 200gs. each,
150gs. ft. colts, 8ft. 7lb. fillies, 8ft.
4lb. from the Starting Post of the
D. C. to the End of R. M.

Mr. Dawson's b. c. Hippopotamos,
by King Fergus, or his b. c.
Hyperion, by Highflyer, recd.
ft. from Ld Grosvenor's ch. c.
by Potso's, out of Stargazer, or
his b. c. by Potso's, out of Pu-
rity; and Mr. Wilson's c. by
Saltram, out of Calash, or his f.
by Highflyer, dam by the Ver-
non Arabian.

WEDNESDAY.

Handicap Sweepstakes of 25gs.
each, 10 ft. Two yr old Course,
by 2 yr olds.

Mr. Wyndham's ch. g. by Muf-
ti, 8ft. —

Ld Cler-

Ld Clermont's f. by Diomed,	7ft. 10lb.	—
Mr. Howorth's f. Abbeis, by Fidget, out of Portia's dam,	7ft. 10lb.	—
Mr. Cookson's f. Ginger Sal, by Dungannon, out of Escape's sister,	7ft. 8lb.	—
Mr. Dutton's f. by Dungannon, out of Emma, 8ft. 4lb.	5	—
2 to 1 agst Mr. Wyndham, 7 to 1 agst Ginger Sal, and even bet-	—	ting Mr. Dutton agst the field
A Subscription Handicap Plate of 50l. for three yr olds and upwards, the last three miles of B. C.		
D. of Queenberry's b. h. Wil-	—	liam, by Florizel, 5 yrs old,
Mr. Addy's b. h. Exton, 5 yrs.	1	7ft. 9lb.
old, 7ft. 10lb.	—	—
Mr. Golding's ch. b. Old Port,	2	4 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb.
4 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb.	—	—
Sir F. Standish's gr. h. Dar-	3	sham, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 1lb.
Mr. Concannon's ch. c. by Wood-	4	pecker, 4 yrs old, 8ft.
Sir T. Wallace's b. c. Sledge,	5	5 yrs old, 6ft. 7lb.
3 yrs old, 6ft. 7lb.	6	—
Ld Clermont's b. f. Spinetta,	7	3 yrs old, 6ft. 6lb.
4 to 1 agst William, 5 to 2 agst	—	—
Exton, 3 to 1 agst Darsham, 4 to	—	—
1 agst Mr. Concannon, and 6 to	—	—
2 agst Spinetta.	—	—

THURSDAY.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for horses, &c. not more than six yrs old, carrying 12ft. R. C.

Mr. Bott's br. h. Totteridge, by	—
Dungannon, 5 yrs old	1
Mr. Delme's b. h. Gabriel	2
11 to 8 on Totteridge.	—

Mr. Cookson's Miss Whip, by Volunteer, 8ft. 2lb. reed. ft. from Mr. Hamond's Arthur, 7ft. 12lb. D. L. 200gs. h. ft.

FRIDAY.

Sir C. Bunbury's Greyhound,	—
brother to Grey Diomed, beat	—
Mr. Villiers's c. by Woodpecker,	—
dam by Fortitude, both 2 yrs old,	—
8ft. each, two yr old Course, 100gs.	—
7 to 4 on Greyhound.	—
Sir C. Turner's f. Ginger Sal,	—
by Dungannon, and Mr. How-	—
orth's f. Abbeis, by Fidget, 7ft.	—
4lb. each, Y. C. 25gs. ran a dead	—
heat.	—
The King's Plate of 100gs, for	—
five yr old mares, carrying 10ft.	—
R. C.	—
Mr. Durand's br. M. Hermione,	1
by Sir Peter	—
D. of Grafton's b. m. Minion	2
6 to 5 on Hermione.	—
Fifty Pounds, by subscription,	—
for three yr olds, 7ft. 4lb. four yr	—
olds, 8ft. 2lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 8lb.	—
six yr olds and aged, 8ft. 11lb.,	—
Dutton's Course.	—
Mr. Wilson's b. h. Bennington,	—
by Rockingham, 5 yrs old	1
Mr. Concannon's ch. c. by	—
Woodpecker, out of Night-	—
shade, 4 yrs old	2
Mr. Watson's b. c. Yeoman, 4	—
yrs old	3
Mr. O'Hara's b. h. Cymbeline,	—
6 yrs old	4
D. of Queenberry's b. h. William,	—
5 yrs old; Sir C. Bunbury's ch.	—
c. Cedar, 3 yrs old; Mr. Adams's	—
ch. g. by Mercury, 3 yrs old;	—
Mr. Galwey's b. f. by High-	—
flyer, out of Imperatrix, 3 yrs	—
old; Ld Clermont's br. h. Pay-	—
nator, 5 yrs old; and Ld Sack-	—
ville's ch. c. Cheerful, 3 yrs old,	—
also started, but the Judge could	—
place only the first 4.	—
4 to 1 agst Bennington, 3 to 1 agst	—
Paynator, 6 to 1 agst William, 3	—
to 1 agst Cymbeline, and 3 to 1	—
agst Yeoman.	—
Ld Clermont's br. f. Hornpipe,	—
b 2	by

by Trumpator, 8ft. beat Mr. Dawson's Hippopotamos, 7ft. 10lb. both 3 yrs old, Clermont Course, 5ogs

5 to 4 on Hornpipe.

The Claret Stakes of 200gs. each, h. ft. for colts, carrying 8ft. 7lb. fillies, 8ft. 4lb. D. I. The owner of the second horse received back his Stake.

Mr. Cofens's ch. c. Pepper-pot, by Volunteer 1
 Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Antæus, by Alexander, out of Nimble 2
 D. of Bedford's b. c. Leviathan, brother to Skyscraper 3
 Sir F. Standish's c. Dideot 4
 Ld Grosvenor's bl. c. by Alexander, out of a grey Herod mare; and Sir F. Standish's c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatia pd ft 10 to 1 agst Pepper-pot, 3 to 1 agst Leviathan, 6 and 7 to 4 on Antæus.

SATURDAY.

Ld Clermont's b. f. by Diomed, 8ft. beat Sir C. Turner's b. f. Ginger Sal, 7ft. 7lb. both 2 yrs old, Two yr old Course, 2ogs.

5 to 2 on Ld Clermont.

Mr. Watson's f. Fugitive, by Escape, 7ft. 5lb. beat Mr. Howorth's Abbefs, 7ft. 4lb. Y. C. 25gs.

3 to 1 on Fugitive.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, h. ft. Y. C.

Sir T. Wallace's b. c. by Meteor, out of Cowslip, 8ft. 1lb. 1

Mr. Hallett's ch. f. by Dragon, out of Gnat, 7ft. 10lb. 2

Ld Ashbrook's br. c. by Boxer, out of Psyche, 7ft. 1lb. ran out of the Course.

Mr. F. Bullock's b. c. by Driver, out of Silver's dam, 8ft. pd ft

2 to 1 on Sir T. Wallace.

Mr. Watson's f. Doubtful, by Potso's 8ft. 2lb. beat Mr. Cookson's Miss Whip, 8ft. Across the Flat, 10ogs.

3 to 1 on Doubtful.

The Port Stakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8ft. 7lb. fillies, 8ft. 4lb. Two middle miles of B. C.

Mr. Dawson's b. c. Hyperion, by Highflyer 1
 Ld Clermont's ch. c. Spoliator, by Trumpator 2
 Mr. Phillips's br. c. Little Devil 3
 Mr. Hallett's ch. c. by Volunteer, dam by Herod; and Sir John Shelley's Buckingham pd ft 6 to 1 agst Hyperion, 11 to 10 agst Spoliator, and 11 to 8 agst Little Devil.

Mr. Watson's f. Fugitive, by Escape, 7ft. 8lb. beat Sir C. Turner's Ginger Sal, 7ft. 5lb. Across the Flat, 2ogs.

4 to 1 on Fugitive.

A Subscription Handicap Plate of 50l. for 2, 3, and 4 yr olds, R. M.

Mr. Watson's b. c. Yeoman, by Highflyer, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 11lb. 1
 Ld Darlington's ch. c. Recruit, by Volunteer, 2 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. 2

Mr. Cookson's b. f. Miss Whip, by Volunteer, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 13lb. 3

Mr. Panton's b. c. Trumpeter, 3 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb. 4

Sir F. Poole's b. c. Peiter, 4 yrs old, 9ft. 4lb. Mr. Lockley's b. f. Queen Charlotte, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 5lb. Sir F. Standish's br. f. Pariffor, 3 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Cedar, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb. Ld Clermont's b. f. Spinetta, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 1lb.

and the D. of Queensberry's br. c. by Balloon, 2 yrs old, 6ft. 7lb. also started, but the Judge could place only the first 4.

7 to 2

7 to 2 agst Pelter, 7 to 2 agst Miss Whip, 4 to 1 agst Parissot, and 5 to 1 agst Trumpeter.

The fifth and last year of the Fortescue Stakes of 50gs each, for three yr olds; colts, 8ft. 7lb. fillies, 8ft. 4lb. D. I. (3 Subscribers.)

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Antæus, by Alexander, walked over

D. of Bedford's b. c. by Highflyer, out of Fidget's dam, withdrew his Stake.

Ld Darlington's ch. c. Recruit, by Volunteer, recd. 22gs. and an half, from Sir J. Honywood's b. c. by Magpie, dam by Highflyer, 8ft. each, Two yr old Course, 50gs. h. ft.

AT CHESTER.

ON Monday, May the 1st, the Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7ft. 6lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 6lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 9lb. and aged, 8ft. 12lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Tatton's br. c. Delsmere,			
by Hj. Flyer, 4 yrs old	1	1	
Sir W. Wynn's b. h. Broken-			
legged Taffy, 5 yrs. old	2	2	
Mr. Sitwell's ch. c. Commo-			
dore, 3 yrs	—	3	3

A Sweepstakes of 15gs. each, for maiden horses; three yr olds, 5ft. four yr olds, 7ft. 5lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8ft. 6lb. Mares allowed 3lb.—two miles. (nine subscribers.)

Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. Timothy,			
by Delpini, 4 yrs old	1		
Mr. Boates's b. c. Roderick, 4 yrs			
old	—		

Ld Stamford's bl. f. by Sir Peter,			
3 yrs old	—		

Sir J. Leicester's b. c. Jupiter	3		
Mr. Brooke's b. h. Welshman,	4		
by Sir Peter, 5 yrs. old	5		

Mr. Tatton's b. c. Fearnought,			
4 yrs old	—		6
Ld Donegall's b. c. by Rocking-			
ham, 4 yrs	—		7
Mr. Sitwell's ch. c. Commodore,			
3 yrs old, bolted.			

Sir W. Wynn's ch. c. by Young			
Morwick, 10ft. 6lb. beat Mr. C.			
Cholmondeley's b. h. Mudlark,			
10ft. two miles, 25gs.			

Mr. G. Brooke's Calypso, by			
Telemachus, aged, beat Mr. Tat-			
ton's ch. h. Pasdegymmo, by Cuc-			
koop, 5 yrs old, 6ft. 4lb. each, 50gs.			

Tuesday, May the 2d, 50l. given by the Members. for three yr old colts, 6ft. 8lb. fillies, 6ft. 6lb. and four yr old colts, 8ft. 4lb. fillies, 8ft. 1lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. Ti-			
mothy, by Delpini, 4 yrs			
old	—		1

Mr. Lloyd's ch. c. Cimon, 4			
yrs old	—		4

Mr. Barry's b. c. Vis-a-vis, 4			
yrs old	—		3

Mr. Tatton's b. c. Fearn-			
nought, 4 yrs old			2 dr

Wednesday, May the 3d, the Gold Cup, value 50l. given by Earl Grosvenor, for all ages; five yr olds, 8ft. 2lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 1lb.—4 mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's b. h. Moor-			
cock, by Highflyer, 6 yrs			
old	—		1

Mr. Richardson's b. h. Marske,			
5 yrs old	—		2

Thursday, May the 4th, the Annual City Plate of 50l. for all ages; five yr olds carrying 8ft. 4lb. six yr olds 9ft. Mares allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Richardson's b. h. Marske			
by Young Marske, 5 yrs old	1		

Mr. Tarleton's br. m. Hun-			
tres, 6 yrs old	—		2 dr

Sir W. Wynn's Broken-leg-			
ged Taffy, 5 yrs old	3		dr

Friday, May the 5th, the Ladies' Purse

Purse of 50l. for three yr olds, carrying a feather; four yr olds, 7ft. 5lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged, 9ft. 2lb. The winner of one fifty, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of more, 8lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Boates's b. c. Rod-
derick, by Ruler, 4 yrs 4 1 1

Mr. Tatton's b. c. Dela-
mere, 4 yrs old 1 2 2

Mr. Lloyd's ch. c. Cimon,
4 yrs old 5 4 3

Mr. Lord's b. m. Mule-
spinner, aged 2 3 dr

Mr. Tarleton's br. m.
Huntrefs, 6 yrs old 3 5 dr

Mr. Tatton's b. c. Fearnought,
by Drone, 3 yrs old, beat Mr. G.
Brooke's b. m. Calypso, aged, 8ft.
each, once round the course, 25gs.

Sir W. Wynn's h. by Sir Peter, 5
yrs old, beat Mr. T. L. Brooke's
h. by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, 100gs.

Mr. Bailey's br. c. 4 yrs old, beat
Mr. Richardson's br. h. 5 yrs old,
9ft. each, four miles, 25gs.

During the Race week, a
Match of Cocks was fought between
the Gentlemen of Staffordshire and
those of Cheshire, which was won
by the former. Cheshire won 12
main and 6 bye; Staffordshire, 15
main and 2 bye.

AT MIDDLEHAM, YORK- SHIRE.

ON Wednesday, May the 10th,
a Sweepstakes of 10gs. each,
for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fil-
lies, 7ft. 12lb.—two miles. (6 Sub-
scribers.)

Mr. Dodsworth's b. f. by Young
Marske, dam by Herod 0

Mr. Craddock's b. c. by Drone,
out of Tiptoe's dam 0

Mr. Denys's b. f. by Escape, dam
by Young Marske 3
After the dead heat, Mr. Dod-
sworth and Mr. Craddock agreed
to divide the Stakes.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for
three yr olds, 5ft. 10lb. four yr olds,
7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. six yr
olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged 9ft.—3-
mile heats. (5 Subscribers.)

Sir H. Williamson's Ham-
bleton, by Dungannon,
6 yrs old 2 1 r

Mr. Mangle's c. Merry
Lad, 4 yrs old 1 2 2

Mr. T. Hutchinson's f.
Æther, by Young
Marske, 4 yrs old 3 3 dr

On Thursday the 11th, a Mai-
den Plate of 50l. for three yr olds,
7ft. 8lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 10lb.
Fillies allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir W. Gerrard's c. Bu-
naparte, by King Fer-
gus, 3 yrs old 2 1 1

Mr. J. Lonsdale's b. f. by
Anvil, 3 yrs old 1 3 2

Sir H. Williamson's b. f.
Nanny O! 3 yrs old 3 2 dr

NEWMARKET SECOND SPRING MEETING,

1797.

MONDAY, MAY 15th.

FIFTY Pounds for three yr olds,
6ft. 2lb. four yr olds, 8ft. five
yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds and
aged, 8ft. 12lb. Two middle miles
of B. C.—With this condition, that
the winner was to be sold for 100gs,
if demanded, &c.

Mr. Golding's bl. h. brother to
Minos, by Justice, 5 yrs old 1
D. of Grafton's ch. f. Venom,
by Woodpecker, 3 yrs old 2
Sir

Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Cedar, 4 yrs old	4	3
D of Queensberry's b. h. Parrot, 6 yrs old	4	
Mr. Vernon's ch. f. Frisky, 4 yrs old	5	
4 to 1 agst brother to Minos, 6 to 4 agst Venom, and 4 to 1 agst Parrot.		

Sweepstakes of 30gs. each, 20 ft. 7ft. 12lb. each, First half of Ab. M.

Sir T. Wallace's b. c. by Meteor, out of Cowslip,	1	
Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Poplar, brother to Cedar	2	

Mr. Hallett's ch. c. by Countryman	3	
------------------------------------	---	--

Mr. Howorth's gr. c. by Magog, out of a Highflyer mare	4	
--	---	--

Sir J. Honywood's ro. f. by Mag-pye, out of Miriam; Mr. Kingsman's ch. f. by Spectre, out of a Conductor mare; and Mr. Galwey's c. by Pumpkin, out of a Dungannon mare, bought of Mr. Vernon	5	pd ft
6 to 4 agst Sir T. Wallace, and 6 to 4 agst Poplar.		

Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. D. C.

Mr. Delme's b. h. Stirling, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 8lb.	1	
--	---	--

Ld Darlington's b. h. St. George, aged, 8ft. 12lb.	2	
--	---	--

Ld Titchfield's b. m. by High-flyer, 5 yrs old, 7ft. 4lb.	3	
---	---	--

Ld Clermont's Aimator, aged, 9ft. 3lb. Ld Egremont's Hollanna, aged, 8ft. 13lb. D. of Queensberry's Pecker, 6 yrs old, 7ft. 13lb. and the D. of Queensberry's Crawler, 5 yrs old, 7ft. 1lb.		pd ft
3 to 1 on Stirling.		

Post Match.—Ld Grosvenor's bl. c. by Alexander, out of his grey Herod mare; or his ch. c. Antaeus, by Alexander, out of Nimble; recd. ft. from Sir F. Standish's c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatio; or his c.

Didelot, by Trumpator; 8ft. 7lb. each, D. I. 1000gs. h. ft.

Mr. Phillips's Little Devil, 8ft. 7lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Delme's b. c. by Javelin, out of Toby's sister, 6ft. 7lb. Acroft the Flat, 200gs. h. ft.

TUESDAY.

Ld. Clermont's b. f. by Diomed, 3 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb. beat Mr. Dutton's c. by Magog, 2 yrs old, 6ft. 10lb. First half of Ab. M. 25gs. 3 to 1 on Ld Clermont.

A Subscription Plate of 50l. for 3 yr olds; colts carrying 8ft. 4lb. and fillies, 8ft. 2lb. R. M.

D. of Bedford's b. c. by Muffiti, out of Busy — o 1

Mr. Delme's br. c. Peeping Tom — o 2

Ld Grosvenor's br. c. Bron-tes, by Justice — o 3

Mr. Golding's br. c. Speculator, brother to Grouse — o 4

5 to 4 on Peeping Tom, and 7 to 4 agst the D. of Bedford; after the dead heat, 11 to 8 on the D. of Bedford.

Ld Clermont's ch. c. Spoliator, by Trumpator, 8ft. 4lb. beat the D. of Bedford's Leviathan, 8ft. D. I. 200gs. 6 to 4 on Spoliator.

Ld Darlington's c. Plaistow, by Alexander, 8ft. recd. ft. from Mr. Hamond's Emigrant, by Escape, 8ft. 3lb. Acroft the Flat, 200gs. h. ft.

Ld Sackville's c. by Volunteer, 8ft. 4lb. recd. from Mr. Bowes's c. Sadler, by Balloon, 8ft. 1lb. Two yr old Course, 50gs.

WEDNESDAY.

A Subscription Handicap Plate of 61gs. added to a Stake of 10gs. each

each, for 2 and 3 yr olds, First half of Ab. M.	Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, b. ft. 8ft. 7lb. each, Ab. M.
Sir C. Bunbury's gr. c. Greyhound, by Diomed, 3 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. — 1	Mr. Turnor's ch. f. by Volunteer, out of General's dam, recd. ft. from Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. by Young Eclipse, out of Gawkey; and 25gs from Mr. Crosby's b. f. by Haikin, out of Rosina.
Mr. Delme's br. c. Peeping Tom, 3 yrs old, 8ft. 11lb. 2	—
Mr. Hallett's ch. c. by Countryman, 2 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. 3	—
D. of Queensberry's br. f. Molly Mog, by Meteor, 3 yrs. old, 8ft. Mr. Vernon's b. f. by Dungannon, 3 yrs old, 8ft. Mr. Ballock's b. f. by Toby, out of Bennington's dam, 2 yrs old, 6ft. and the D. of Grafton's b. f. Half-bred, by Mufti, 2 yrs old, 5ft. 7lb. also started, but the Judge could place only the first three.	SATURDAY.
3 to 1 agst Greyhound, and 6 to 4 agst Peeping Tom.	Ld Clermont's ch. c. Spoliator, by Trumprator, 8ft. 2lb. and Mr. Cookson's b. c. Ambrofio, 8ft. the last three miles of B. C. 300gs, h. ft. ran a dead heat.
The third and last year of the Bolton Stakes of 100gs each, 80ft. colts, 8ft. 4lb. fillies, 8ft. Ab. M.	7 to 4 on Spoliator.
D. of Bedford's b. c. by Mufti, out of Bufy 1	Mr. Phillips's br. c. Little Devil, by Dungannon, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. beat Mr. Hamond's b. c. Emigrant, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 7lb. Acrois the Flat, 200gs.
Ld Darlington's c. by Fidget, out of a sister to Skyscraper 2	6 to 5 on Emigrant.
Ld Grosvenor's b. f. by Alexander, out of Nimble, withdrew her Stake.	Ld Clermont's b. h. Aimator, by Trumprator, aged, beat Ld Sackville's b. h. Sober Robin, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 4lb. each, the first 3 miles of B. C. 100gs.
4 to 1 on the Mufti colt.	11 to 8 on Sober Robin.
The Jockey Club Plate of 50gs. by four yr olds, carrying 7ft. 2lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 3lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 4lb. and aged, 8ft. 11lb. B. C.	A Subscription Handicap Plate of 38gs, added to a Stake of 100gs each, D. I.
Ld Darlington's b. h. St. George, by Highdyer, aged 1	Mr. Lade's b. c. by Dungannon, out of Letitia, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 1
Ld Sackville's b. h. Sober Robin, 5 yrs old — 2	Mr. Cookson's ch. c. Pepperpot, by Volunteer, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. 2
Mr. Hallett's b. c. Stickler, 4 yrs old — 3	D. of Queensberry's b. h. Parrot, 6 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb. 3
Ld Clermont's b. h. Aimator, aged; and Mr. Wilson's b. h. Patriot, aged, also started, but the Judge placed only the first 3.	Mr. Galwey's b. f. by Highflyer, 4 yrs old, 6ft. 11lb. 4
6 to 4 agst Sober Robin, 3 to 1 agst Stickler, 6 to 1 agst St. George, 6 to 1 agst Aimator, and 4 to 1 agst Patriot.	Mr. Golding's b. m. Vixen, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 5
	Sir F. Poole's b. h. Pelter, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb. 6
	7 to 4 agst Mr. Lade, 5 to 2 agst Pepperpot, and 5 to 1 agst Pelter.

A Subscription Handicap Plate of 36gs. aided to a Stake of 100gs. each, for 3, 4, and 5 yr old horses, &c. Ab. M.	Mr. G. Crompton's Dolphin, by Pharamond, 4 yrs old	1
Mr. Lade's b. c. by Dungannon, out of Letitia, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb.	Mr. Wentworth's Harry Rowe, 4 yrs old	2
Ld. Sackville's b. h. Sober Robin, by Ruler, 5 yrs. old, 9ft. 4lb.	Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. Golden Locks, 4 yrs old	3
Mr. Vernon's b. f. by Dungannon, 3 yrs old, 5ft. 12lb. D. of Queenberry's br. c. by Balloon, 3 yrs old, 6ft. D. of Grafton's br. f. Rattle, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 4lb. Mr. Cookson's b. f. Miss Whip, 4 yrs old, 8ft. and Mr. Hamond's b. c. Emigrant, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 8lb. also started, but the Judge could place only the first two.	Mr. Baker's b. h. Dissenter, 5 yrs old	4
2 to 8 agst Mr. Lade, 5 to 1 agst Sober Robin, and 4 to 1 agst Emigrant.	Mr. Dodsworth's gr. h. Benjamin, 5 yrs old	5

AT YORK.

ON Monday, May the 22d, Mr. Wentworth's Harry Rowe, by Pantaloona, 7ft. 8lb. beat Mr. G. Crompton's Dolphin, 8ft. 1lb. three miles, for 100gs.

On Wednesday, May the 24th, a Sweepstakes of 20gs. each, for three yr olds, 7ft. four yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. and five yr olds, 9ft.—3lb. allowed to mares and fillies, and 3lb. to maiden horses, &c. two miles. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hutchinson's gr. c. by Delpini, 3 yrs old

Mr. G. Crompton's Cardinal, 4 yrs old

Col. Hamilton's b. c. by Phœnomenon, 4 yrs old

Mr. St. Quintin's b. m. Henrietta, 5 yrs old

Sir H. V. Tempest's ch. h. Lambern, 5 yrs

2 to 1 agst Mr. Hutchinson's colt, and 7 to 4 agst Cardinal.

Thursday, the Stand Plate of 50l. four yr olds, 7ft. five yr olds, 8ft. six yr olds, 8ft. 8lb. and aged, 8ft.

2 1lb. four miles.

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Mr. G. Crompton's Dolphin, by Pharamond, 4 yrs old	1
Mr. Wentworth's Harry Rowe, 4 yrs old	2
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. Golden Locks, 4 yrs old	3
Mr. Baker's b. h. Dissenter, 5 yrs old	4
Mr. Dodsworth's gr. h. Benjamin, 5 yrs old	5
2 to 1 agst Dolphin.	
A Sweepstakes of 20gs. each; colts, 8ft. fillies, 7ft. 12lb. last mile and half. (6 Subscribers.)	
Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. by King Fergus, dam by Highflyer	1
Mr. G. Crompton's ch. c. Telegraph	2
Mr. Fenton's gr. c. Dapple	3
3 to 1 agst the winner, 7 to 4 on Telegraph, and 2 to 1 agst Dapple.	

Friday, the Gentleman's Subscription Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. and maiden four yr olds, 8ft. 8lb. Heats, one mile and a quarter.

Sir T. Gascoigne's b. c. Timothy, by Delpini, 3 yrs old

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. by King Fergus, 3 yrs old

Mr. P. Dealytry's b. c. Lounger, 3 yrs old

6 to 4 on Crompton's colt, 2 and 3 to 1 agst Timothy; after the heat, 2 to 1 on Mr. Crompton's colt.

AT EPSOM.

[Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb. for all the Plates.]

ON Wednesday the 31st of May, 50l. for horses, &c. that had not won more than one 50l. plate since the first of March, 1796; four yr olds, 7ft. 4lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 6lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 3lb. Four-mile heats.

Mr.

Mr. Durand's b. h. Play or Pay, by Ulysses, 6 yrs old	1	1	On Friday the 2d, the first year of a renewal of the Oaks Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for 3 yr old fillies, 8ft. the last mile and half; (31 Subscribers.) The owner of the second filly entitled to 100gs out of the Stakes.
Sir F. Standish's br. f. Paris-sot, 4 yrs old	2	2	Ld. Grosvenor's b. f. Niké, by Alexander out of Nimble
Ld. Egremont's ch. h. 5 yrs old	3	3	Sir F. Poole's b. f. by Anvil, out of Jemima
Ld. Sackville's ch. h. Cheerful, 4 yrs old	6	4	Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. Rose, by Young Eclipse
Mr. Smith's br. c. Cannon 4 yrs. old	—	4 dr	Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Javelin, dam by Alfred
Mr. Dilly's b. f. by Meteor, 4 yrs old	—	5 dr	Mr. Moore's ch. f. by Potso's, out of Flyer
Mr. Newbury's b. f. by Magog, beat Mr. Durand's Pretty Patty, 8ft. each, Derby course, 100gs.—2 to 1 on Pretty Patty.			15 to 8 agst Niké, 3 to 1 and 7 to 2 agst Rose, 5 to 1 agst Mr. Bullock's filly, and 8 to 1 agst the Flyer filly.
On Thursday the first of June, the first year of a renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for three yr old colts, 8ft. 3lb. and fillies, 8ft. the last mile and half; (37 Subscribers) the owner of the second horse entitled to 100gs out of the Stakes.			Fifty Pounds for three yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. A winner of a Sweepstakes or plate in the year 1797, carrying 4lb. extra.—2 mile heats.
D. of Bedford's br. c. by Fidget, out of a sister to Pharamond	1		Sir F. Standish's br. f. Parissot, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old
Ld. Grosvenor's ch. c. Esculus, by Meteor, out of Maid of the Oaks	—	2	6 1 1
Ld. Darlington's b. c. Plaistow, by Alexander	—	3	Mr. Smith's br. c. Cannon, 4 yrs
Sir F. Standish's br. c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatia	4		8 2 2
Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. by Diomed, out of Fleacatcher	5		Mr. Hide's br. c. Coiner, 3 yrs old (fell)
Ld. Egremont's ch. c. Cameleon	6		1 dif
Ld. Egremont's ch. c. by Wood-pecker or Precipitate, out of Chanticleer's dam	7		Ld. Grosvenor's br. c. Bron-tes, 3 yrs.
11 to 8 agst Sir F. Standish's c. 2 to 1 agst Plaistow, 10 to 1 agst the winner, and 20 to one agst Esculus.			2 dr
Fifty Pounds for four yr olds, 7ft. 8lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 13lb. and aged, 9ft. 2lb.—3 mile heats.			Mr. Hamond's b. c. Emigrant, 3 yrs old
Mr. Durand's br. m. Hermione, by Sir Peter Teazle, 6 yrs old	6	1	3 dr
Ld. Darlington's b. h. St. George, aged, (fell lame)	2	dr	Mr. Dorrill's b. f. by Anvil, 4 yrs old
Ld. Clarendon's b. h. Frederick, 5 yrs old	3	dr	4 dr
			D. of Queensberry's b. f. by Meteor, out of Fairy, 3 yrs old
			5 dr
			Mr. Turner's b. g. by Pretender, 3 yrs old
			7 dr
			N. B. Coiner fell after passing the Ending Post the second heat, and was deemed distanced in consequence of the jockey not coming to weigh.
			On Saturday the 3d, the third and last year of the Woodcot Stakes of 50gs.

300gs each, for two yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 1lb. the last half mile. (9 Subscribers)

Ld Egremont's b. f. sister to Colibri, by Woodpecker 1

Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. by Pegasus, out of a sister to Escape 2

Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Escape, out of a sister to King Fergus 3

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. by Asparagus, out of Nimble 4

Mr. Rutter's ch. f. by Meteor, dam by Phenomenon 5

Ld. Grosvenor's colt the favourite.

Sir F. Standish's br. c. by Sir Peter, out of Horatia, 8ft. 7lb. beat Sir J. Honywood's b. f. Louisa, 8ft. 4lb. the last mile and half, 200gs.

3 to 1 on the colt.

Mr. Henwood's ch. pony, by Copper-bottom, 6 yrs old, a feather, beat Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. by Pegasus, 2 yrs old, 7ft.—two miles, 50gs.—2 to 1 on Mr. Broadhurst.

AT GUILDFORD.

ON Tuesday the 6th of June, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for six yr olds, carrying 12ft.—four mile heats.

Mr. Bott's br. h. Totteridge, by Dungannon 1 1

Mr. Durand's br. m. Hermione 2 2

6 to 4 on Totteridge; and after the heat, 4 to 1.

On Wednesday the 7th, the Ladies' Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7ft. 6lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. Fillies and geldings allowed 2lb.—2 mile heats. The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes, carrying 3lb. extra. of two, 5lb. extra. The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Smith's br. c. Cannons, by Dungannon, 4 yrs old 6 1 1

Mr. Phillips's b. f. by Potso's, 4 yrs old 1 3 3

D. of Queenberry's br. c. 1

by Balloon, 3 yrs old	8	2	2
Ld Grosvenor's gr. f. by			
Sir Peter, 3 yrs. old	5	4	dr
Mr. Durand's ch. f. Pretty			
Patty, 3 yrs old	3	5	dr
Mr. Dilly's b. f. 3 yrs old	4	6	dis
Ld Egremont's ch. c. 4 yrs	2	7	dr
Mr. Bott's b. c. by Ver-			
tumnus	—	7	8 dis
5 to 4 on Cannons,			

On Thursday the 8th, the Members' Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 9ft. 1lb. and aged, 9ft. 5lb.—4 mile heats. The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes carrying 3lb. of two 5lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb. The winner to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Ld Egremont's ch. h. Tantrude, by Mercury, 5 yrs old 1 1

Ld Clarendon's b. h. Frederick, 5 yrs old 2 2

D. of Queenberry's br. h. William, 6 yrs old (ran on the wrong side of the Post) 3 dis

The Town Plate of 50l. for all ages, was not run for, for want of horses.

AT MANCHESTER.

ON Wednesday the 7th of June, 50l. for three yr old colts, 6ft. 7lb. fillies, 6ft. 5lb. and four yr old colts, 8ft. 3lb. fillies, 8ft. A winner of one 50l. in the present year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra.—2 mile heats.

Mr. Robinson's c. Belle Vue, by Weasel, 4 yrs 3 1 1

Sir T. Gascoigne's b. f. Flutter, 3 yrs old 1 2 2

M. T. Hutchinson's b. f. Stately, 4 yrs old 2 dr

A Sweepstakes of 200gs each, for three yr old colts, 7ft. and fillies 6ft. 12lb. A winner in the present year, carrying 3lb. extra. One mile, (5 Subscribers)

Mr. F. Sitwell's b. f. by Meteor, out of Lady Teazle	1	colts, 8ft. 3lb. fillies, 8ft. A winner of one 50l. in the present year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra.—two mile heats.
Mr. Philips's ch. c. by Young Marske	2	Mr. Robinson's Belle Vue, by Weasel, 4 yrs old
On Thursday the 8th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 8lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 6lb. six yr olds and aged, 8ft. 13lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—four mile heats.		Mr. Lord's b. c. Jack An- drew, 4 yrs old
Mr. Eld's b. g. Little Wirley, 5 yrs old	5 0 1 1	Col. Legh's br. f. Sweetheart, 3 yrs old
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. Broken legged Taffy, 5 yrs old	1 0 3 3	—
Mr. T. Hutchinson's f. Stately, 4 yrs old	2 3 2 2	A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 4lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged 9ft. Mares and geldings al- lowed 2lb.—four miles. (6 Sub- scribers)
Mr. Atkinson's ch. m. Priscilla, aged	3 dif	Ld Stamford and Warrington's ch. c. George, by Dungan- non, 4 yrs old
Mr. Cholmondeley's bl. g. aged	4 dr	Sir W. Gerrard's b. h. Chariot, aged
A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr olds, carrying a feather; four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 3lb.—four mile heats.		Mr. Richardson's b. h. by Young Marske, 5 yrs old
Mr. E. Rushton's ro. h. Con- federacy, by Jupiter	6 yrs	On Thursday the 15th; a Maiden Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 8lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 6lb. six yr olds and aged, 8ft. 13lb. Mares allowed 2lb.—4 mile heats.
M. F. Sitwell's b. f. by Me- teor, 3 yrs old	2 2	Mr. Lloyd's c. Cimon, by Young Marske, 4 yrs old
On Friday the 9th, 80l. for three yr olds, a feather; four year olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr. olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr. olds and aged, 9ft. 1lb. The winner of one fifty this year, carry- ing 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—four mile heats.		Sir W. W. Wynn's Broken- legged Taffy 5 yrs old
Mr. Sitwell's b. h. Moorcock, by Highflyer, 6 yrs old	1 1	A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 11lb.—two miles. (6 Subscri- bers)
Mr. Tatton's b. h.	3 2	
M. Rushton's Confederacy, 6 yrs old	— 2 3	Sir W. Gerrard's ch. c. by King Fergus, dam by Chatsworth

AT NEWTON.

ON Wednesday, June the 14th,
50l. for three yr old colts, 6ft.
7lb. fillies, 6ft. 5lb. and four yr old

Mr. Bayley's ch. c. Conon, bro- ther to Cimon	2
M. Lockley's b. c. by Meteor, dam by Pumpkin.	3
On Friday the 16th. 50l. given by Thomas Brooke, Esq. for three yr olds, carrying a feather; four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds and aged, 9ft. 1lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner of one 50l. in the present year, carrying 3lb. of two or more, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.	
Mr.	

Mr. Lloyd's Cimon, by Young Mariske, 4 yrs	3	1	1
Mr. Lockley's b. c. by Meteor, 3 yrs old	1	2	2
Mr. Eld's b. g. Little Wirley, 5 yrs old	2	dr	

AT BEVERLEY.

ON Wednesday, June the 14th, a Sweepstakes of 2ogs each, for 4 yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies 7ft. 12lb. A winner carrying 3lb. extra.—three miles. (3 Subscribers)			
Col. Maxwell's b. f. Miss Beverley, by Delpini	1		
Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Dolphin	2		

Sweepstakes of 2ogs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 12lb. A winner this year carrying 2lb. extra.—the last mile and half. (6 Subscribers)

Mr. Bethell's gr. f. by Delpini, dam by King Fergus, out of Mackarel's dam

Mr. G. Crompton's ch. c. Telegraph

Mr. P. Dealtry's b. c. Lounger

Mr. Hutchinson's gr. c. by Delpini, dam by King Fergus, ran out of the course.

On Thursday the 15th, the Member's Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft 8lb. five yr. olds, 8ft. 5lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged, 9ft. A winner at any time carrying 3lb. extra.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Wentworth's br. c. Harry Rowe, by Pantaloons, 5 yrs old

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Cardinal, 4 yrs old

On Friday the 16th, the Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 8lb. A winner this year carrying 2lb. extra. Three yr old fillies allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Col. Maxwell's b. f. Miss Beverley, 4 yrs old

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Mr. G. Crompton's Telegraph, 3 yrs old	3	2
Mr. Bethell's b. f. 3 yrs old	2	3

On Saturday the 17th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by William Tatton, Esq. for three yr olds, 6ft. four year olds, 7ft. 4lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 2lb. six yr olds and aged, 8ft. 11lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir T. Gascoigne's c. Opposition, by Delpini, 4 yrs

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c. Lounger, 3 yrs old

Mr. Bethell's b. c. 3 yrs old

Col. Maxwell's br. h. Cannon, aged

Mr. Hutchinson's br. c. 4 yrs

Sweepstakes of 1ogs each, for hunters.—(3 Subscribers.)

Col. Maxwell's gr. h. Chucklehead, walked over.

AT NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE

ON Monday, June the 19th, a Sweepstakes of 2ogs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 10lb.—two miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Cradock's b. c. by Drone, out of Pencil's dam

Sir T. Liddell's b. f. by Young Mariske, dam by Highflyer

Mr. F. Sitwell's b. f. by Meteor, out of Lady Teazle

Mr. Linskill's b. c. Lottery, by Justice, out of a sister to Tickle Toby

Col. Beaumont's b. f. by Young Magog, out of Archer's dam

6 to 4 on the field.

Sweepstakes of 2ogs each, for four yr old colts, 8ft. 3lb. and fillies, 8ft. —four miles. (5 Subscribers)

Mr. Baker's b. c. Shuttle, by Young Mariske

Mr. T. Hutchinson's br. f. Ether, by Young Mariske, dam by Goldfinder

3 to 1 on Shuttle
d
Ox

On Tuesday the 20th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs for five yr olds, 10ft. — 3 mile heats.

Mr. Cookson's b. h. Diamond, by Highflyer — 1 1

Mr. Baker's b. h. Deserter 3 2

Mr. T. Bowes's ch. h. Charger 4 3

Mr. Walton's b. m. Farewell 2 dr
2 and 3 to one on Diamond.

On Wednesday the 21st, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6ft. four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds and aged, 8ft. 12lb. — 3 mile heats.

Mr. T. Hutchinson's *Aether*, by Young Mariske, 4 yrs old — 3 1 1

Mr. Baker's b. h. Deserter, 5 yrs old — 1 3 3

Col. Hamilton's gr. c. by Delpini, 3 yrs old 2 2 2

Mr. Preston's br. m. Shepherds, 5 yrs old 5 4 dr

Sir H. Williamson's br. c. Smalaker, 4 yrs old 4 5 dr

Even betting *Aether* agst the field; after the first heat, 2 to 1 agst her, and after the second heat, 2 to 1 on her.

On Thursday the 22d, 50l. for three and four yr olds.—No Race for want of horses.

On Friday the 23d, the Freemen and Innkeepers Plate of 50l.—4 mile heats.

Mr. Cookson's Diamond, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 11lb. 1 1

Sir H. Williamson's Hambleton, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 12lb. 2 2

Ld Cassillis's b. f. Clementina, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 2lb. 3 3

2 to 1 on Diamond.

On Saturday the 24th, a Handicap Plate of 50l. for the beaten horses;—2 mile heats.

Mr. Bowes's ch. h. Charger, 5 yrs old, 8ft 7lb. 5 1 1

Mr. Baker's b. h. Deserter, 5 yrs old, 9ft. 2lb. 1 2 2

Mr. Walton's b. m. Farewell, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. 2 3 3
Col. Hamilton's gr. c. by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 4lb. — 3 4 4

Mr. Milbank's gr. h. Stocktonian, 8ft. — 4 5 dr

* * * During the Races a Main of Cocks was fought, between the Gentlemen of Northumberland (Small, feeder) and the Gentlemen of Durham (Sunley, feeder) for 10gs a Battle, and 200 the Main; which was won by the former, 18 battles to 17. Of the byes, Durham won 11, and Northumberland 9.

AT ASCOT-HEATH.

ON Tuesday, June the 20th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs. for hunters which had regularly hunted with his Majesty's stag hounds; four yr olds carrying 11ft. 2lb. five yr olds, 11ft. 9lb. six yr olds, 11ft. 12lb. and aged, 12ft. Mares allowed 4lb.—4 mile heats.

Ld Egremont's Olive, by Woodpecker, aged 1 1

Mr. Bean's br. m. by Pharamond, 6 yrs old 3 2

Mr. Nottage's Stag-hunter, aged — 2 dr

General Gwyn's b. g. Shadow, aged — 4 dr

Mr. Lade's b. c. by Sultan, 5 yrs old — 5 dr

Mr. Holland's Bacchus, 5 yrs old (broke down) dif

Mr. Slark's b. g. Prince William, 5 yrs — dif

Sweepstakes of 15gs each (with 10gs given by the Steward) for four yr olds, 7ft. five yr olds, 8ft 1lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 9lb. and aged, 8ft. 12lb.—four miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Phillips's Little Devil, by Dungannon, 4 yrs old 1

Ld Egremont's b. h. Gohanna, aged — — — 2

Sir

Sir W. Aston's King John, 5 yrs old	3	D. of Queensberry's br. h. William, by Florizel, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb.	5	1	1
Mr. Lade's gr. c. Grey Pilot, 4 yrs old	4	Sir W. Aston's King John, 5 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb.	2	2	2
2 to 1 agst King John, and 5 to 2 agst Little Devil.		Mr. Durand's Play or Pay, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 12lb.	1	3	dr
On Wednesday the 21st, 50l. for four yr old colts, 8ft. 7lb. and fillies, 8ft. 3lb.—2 mile heats. The winner of a Plate in 1797 carrying 4lb. extra.		Ld Egremont's Olive, aged, 8ft. —	3	dr	
Mr. Philips's Little Devil, by Dungannon	1	Mr. Lade's c. by Sultan, 7ft. —	4	dis	
Mr. Smith's Cannon (1 Plate)	3	On Friday the 23d, 50l. for three yr old colts, 8ft. 4lb. and fillies, 8ft. —heats, the Old Mile. The winner of a Plate in 1797, carrying 4lb. extra.			
Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot	2	Mr. Franco's b. c. by Volunteer, out of a sister to Maid of all Work	4	1	1
Sweepstakes of 200s each (with 100s given by the Steward) for three yr old colts, 8ft. 4lb. and fillies, 8ft.—the New Mile.		Mr. Durand's c. by King Fergus, out of Asparagus's dam	1	2	2
Mr. Durand's b. c. Whip, by Saltram	1	Sir W. Aston's b. f. by Pharamond, out of America	3	3	dr
Mr. Lade's gr. c. brother to Grey Pilot	2	Mr. Harris's Squirrel, by Escape	5	4	dr
Mr. Golding's f. by Highflyer, out of Smallbones	3	Mr. Lade's gr. c. by Pilot	2	dr	
Mr. Harris's b. c. Squirrel, by Escape, out of Poto'e	4	The other Plate was not run for, for want of horses.			
Even betting on Whip agst the field. Fifty Pounds for four yr olds, 7ft. 8lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 4lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. and aged, 8ft. 13lb.—3 mile heats. Mares allowed 3lb. The winner of one Plate in the year 1797, carrying 4lb. of 2 7lb extra. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 300gs. if demanded, &c.		On Saturday the 24th, a Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, about 2 miles, 124 rods each.			
Col. Charlton's gr. h. Lop, by Crop, 6 yrs old	1	D. of Queensberry's William, by Florizel, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb.	2	0	1
Ld Egremont's Tanrade, 5 yrs old (1 Plate)	2	Mr. Durand's Play or Pay, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 12lb.	1	0	3
D. of Queensberry's William, 6 yrs old, (1 Plate)	3	Ld Egremont's Tanrade, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 4	3	2	2
On Thursday the 22d, 50l. for horses the property of Huntsmen. Yeomen-prickers, and Keepers of Windsor Forest and Great Park, carrying 12ft.—4 mile heats		Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot, 4 yrs old, 6ft. 11lb.	6	4	dr
Mr. Nottage's Stag-runter	1	Mr. Hyde's b. c. by Anvil, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb.	5	5	dr
Mr. Gofden's b. b. Preito	2	Mr. Thomson's Viret, 5 yrs old, 8ft.	3	dr	
A Handicap Plate of 50l.—3 mile heats.		Mr. Bullock's f. by d 2		Pot80's,	

Pot8o's, 4 yrs old,
6ft. 9lb. 7 dr
5 to 2 agst Mr. Lade's colt, 4 to 1
agst Tanrade, 4 to 1 agst Wil-
liam, and 7 to 2 agst Play or
Pay: after the first heat, 6 to 4
agst William, and 4 to 1 agst
any other; after the dead heat,
2 to 1 on William; after the
third heat, 5 to 4 agst Play or
Pay, 5 to 2 agst Tanrade, and
5 to 1 agst William.

Sweepstakes of 200gs each (with
10gs given by the Steward) for two
yr old colts and fillies, carrying 8ft.
—the last third of the New Mile.
(4 Subscribers.)

Ld Egremont's b. f. by Wood-
pecker, out of Camilla 1
Mr. Durand's c. Pick-pocket, by
Saltram, dam by Highflyer 2
Mr. Caution's gr. c. Sea-sweeper,
by Magog — 3

Sir J. Honynwood's b. c. by Mag-
pie, out of his Highflyer mare, 8ft.
beat Mr. Hamond's br. or b. c. by
Buzaglo, out of Impudence, 7ft.
12lb.—the New Mile, 200gs.

AT PETERBOROUGH.

ON Tuesday, June the 27th, the
Members' Plate of 50l. for all
ages;—heats, twice round.

Mr. Stapleton's b. m. Susan-
nah, by Rockingham, 5 yrs
old, 7ft. 11lb. 1 1
Ld. Sondes's gr. h. Maximus,
5 yrs old, 8ft. 2 2

On Wednesday the 28th, 50l.
given by Earl Fitzwilliam, added to
a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunt-
ers, carrying 12ft.—2 mile heats
(9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Edmunds's b. cropt h.
Lark, by Highflyer 1
Mr. Mewburn's b. h. Rustic,
by Telemachus 3
Mr. W. Hopkinson's b. m. Abi-
gail, by ditto 2

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for

three yr olds—once round. (5
Subscribers.)

Mr. Delmè's br. c. Peeping Tom,
by Saltram, 8ft 3lb. 1

Ld. Sondes's b. f. Fugitive, 8ft.
4lb. — 2

Mr. J. Heathcote's ch. f. Lauren-
tini, 8ft. — 3

On Thursday the 29th, the City
Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile
heats.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. 4 yrs
old, 6ft. 13lb. — 1 1

Mr. Stapleton's Susannah, 5
yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. 2 2

AT NEWCASTLE-UNDER- LYME.

ON Tuesday, June the 27th, a
Maiden Plate of 50l. for three
yr olds, a feather; four yr olds, 7ft.
2lb. five yr olds, 8ft. six yr olds, 8ft.
6lb. and aged, 8ft. 10lb. Mares
allowed, 2lb —4-mile heats.

Ld Stamford's bl. f. 3 yrs old 1 1
Sir J. Leicester's b. c. by Jupi-
ter, 4 yrs — 4 2

Mr. Butler Danvers's gr. h.
Wild Boy, aged 3 3

Mr. Bettison's b. f. Little
Pickle 4 yrs 2 dr

Mr. Lockley's b. g. 5 yrs old dif
Mr. Lumley's br. c. St. Ives,
3 yrs old dif

On Wednesday the 28th, 50l. for
three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. Belle
Vue, by Weasel, 4 yrs old,
8ft. — 1 1

Mr. Tatton's b. c. Masquerade
4 yrs old, 8ft. 3 2

Sir T. Gascoigne's gr. c. Op-
position, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. 2 3

On Thursday the 29th, 50l. for all
ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lord's b. m. Mule-
spinner, by Guildford,
aged, 8ft. 12lb 3 1 1
Mr.

Mr. Barlow's b. c. Roderick, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 10lb. (fell the 2d heat)	2	3	2
Mr. Lockley's b. m. Queen Charlotte, 5 yrs old, Slt. 1lb.	1	2	dr

AT STOCKBRIDGE.

ON Wednesday, June the 28th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by the Members for the Borough; three yr olds, 7ft. four yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. five yr olds, 9ft. six yr olds, 9ft. 4lb. and aged, 9ft. 7lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Hyde's br. c. Coiner, by Saltram, 3 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Potso's, 4 yrs old	2	2
Mr. Corbet's b. c. Hoyle, 3 yrs old	3	3

Mr. Lade's b. c. by Sultan, 3 yrs old — 4 4 Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 11lb.—the last mile. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Martin's ch. ro. f. Creeping Ceres, by King Fergus, out of Euphrolyne's dam

Mr. Nesbitt's b. f. Cumberzephæ, by Alexander, out of Camilla

Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot, out of a sister to King David

Mr. S. Newbury's ch. c. by Magog, out of Pallafox's dam

On Thursday the 29th, 50l. for three yr olds, 7ft. 5lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1797, carrying 3lb extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Hyde's br. c. Coiner, 3 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Martin's f. Creeping Ceres, 3 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Lade's gr. c. by Pilot, 3 yrs old — 3 3

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds and aged, 9ft. Mares allowed 3lb.—four miles. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Philips's Little Devil, by Dungannon, 4 yrs old	1
Mr. Brereton's ch. h. Doricles, aged — —	2
Sir F. Poole's b. m. Keren-happuch, aged — —	3

AT IPSWICH.

ON Tuesday, July the 4th, his Majesty's plate of 100gs. for three yr olds, 7ft. 11lb. and four yr olds, 9ft. 5lb. Fillies allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Antæus, by Alexander, 4 yrs old

Mr. Dawson's b. c. Hippopotamus, 4 yrs old — 4 2

Sir C. Bunbury's gr. c. Greyhound, 3 yrs old — 2 dr

Ld Clermont's br. f. sister to Spinetta, 3 yrs old — 3 dr

At starting, even betting on Antæus against the field; little or no betting after the heat.

On Wednesday, the 5th, 50l. for all ages — 4-mile heats, with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs. if demanded, &c.

Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. by Highflyer, out of Imperatrix, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb.

Ld Clermont's b. c. brother to Repeater, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Cedar, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb.

Mr. Elwes's br. c. Ploughater, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb.

Hunter's Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, weight, 12ft.—2-mile heats. (8 Subscribers.)

Sir W. Rowley's b. h. Tally-ho!

Mr. Douglas's b. g. Transfer

Mr. Eddale's b. h. by Wood-pecker — 2 3

On Thursday, the 6th, 50l. for all ages;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Dawson's Hippopotamus, by King Fergus, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 8lb.

Sir

Sir C. Bunbury's Greyhound,
3 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb. 2 2

Mr. Dear's Hollyhock 1 1
Mr. Spurshott's Hugh 2 dr
Mr. Weeks's Freeholder dif.

AT WINCHESTER.

ON Tuesday, the 4th of July, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs. for six yr olds, carrying 12ft.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Bott's br. h. Totteridge, by Dungannon, walked over.

Sweepstakes of 2ogs each, for three yr olds;—the last mile. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hyde's b. c. by Goliah, dam by Javelin, 8ft. — 1

Mr. S. Newbury's br. f. by Magog, out of Belle's dam, 7ft. 11lb. — 2

On Wednesday, the 5th, the City Purse of 50l. for five yr olds, 8ft. 4lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 6lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's ch. h. Doricles, by Potso's, aged — 1 1

Mr. Kerr's Mercury, aged 2 dr

Sweepstakes of 1ogs each, for all ages;—four miles. (4 Subscribers.)

Mr. Brereton's Doricles, by Potso's, 9ft. 4lb. — 1

Sir F. Poole's b. m. Keren-happuch, 9ft. 4lb. — 2

Fifty Pounds for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Hyde's Coiner, by Saltram, 3 yrs old, walked over.

On Thursday, the 6th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 12lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 13lb. and aged, 9ft. 2lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. J. Sutton's b. c. Dispute, by Dungannon, four yrs old 1 1

Mr. Phillips's b. f. by Potso's, 4 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Goldsmith's br. h. Critch 3 3

Mr. Scott's br. h. by Fidget 4 4

Freeholder's Plate of 50lb. 12ft. — 3 mile heats.

Mr. Early's poney, by Cottager, 7ft. 7lb. beat, at two heats, Mr. Twynam's poney, by Minimus, 6ft. 11lb.—four mile heats, 5ogs. each.

AT STAMFORD.

ON Tuesday, July the 4th, 50l. for all ages;—heats, twice round the Course.

Ld Sondes's b. h. Yeoman, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. — 1 1

D. of Grafton's br. m. Minion, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. — 2 2

Sir W. Lowther's b. g. by Diodmed, 3 yrs old, a feather, (bolted) — dif

5 to 4 on Minion.

Sweepstakes of 2ogs each, for three yr olds, once round, and a distance. (15 Subscribers).

Sir F. Standish's br. c. by Sir Peter Teazle, out of Horatia, 8ft. 7lb. — 1

D. of Grafton's br. c. Razor, brother to Rattle, 8ft. 2lb. — 0

Ld Darlington's b. c. Plaistow, 8ft. 5lb. — 0

Mr. Dolphin's b. c. by Precipitate, dam by Woodpecker, 8ft. 2lb. — 0

Ld. Grosvenor's b. f. Niké, 8ft. 5lb. — 0

Mr. Delme's br. c. Peeping Tom, 8ft 7lb. — 0

The judge could not place any besides the winner.

Even betting on Sir F. Standish's colt, and 3 to 1 agst Razor.

Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. m. Petite, by Bordeaux, aged, 8ft. beat Dr. J. Wilis's gr. m. Waxwork, 5 yrs old, 7ft.—two milcs, for 5ogs.

Mr. J. Heathcote's br. h. Lucifer, by the Philippo Arabian, beat Mr. Richmond's b. h. by Voluncer, dam by

by Squirrel, 9st each,—the last half mile for 100gs.

Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs. each, h. ft. (3 Subscribers)

Mr. Dennys's b. f. by Escape, out of Smeltmill, walked over.

WEDNESDAY.

Fifty Pounds for maiden three yr olds; colts, 8ft. 2lb. fillies, 8ft.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Dolphin's b. c. by Precipitate — 1 1
Lord Darlington's b. c. by Fidget — 2 dr
z to 1 on Mr. Dolphin's colt.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses the property of Subscribers or Confederates; three yr olds, 6ft. four yr olds, 7ft. 4lb. five yr olds 8ft. six yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. and aged, 8ft. 11lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—two miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Ld Sonles's b. f. Doubtful, by Po'8o's, 4 yrs old — 1
Mr. Dolphin's br. h. Rowland, 5 yrs old — 2
Ld Fitzwilliam's br. f. by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old. — 3
Mr. Hamond's b. c. Emigrant, 3 yrs old — 4
Dr. J. Willis's bl. c. Charcoal, 4 yrs old — 5
Even betting between Rowland and Doubtful.

Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for maiden horses, the property of Subscribers, carrying 13st.—Four miles. (11 Subscribers)

Mr. G. Watson's ch. h. Playfellow, by Diomed, walked over.

THURSDAY.

Fifty Pounds given by the Earl of Exeter, for all ages.—Heats, thrice round.

Ld Darlington's b. h. St. George, by Highflyer, aged, 9ft. 3lb. — 1 1

Mr. Dolphin's Rowland, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. — 2 2
Even betting.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. 2lb. and fillies, 8ft.—Once round. (5 Subscribers)

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Laurentini, by Diomed 1
Ld Sondes's b. f. Fugitive 2
10 to 1 on Fugitive.

Dr. J. Willis's bl. c. Charcoal, by Telemachus, 4 yrs old, 7ft 4lb. beat Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. m. Petite, aged, 9ft.—two miles, for 50gs.

Mr. J. Heathcote's br. h. Lucifer, by the Philippo Arabian, beat Mr. Sitwell's gr. m. by Delpini,—half a mile for 50gs.

Mr. R. Heathcote's Useful, agst Mr. G. Watson's ch. c. by Balloon, two miles, 50gs. was off by consent.

Mr. Richmond's b. h. by Volunteer, agst Mr. J. Heathcote's ch. c. by King Fergus, two miles, 50gs. was off by consent.

AT NANTWICH.

ON Wednesday, July the 5th, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for three yr olds, 6ft. 3lb. four yr olds, 7ft. 12lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 6lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged, 9ft. 2lb. Mares and Geldings allowed 3lb.—3-mile heats, (7 Subscribers)

Mr. Tattan's b. c. Dele mere, by Highflyer, 4 yrs old — 4 1 1
Mr. Richardson's b. h. Marske, five yrs old 1 2 3
Mr. Tattan's b. h. York shire Bite, 5 yrs old 2 3 2
Mr. Bayley's ro. h. Confederacy, 6 yrs old 5 4 4
Mr. Brooke's b. h. by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old 3 dr
On Thursday, the 6th, 50l. for three

three yr olds, 7ft. 4lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. The winner of one gal. in the present year, carrying 3lb. extra, of two, 5lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Robinson's b. c. Belle Vue, by Weasel. 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Cholmondeley's gr. c. Nixon, four yrs old 2 dr

On Friday, the 7th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Robinson's Belle Vue, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 9lb. 1 1
Mr. Richardson's Marske, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 6lb. 3 2

Mr. Tattan's Masquerade, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. — 2 dr

Mr. Bayley's ch. c. Conon, by Young Marske, 9ft. beat (at two heats) Mr. Barlow's c. Corporal, 8ft. both 3 yrs old, 2-mile heats, 50gs.

AT TENBURY, WORCESTER-SHIRE.

ON Wednesday, July the 5th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6ft. four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 6lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 11lb. and aged, 9ft. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. four mile heats.

Mr. Lord's b. c. Jack Andrews, 3 yrs old 4 1 1
Mr. Darling's ch. f. Miss Edwin, 4 yrs old 1 2 3
Mr. Atkinson's ch. m. Priscilla, aged 5 4 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's br. c. Sweet Bother 'em, 4 yrs old — 3 3 dr
Mr. Harden's br. c. Egantine, 4 yrs old 2 dr
On Thursday, no race.

Panton's c. Deplorable, by Mercury, out of Drone's sister, 8ft. 7lb. Two yr old Course, 25gs.

6 to 5 on Outcast.
Ld. Clermont's br. h. Paynator, by Trumpator, 8ft. 3lb. beat Mr. Wilson's b. h. Bennington, 8ft. both 6 yrs old, Ab. M. 50gs.

11 to 8 on Paynator.

D. of Grafton's b. c. Centinel, by Challenger, dam by Garrick, beat Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Wrangler, by Diomed, out of Fleacatcher, 8ft. each, across the Flat, 80gs.

2 to 1 on Centinel.

The third and last year of the July stakes of 50gs. each, 30 ft. by two yr old colts, carrying 8ft. 2lb. fillies, 8ft. Two yr old Course. (12 Subscribers.)

Mr. Perren's b. c. Young Spear, by Javelin, out of Juliana, 1
Mr. Goldings br. c. by Dungannon, out of Trumpeter's dam 2
Ld Clermont's b. f. by Trumpator, bought of Mr. Cross 3
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Concave, by Asparagus, out of Nimble 4
D. of Grafton's f. by Trumpator, out of a sister to Seagull 5
5 to 4 agst Young Spear, 5 to 2 agst Mr. Golding, and 4 to 1 agst Ld Clermont.

Fifty Pounds, by three yr old colts and fillies, carrying 8ft. the last mile, and a distance of B. C.

D. of Grafton's br. c. Razor, by Trumpator — 1
Ld Sackville's c. c. by Volunteer, bought of Mr. Bott 2
D. of Bedford's b. c. by Mufti, out of Busy — 3
Ld Clarendon's b. f. Granadilla, by Fidget — 4
6 and 7 to 4 on the D of Bedford, and 11 to 5 agst Razor.

TUESDAY.

The July Filly stakes of 50gs. each, for two yr old fillies, 8ft. 2lb. each, the Two yr old Course. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr.

NEWMARKET.

ON Monday, July the 10th, Mr. Vernon's b. f. Outcast, by Dungannon, 8ft. 3lb. beat Mr.

Mr. Concannon's f. Bellissima, by Phœnomenon, out of Wren	1	if demanded within a quarter of an hour after the race, &c.
Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Javelin, out of Flavia	2	Mr. Wilson's b. h. Bennington, by Rockingham, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb. —
Mr. Panton's ch. f. by Dragon, out of Gnat	3	Mr. Thompson's br. c. Viret, by Volunteer, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 4lb. 2
Ld Grosvenor's ch. f. by John Bull, out of Nina	4	Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Wrangler, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 3lb. 3
5 to 2 agst Bellissima, 6 to 4 agst Mr. Bullock, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 agst Ld Grosvenor.	5	D. of Queenberry's Parrot, 6 yrs old, 7ft. 4lb. — 4
Subscription Handicap Plate of 50l. by two and three yr old colts and fillies, Two yr old Course.		Ld Clermont's Hornpipe, 4 yrs old, 8ft. — 5
Mr. Bullock's b. f. by Javelin, out of Flavia, 2 yrs old, 6ft. 7lb. 1		Ld Grosvenor's ch. c. Plumette, by Meteor, out of Mackarel's dam, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb. — 6
Sir C. Bunbury's gr. c. Greyhound, by Diomed, 3 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb.	2	4 to 1 agst Bennington, 5 to 1 agst Viret, 3 to 1 agst Wrangler, and 7 to 4 agst Hornpipe.
Ld Clermont's b. f. by Diomed, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb.	3	The second Clas of the Oatlands Stakes of 25gs each, Across the Flat; with the same conditions as the first clas.
Mr. Delmé's br. c. Peeping Tom, 3 yrs old, 8ft. 5lb.	4	Mr. Vernon's bl. h. Sweeper, by Saltram, aged, 8ft. 1lb. 1
Mr. Pratt's b. f. sister to Faunus, 2 yrs old, 6ft. 4lb. — 5		Mr. Watson's Edgar, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. — 2
5 to 1 agst Mr. Bullock, 11 to 8 agst Peeping Tom, 7 to 4 agst Greyhound, and 6 to 1 agst Ld Clermont.		Mr. Delmé's br. c. Peeping Tom, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 6lb. 3
The Irish Stakes of 200gs each, h. ft. by four yr old colts, 8ft. 7lb. fillies, 8ft. 1lb. D. I. (5 Subscribers)		Mr. Wyndham's Mufti gelding, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 3lb. — 4
Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Buckingham, by Mercury — 1		Ld Clarendon's Cannons, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 10lb. — 5
D. of Bedford's g. by Highflyer, out of Fidget's dam — 2		Mr. Howorth's Buckingham, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb. — pd
2 to 1 and 5 to 2 on Buckingham.		6 to 5 agst Sweeper, 8 to 1 agst Edgar, 5 to 2 agst Mr. Wyndham, and 7 to 2 agst Cannons.

WEDNESDAY.

Sir J. Shelley's b. c. Buckingham, by Mercury, 7ft. 12lb. beat Mr. Watson's Edgar, 8ft. 2lb. Ab. M. 50gs.—11 to 8 on Edgar.

The first Clas of the July Oatlands Stakes of 25gs each, Across the Flat. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs.

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Mr. Wilson's b. h. Bennington, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb.	1	Mr. Wilson's b. h. Bennington, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb. 2
Mr. Vernon's Sweeper, aged, 8ft. 1lb. —	2	Mr. Vernon's Sweeper, aged, 8ft. 1lb. — 3
Mr. Thompson's Viret, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 1lb. —	3	Mr. Thompson's Viret, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 1lb. — 4
6 to 4 agst Sweeper, 7 to 4 agst Buckingham, and 4 to 1 agst Bennington.	4	6 to 4 agst Sweeper, 7 to 4 agst Buckingham, and 4 to 1 agst Bennington.
		• e
		Mr.

Mr. Wyndham's Mufti gelding, 6ft. 3lb. beat Mr. Watson's Edgar, 7ft. 7lb. Across the Flat, 5ogs.—11 to 8 on Edgar.

AT BLANDFORD.

ON Wednesday the 12th of July, 5ol. for horses that had not won a Plate of that value since March, 1796;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Bailey's b. g. Cup-bearer, by Mercury, aged, 9ft. 7lb. 1 1
Mr. C. Day's b. c. Little Bob, (late Hoyle) 3 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb. 2 2
Mr. Budden's br. m. Dainty, aged, 9ft. 7lb. — dif

On Thursday the 13th, 5ol. for four yr old colts, 8ft. 4lb. and fillies, 8ft. 1lb.—The winner of a Plate this year, carrying 3lb. extra. —2-mile heats.

Mr. Graeme's ch. c. by Pot8o's 1 1
Mr. Sutton's b. c. Dispute 2 2

The Members' Plate of 5ol. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's ch. h. Döricles, by Pot8o's, aged, 9ft. 9lb. 1 1
Mr. Day's b. c. Little Bob, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb. 2 2

AT BRIDGNORTH.

ON Wednesday, July the 12th, a Maiden Plate of 5ol. given by J. Whitmore, Esq. for four yr olds, 7ft. five yr olds, 8ft. six yr olds, 9ft. 10lb. and aged, 9ft.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lord's b. c. by Rockingham, out of Bonnyface, 4 yrs old — 1 1
Mr. Manwaring's b. c. by Aurielius, 4 yrs old 3 2

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h.	5 yrs old	—	4	3
Mr. Butler Danvers's gr. h.	Wild-boy, aged	—	2	4

On Thursday the 13th, 5ol. given by I. H. Browne, Esq. for any horse, &c.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lockley's b. m. Queen Charlotte, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 1lb.	4	1	1
Mr. William's b. h. <i>Æ</i> ther, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 9lb.	3	2	2
Mr. Boates's b. c. Belle Vue, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 5lb.	1	3	dr
Mr. Lord's b. m. Mule-spinner, aged, 9ft. 1lb.	2	dr	

AT OXFORD.

ON Tuesday, July the 18th, the Gold Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each, for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 4lb.—four miles. (23 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hallett's b. c. Stickler, by Highflyer, 4 yrs old	1
Mr. Sitwell's b. h. Moorcock, 6 yrs old	2
Ld Sackville's Sotter Robin, 5 yrs old; Mr. Durand's Hermione, 6 yrs old; Ld Grosvenor's <i>Antæus</i> , 4 yrs old; Sir F. Poole's Waxy, aged; Sir F. Poole's Pelter, 5 yrs old; and Mr. Cookson's Ambrosio, 4 yrs old; also started, but were not placed.	

5 to 2 agft Ambrosio, 3 to 1 agft Sober Robin, 5 to 1 agft Stickler, and 6 to 1 agft Moorecock.

N. B. Waxy broke down.

The Plate of 5ol. was not run for this day, for want of horses.

On Wednesday the 19th, 5ol. for three yr olds, 7ft. and four yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. Fillies allowed 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr.

Mr. Martin's f. Creeping Ceres, by King Fergus, 3 yrs old

Mr. Lade's gr. c. by Pilot, 4 yrs old

On Thursday the 20th, 50l. given by the Duke of Marlborough, for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 4lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's Moorcock, by Highflyer, 6 yrs old

Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot, 4 yrs old

After the first heat, 5 to 4 on Mr. Lade's colt.

Mr. Morgan's ch. f. Miss King, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb.

Mr. Harding's Apollo, 4 yrs old

Mr. Wrixon's b. g. Deceiver, aged, 9ft. 4lb. dif

AT CHELMSFORD.

ON Tuesday, July the 18th, Her Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr old fillies, carrying 8ft. 7lb.—2-mile heats.

Ld Clermont's b. f. Hornpipe, by Trumpator

Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. Lilly, by Highflyer

Sir F. Standish's br. f. Parisot (bolted)

On Wednesday the 19th, 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged, 9ft. The winner of one Plate in 1797, carrying 3lb. of two, 6lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Sir F. Standish's Parisot, by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old

Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. Lilly, 4 yrs old

Mr. Green's br. c. Cripple, 4 yrs old

On Thursday the 20th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7ft. and four yr olds, 8ft. 5lb.—2-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Cedar, by Dioned, 4 yrs old

Mr. Perren's br. c. Peeping Tom, 3 yrs

Both the above horses were thrown down, not far from the ending post, by a servant riding across to clear the Course. Fortunately the riders did not receive much injury, but Peeping Tom died soon after.

Mr. Day's b. f. Fury, by Fortunio, 3 yrs old, 5ft. 11lb.

Mr. Miers's b. m. Mercury, 6 yrs old, 9ft. 1lb.

AT

AT CARDIFF.

ON Monday, July the 17th, 50l. by any horse, &c. bred in South Wales or Monmouthshire;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Morgan's ch. f. Miss King, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 1lb.

Mr. Hurst's b. c. Jack, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 4lb.

Mr. Wrixon's b. g. Now or Never, aged, 8ft. 7lb.

Mr. Richard's br. c. Spider, 3 yrs old, 5ft. 10lb.

On Tuesday the 18th, 50l. free for any horse, &c.—4-mile-heats.

Mr. Wrixon's b. c. Royal Oak, by Fortunio, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb.

Mr. Hurst's b. g. Helmet, aged, 8ft. 11lb.

On Wednesday the 19th, 50l. for any horse, &c. that never won 50l. at one time, except the first day's Plate at these Races;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Day's b. f. Fury, by Fortunio, 3 yrs old, 5ft. 11lb.

Mr. Miers's b. m. Mercury, 6 yrs old, 9ft. 1lb.

AT PRESTON.

ON Tuesday, July the 18th, 50l. given by the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, for three yr olds, carrying 7ft. 2lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 4lb. A winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes in the present year, to carry 3lb. of two or more 5lb. extra. Fillies allowed 2lb.—two heats.

Mr. Mangle's b. c. Merry			
Lad, by Drone, 4 yrs			
old	—	3	1
Col. Hamilton's b. c. 4 yrs			
old	—	1	2
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f.			
Golden Locks. 4 yrs old	2	3	2

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies 7ft. 12lb.—two miles. (9 Subscribers)

Mr. T. Hutchinson's br. c. by			
King Fergus, out of Constitu-			
tion's dam	—	1	
Mr. Clifton's ch. c. by King Fer-			
gus, dam by Herod	2		
Ld Derby's ch. c. by Diomed, out			
of Brown Bess	—	3	
Ld Derby's ch. c. by Diomed,			
beat Sir H. P. Houghton's gr. c. by			
Sir Peter Teazle, out of Bab, 8ft.			
3lb. each :—two miles, for 100gs.			

Wednesday the 19th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6ft. 12lb. four yr olds, 8ft. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds and aged, 8ft. 10lb.—3-mile heats. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.

Mr. Tatton's b. h. Monkton,			
5 yrs old	—	1	1
Mr. St. Quintin's b. m. Hen-			
rietta, 5 yrs old	—	2	2
Mr. Field's gr. c. Altona, 4			
yrs old	—	3	3

Thursday the 20th, the Members' Purse of 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. five yr olds, 8ft. six yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. and aged, 8ft. 10lb.—4-mile

heats. A winner of one Plate in the present year, to carry 3lb. of two or more, 5lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. m.			
Golden Locks, by Delpini,			
4 yrs old	—	1	1
Mr. Mangle's b. h. Merry			
Lad, 4 yrs old	—	2	2

* * * During the Races, a Main of Cocks was fought between the Earl of Derby and J. Clifton, Esq. for 10gs a battle, and 200 the main, which was won by his Lordship five a-head.—Goodall and Lister, feeders.

AT SALISBURY.

ON Wednesday, July the 19th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for six yr olds, carrying 12ft.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Bott's Totteridge, by Dungan-
non, walked over.

On Thursday the 20th, the City Bowl, for any horse, carrying 10ft.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Bailey's ch. h. Cup-bearer, walked over.

The Members' Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 4lb. The winner of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's ch. h. Doricles,			
aged	—	1	1
Mr. C. Day's br. c. Little			
Bob, 3 yrs old	—	2	dr

On Friday the 21st, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, carrying a feather; four yr olds, 7ft. 4lb. five yr olds, 8ft. six yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. and aged, 9ft. 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr.

Mr. Smyth's br. f. Angelica, by Highflyer, 3 yrs old	1	1
Mr. Cowl's br. h. George, aged	—	2 2
Mr. Newcom's b. c.	3	3
Mr. C. Day's Little Bob, 3 yrs old	—	dif

AT LUDLOW.

ON Wednesday, July the 19th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6ft. four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 6lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 11lb. and aged, 9ft. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—heats, twice round.

Sir J. Leicester's ch. c. by Jupiter, 4 yrs old	4	1	1
Mr. Darling's ch. f. Miss Edwin, 4 yrs old	1	2	1
Mr. Mainwaring's b. c. by Aurelius, 4 yrs old	2	3	3
Mr. Heinsworth's Twig- 'em, aged	—	3	4 dr

On Thursday the 20th, 50l. for three yr olds, 6ft. four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 6lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged, 9ft. 1lb. The winner of one fifty this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three, or a King's Plate, 7lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lockley's b. m. Queen Charlotte, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old (1 Plate)	1	1
Mr. G. Hundrell's ch. c. Ci- mon, 4 yrs old (2 Plates)	2	2

On Friday the 21st, 50l. for all ages, carrying the same weights as for Thursday's Plate; the winner of that carrying 7lb. extra. for this:—4-mile heats.

Mr. Lockley's Queen Char- lotte, 5 yrs old	—	1	1
Mr. Hundrell's ch. c. Cimon, 4 yrs old	—	4	2

Mr. Darling's Miss Edwin, 4 yrs old	—	2	3
Mr. Williams's b. h. Aether, 6 yrs old	—	3	4

AT EDINBURGH.

ON Monday, July the 24th, the City Purse of 50gs for all ages.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Kincaid's Hector	1	1
Mr. Sowerby's Cannon	2	2
Col. Hamilton's Will Smith	3	3

On Tuesday the 25th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for 4 yr olds, 7ft. 4lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 9lb. six yr olds, 9ft. 5lb. and aged, 10ft.—4-mile heats.

Col. Hamilton's ch. c. Master Robert, by Star, 4 yrs old	—	3	1	1
Col. Maxwell's b. f. Miss Beverley, 4 yrs old	—	1	2	4
Mr. Fletcher's b. c. Dicky Gossip	—	4	3	2
Ld Darlington's b. c. Tal- ly-ho! 4 yrs old	—	5	4	3
Mr. Kincaid's b. h. Deser- ter, 5 yrs old	—	—	2	dr

On Wednesday the 26th, 50gs for all ages.

Sir H. Williamson's Hamble- ton, by Dungannon	1	1
Mr. Fletcher's b. f. Eliza	2	2
Mr. Macleish's b. h. Fox	3	dr
Mr. Foreman's b. m. Betsey	—	dr

Thursday the 27th, Subscription Purse for hunters.

Col. Baird's Newbyth	1	1
Mr. Smith's Why Not	2	2

On Friday the 28th, the Ladies' Subscription Purse of 50gs.

Sir H. Williamson's Hamble- ton	—	8	1
Mr. Fletcher's Jane	—	—	dr

AT

AT KNUTSFORD.

ON Tuesday the 25th of July, 50l. by three yr olds, carrying 6ft. 11lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. Winners of one 50l. Plate in the present year, carrying 3lb. of two or more, 5lb. extra. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

Ld Stamford's bl. f. Pretina, by Sir Peter, 3 yrs old (1 Plate) 3 1 1

Col. Hamilton's b. c. by Phenomenon, 4 yrs old — 1 2 3

Mr. Bayley's ch. c. Connon, by Young Mariske, 3 yrs old — 4 3 2

Mr. Barlow's b. c. Roderick, by Ruler, 4 yrs old — 2 4 4

Mr. Tatton's b. c. Delamere, by Highflyer, 8ft. 4lb. beat Mr. Cholmondeley's gr. c. Nixon, 8ft. —starting at the Distance Chair, and running three times round the Course, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr. Cholmondeley's Nixon, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 6lb. beat Mr. Boates's Erafmini, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 10lb.—two miles, for 50l.

On Wednesday the 26th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. six yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. and aged, 8ft. 12lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Brooke's b. h. Welchman, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old 2 2 1 1

Mr. St. Quintin's b. m. Henrietta, 5 yrs old — 1 3 3 2

Sir J. Ramsden's b. h. by Jupiter, 5 yrs old — 3 1 2 3

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr olds, carrying a feather;

four yr olds, 7ft. 6lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 4lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged, 9ft. 2lb.—Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Clifton's ch. c. by King Fergus, 3 yrs old 4 1 1

Mr. T. L. Brooke's b. h. Kilton, 6 yrs old 1 5 2

Ld Stamford's ch. c. George, 4 yrs old 3 4 3

Mr. Bayley's ro. h. Confederacy, 6 yrs old 5 3 4

Mr. Tatton's b. h. Yorkshire Bite, 5 yrs old 2 2 dr

On Thursday the 27th, 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 3lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. and aged, 9ft. The winner of a Plate this year, carrying 3lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Tatton's b. h. Yorkshire Bite, by Pot8o's, 5 yrs old 1 1

Ld Stamford's George, 4 yrs old — 2 dr

On Friday the 28th, 50l. given by Wm. Tatton and T. L. Brooke, Esqrs. for the beaten horses; weights, the same as for the Plate on Thursday:—4-mile heats.

Mr. Bayley's ro. h. Confederacy, by Jupiter, 6 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Barlow's b. c. Roderick, 4 yrs old — 3 2

Mr. Cholmondeley's gr. c. Nixon, 4 yrs old — 2 dr

A Sweepstakes of 20gs each, p. p. for a Gold Cup;—four miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Sir Wm. Gerard's ch. c. by King Fergus, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 1

Mr. Brooke's b. h. Kilton, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 7lb. — 2

Mr. Brooke's Welchman, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, 8ft. beat Mr. Boates's Erafmini, 3 yrs old, 6ft.—two miles, for 50gs.

AT

AT BRIGHTHELMSTONE.

ON Tuesday, July the 25th, the second and last year of a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for two yr olds, carrying 8ft.—the Two yr old Course. (4 Subscribers.) With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Panton's ch. f. by Dragon, out of Gnat — 1

Ld Egremont's b. c. by Driver 2

The second and last year of a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. 4lb. and fillies, 8ft. —the last mile. (12 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hyde's b. c. Coiner, by Saltram — 1

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Wrangler 2

Mr. Wyndham's ch. g. by Mufti 3

Even betting on Coiner, 7 to 4 agst Mufti, and 4 to 1 agst Wrangler.

Fifty Pounds for four yr olds, 7ft. 4lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 4lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 11lb. and aged, 9ft.—four miles. With this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.

Ld Clermont's bl. h. Sweeper, by Saltram, aged — 1 1

Ld Egremont's ch. h. Tanrade, 5 yrs old — 2 2

6 to 4 on Tanrade.

The second year of a Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for horses that never started or received forfeit. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Delmé's b. c. 4 yrs old walked over.

WEDNESDAY.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. colts, 8ft. 3lb. fillies, 8ft.—the last mile.

Ld Egremont's f. by Trumpator, bought of Mr. Treves — 1

Sir F. Evelyn's c. by Buzaglo, out of Yarico — 2

Ld Clermont's f. by Precipitate, out of Marigold — 3

5 to 4 agst Ld Clermont.

The third and last year of the Petworth Stakes of 100gs each, for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 3lb. Mares allowed 2lb.—four miles. (15 Subscribers.)

Mr. Howorth's gr. h. Lop, by Crop, 6 yrs old — 1

Mr. Watson's b. h. Yeoman, 5 yrs old — 2

Mr. Day's b. h. Fanlight, 5 yrs old — 3

Mr. Concannon's ch. h. Nightshade, 5 yrs old — 4

Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. Lilly, 4 yrs old — 5

11 to 8 on Yeoman, and 3 to 1 agst Lop.

Fifty Pounds for three yr olds, 7ft. 6b. four yr olds, 8ft. 11lb. five yr olds, 9ft. 7lb. The winner of a Plate or Sweepstakes in 1797, carrying 3lb. extra. of two, 7lb.—heats, the New Course.

Mr. Panton's b. c. Trumpeter, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old — 4 1 1

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Wrangler, 3 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Henwood's b. c. Partner, 4 yrs old — 2 3 4

Mr. Wyndham's br. c. 3 yrs old — 3 4 3

6 to 4 agst Trumpeter.

THURSDAY.

Sweepstakes of 50gs. each, h. ft. for two yr olds,—the last half mile. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Welch's f. by Cobweb, out of Aflesia, 7ft. 11lb. —

Mr. Kingsman's c. by Spectre, out of Equity, 7ft. 11lb. —

Mr.

Mr. Panton's b. c. Deplorable, by Mercury, 3 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb. beat Ld Egremont's c. by Driver, 2 yrs old, 7ft. 2lb.—the last half mile, for 100gs.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, the New Course.

Mr. Watson's Yeoman, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old, 9ft. 4lb. — 1 1
Mr. Henwood's Partner, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 8lb. — 4 2
Mr. Dorrill's f. by Anvil, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb. 3 3
Sir C. Bunbury's Cedar, 4 yrs old, 6ft. 13lb. 2 4
Mr. Broadhurst's Lilly, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 6lb. — dr
Yeoman the favourite.

FRIDAY.

A Handicap Plate of 50l. given by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales:—heats, the New Course.

Mr. Wyndham's ch. g. by Mufti, 3 yrs. old, 6ft. 6lb. — 1 4 1
Mr. Day's Fanlight, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 11lb. 5 1 4
Sir C. Bunbury's Cedar, 4 yrs old, 6ft. 13lb. 3 2 3
Ld Clermont's f. Jonquil, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 6lb. 4 3 2
Mr. Cookson's Deplorable, 3 yrs old. 6ft. 3lb. 2 dr
Mr. Concannon's Night-shade, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 11lb. — dr
Mr. Dorrill's f. by Anvil, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb. dr
Mr. Henwood's Partner, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 4lb. dr
2 to 1 agst Fanlight, 3 to 1 agst Mufti, and 3 to 1 agst Jonquil.

Mr. Howorth's f. by Cobweb, 7ft. 5lb. beat Mr. Panton's f. by Dragon, 7ft. 9lb.—the last third of the mile, 30gs.

5 and 6 to 1 on Mr. Panton.

AT BURFORD.

ON Friday, July the 28th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for five yr olds, carrying 9ft.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's b. h. King Bladud, by Fortunio 3 1 1
Ld Sackville's b. h. Sober Robin — 1 2 2
Mr. Dolphin's br. h. Row-land — 2 3 3
Sober Robin the favourite; after the first heat, 2 to 1 he won; and after the second heat, 7 to 4 on King Bladud.

On Saturday the 29th, the Cup, value 50gs, and the remainder in specie, being a Subscription of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 11lb.—the New Course. (16 Subscribers.)

Mr. Dolphin's b. c. Petworth, by Precipitate, dam by Wood-pecker — 1
Mr. Dolphin's b. c. by Wood-pecker, dam by Dorimant 2
Mr. Turnor's ch. f. Harriet, by Volunteer — 3
Mr. Waller's br. c. George Ridler, by Satellite — 4
Mr. Lade's gr. c. brother to Grey Pilot — 5
Mr. Jones's c. Young Plowboy, by Fortunio — 6
Mr. C. Day's f. Fury, by Fortunio, dam by Boston 7
5 to 4 Mr. Dolphin won.

Fifty Pounds for all ages;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's Doricles, by Potso's, aged, 9ft. 7lb. 1 1
Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 5lb. 3 2
Mr. Dolphin's b. c. Petworth, 3 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. 2 dr
2 to 1 on Petworth, and after the heat, four to 1 on Doricles.

AT LEWES.

ON Tuesday the 1st of August, Mr. Cookson's Deplorable, by Mercury, 7ft. 10lb. beat Ld Clermont's Jonquil, 8ft. 2lb.—the last mile, for 25gs.—5 to 4 on Jonquil.

The first year of a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr. olds, the last mile and an half. (5 Subscribers.) Ld Sackville's ch. c. by Volunteer, out of Marcella, 8ft. 3lb. 1

Mr. Durand's b. c. Whip, 8ft. 10lb. 2

Sir F. Poole's b. f. Mother Shipton, 8ft. 3

Mr. Hyde's Coiner, 8ft. 3lb. 4

Even betting on Ld Sackville's colt, 5 and 6 to 4 agst Whip, and 3 to 1 agst Coiner.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for 6 yr olds, carrying 12ft.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's br. m. Hermione, by Sir Peter 1 1

Mr. Bott's br. h. Totteridge 2 dr 5 to 4 on Hermione.

His Grace the Duke of Richmond's Plate of 50l. for horses bred in Sussex, was walked over for, by

Sir F. Poole's Pelter, by Fortunio, 5 yrs old

On Wednesday the 2^d, the County Plate of 50l.—heats, two miles and an half each.

Mr. Durand's b. h. Play or Pay, by Ulysses, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 8lb. 2 1 1

Ld Egremont's b. h. Go-hanga, aged, 8ft. 7lb. 1 2 2

Sir F. Poole's b. h. Keren-happuch, aged, 8ft. 4lb. 3 dr

A Handicap Plate of 50l. given by the Members for the Borough;—heats, two miles and an half.

Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. Cedar, by Diomed, 4 yrs old, 5ft. 13lb. 1 1

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Mr. Concannon's ch. g. Night-shade, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 2lb. 2 2
Ld Egremont's b. f. Colibri, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb. 3 dr

On Thursday the 3^d, Mr. Wyndham's br. c. by Fidget, 8ft. beat Mr. Cookson's Deplorable, 7ft. 8lb. the last half mile, 25gs.

Mr. Miller's b. g. by Erasmus, 12ft. beat Mr. Rider's b. g. Barsac, 11ft. the last mile, 25gs.

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages;—four miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Mr. Durand's br. c. Little Devil, by Dungannon, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb. 1

Sir F. Poole's b. h. Pelter, 5 yrs, old, 8ft. 5lb. 2

The Ladies' Plate of 60gs;—four miles.

Mr. Durand's br. m. Hermione, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 6lb. 1

Mr. Wyndham's ch. g. by Mufti, 3 yrs old, 5ft. 9lb. 2

Ld Clermont's ch. f. Jonquil, 3 yrs old, 8ft. beat Mr. Concannon's b. f. Lady Sarah, 2 yrs old, 6ft. 3lb. the last half mile, 25gs.

The Town Plate of 50l. for all ages;—heats, two miles and an half.

Sir F. Poole's b. m. Keren-happuch, by Satellite, aged, 8ft. 6lb. 3 1 1

Mr. Wyndham's ch. g. by Mufti, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 2 2 2

Mr. Durand's b. c. Johnny, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 1 3 dr

AT HAVERFORD WEST.

ON Monday, July the 3rd, 50l. for horses foaled in Pembroke, Caermarthen, or Cardiganshire, carrying 12ft.—3-mile heats.

f Col.

Col. Colby's b. h. Mountaineer, by Erasmus, 5 yrs old	1	1	lius, 8ft. each, two miles, 5ogs. h. ft.
Mr. Vaughan's ch. m. Airon-side, by Revenge, 6 yrs old	2	2	Col. Colby's Mountaineer, by Erasmus, 12ft. reed. ft. from Ld Milford's b. g. by Hermit, 11st. 3lb. both 5 yrs old, 5ogs. h. ft.
Ld Milford's b. g. Booby, by Hyder Ally	—	dis	On Friday the 4th, a Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs each;—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)
On Tuesday the 1st of August, a Free Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6ft. 3lb. four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr. olds, 8ft. 4lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. and aged, 8ft. 12lb. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.			Mr. Brigstocke's b. g. Rubinelli, by Mercury, out of Rosemary, 4 yrs old, 9ft. —
Mr. Edwardes's b. h. Rattoon, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old	1	1	Mr. Edwardes's Halbert, aged, 10ft. —
Mr. C. Day's b. c. Royal Oak, 4 yrs old	—	2	Ld Milford's Ruby, 8ft. 12lb. Mr. Vaughan's mare, 7ft. and Mr. Smith's br. g. Hue-and-Cry, 8ft. 12lb. also started, but were not placed.
Ld Cawdor's br. h. Fort William, aged	—	dis	AT HUNTINGDON.
Ld Milford's b. g. Ruby (late Eager) aged	—	dis	ON Tuesday, August the 1st, 50l. for colts, &c. foaled in either of the above-mentioned Counties; 3 yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. and four yr olds, 9ft. 9lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—3-mile heats.
Mr. Heming's ch. g. Pimento, by Gay	—	dis	Ld Clarendon's b. f. Grana-dilla, by Fidget, 3 yrs old —

On Wednesday the 2d, 50l. for colts, &c. foaled in either of the above-mentioned Counties; 3 yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. and four yr olds, 9ft. 9lb. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—3-mile heats.

Col. Colby's b. g. by Erasmus, 3 yrs old	—	2	D. of Grafton's b. f. Rat-tle, 4 yrs old	6	1
Mr. Vaughan's br. c. Brown Sloven, by Mopsus, 4 yrs old	—	3	Sir F. Standish's br. f. Pa-riot, 4 yrs old	5	3
Mr. Brigstocke's b. c. by Hol-lyhock, 4 yrs old	—	3	Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Laurentina, 3 yrs old	4	4

Mr. Vaughan's m. Virgin, beat Mr. Prescott's h. Tippoo Saib, 6ft. each, four miles, for 2ogs.

On Thursday the 3d, 50l. for hunters, carrying 13ft. rode by Gentlemen:—3-mile heats.

Mr. Smith's b. g. Fox	1	1	Sir C. Bunbury's gr. c. Greyhound, 3 yrs old	2	dr
Ld Milford's b. g. Booby, by Hyder Ally	—	dis	Ld Clermont's br. f. 3 yrs old	—	3 dr
Mr. Vaughan's ch. g. Lilliput	dis		A Subscription of 5gs each, for hunters,—2-mile heats. (11 Subscribers.)		

Col. Colby's b. g. by Erasmus, beat Mr. Edwardes's b. c. by Aure-

Mr. Mewburn's b. h. Rustic, by Telemachus	—	1	Mr. Chambers's ch. h.	2	2
Mr. Hopkinson's b. m. Abigail	3	3	Mr. Hopkinson's b. m. Abigail	3	3
On			On		

On Wednesday the 2d, 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 3lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. and aged, 9ft. Mares allowed 3lb. The winner of one Plate or Sweepstakes in 1797, carrying 4lb. of two, 6lb. extra. those that never won a Plate or Sweepstakes, allowed 4lb.—4-mile heats.

Duke of Grafton's b. m.

Drab, by Highflyer, 6 yrs old — 1 4 1

Ld. Darlington's b. h. St.

George, aged — 2 1 3

Sir F. Standish's br. f. Parrot, 4 yrs old — 3 3 2

Ld. Grosvenor's b. h. Lilliput, aged — 5 2 dr

Ld. Clermont's br. h. Pynator, 6 yrs old — 4 dr

Dr. J. Willis's bl. c. Charcoal, 4 yrs old — 6 dr

On Thursday the 3d, 50l. for all ages; the winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Mewburn's b. h. Rustic, by Telemachus, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 5lb. — 4 1 1

Ld. Sondes's gr. h. Maximus, 5 yrs old, 7ft. 12lb. — 1 2 2

Ld. Clermont's bl. h. Sweeper, aged, 8ft. 8lb. — 3 3 3

Ld. Clarendon's b. m. Janette, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. — 2 4 dr

D. of Queenberry's b. m. 5 yrs old, 7ft. 9lb. — dif

Sweeper the favourite, and very high odds agst Rustic; after the first heat, Maximus the favourite, and 50 to 1 agst Rustic; after the second heat, Maximus the favourite.

AT SHAWBURY.

ON Tuesday the 1st of August, a Silver Cup, value 50l. the gift of Andrew Corbet, Esq. for hunters, the property of Salep Freeholders;

five yr olds carrying 10ft. 10lb. six yr olds, 11ft. 7lb. and aged, 12ft.—3-mile heats.

Mr. A. Corbet's Sweet

Willy O — 3 1 1

Mr. Lockley's b. g. by Sir

H. Harpur's Herod 1 2 2

Mr. Mason's Blast 2 3 3

Sweepstakes of 10gs each;—2-mile heats. (Subscribers.)

Mr. Lockley's c. by Sir H. Harpur's Herod, walked over.

On Wednesday the 2d, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, carrying a feather; four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 3lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. and aged, 9ft. Mares allowed 3lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Underhill's ch. m.

Twig'em, aged — 2 1 1

Mr. Lloyd's b. g. Dealer 1 2 2

Mr. Corbet's b. m. Woburn Lass — 3 3 dr

AT WORCESTER.

ON Wednesday, August the 2d, 50l. for horses that had not won or received forfeit before the 1st of May, 1797, was won by

Sir J. Leicester's ch. c. by Jupiter, 4 yrs old

On Thursday the 3d, 50l. for hunters, bred in the County, the property of Freeholders, carrying 12ft.

Mr. Wheeler's gr. g. Kyre Green, by Critic, 6 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Izard's ch. m. by Lexicon 3 2

Mr. Pain's b. m. Harriet 2 3

On Friday the 4th, 50l. free for any horse, &c. that never won a King's Plate;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's ch. h. Doricles, by Potow's, aged — 1 1

f 2 Mr.

Mr. Benton's b. m. Mulespinner, aged	—	3	2
Mr. Ross's b. g. brother to Felix	—	2	dr

Mr. Hammond's ch. h. Pumpkin, beat Capt. Harrison's b. g.—rode by the owners.

We are sorry to give so imperfect an account of the above Races, and to omit entirely that of Hereford. Our Correspondents at both places having failed to send us a return of the sport, we cannot give them authentic or compleat till the next Number.

AT LAMBOURN.

ON Thursday, August the 3d, 50l. given by Lord Craven, for all ages;—4-mile heats.

No race, only Lark and King Bladud being entered.

Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for three and four yr olds. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hallett's Stickler, by Highflyer, walked over.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for horses that had not started before the time of naming. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hallett's b. h. Inferior by Dungannon, out of Blackthorn, walked over.

On Friday the 4th, 50l. for maiden horses; three yr olds, 6ft. 4lb. 1yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 4lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot, 4 yrs old — 4 1 1

Mr. Phillips's b. f. by Pot-8o's, four yrs old 1 2 2

Mr. Hallett's b. h. Inferior, 5 yrs old 2 4 3

Mr. Dolphin's b. c. Hick-all, by Woodpecker, 3 yrs old — 3 3 dr

Sir T. Wallace's b. h. Lark, 5 yrs old	5	5	dr
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AT ALFRESTON, SUSSEX.

ON Tuesday, August the 8th, a Sweepstakes of 5gs. each, for all ages;—heats, two miles and an half. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Henwood's b. c. Wrangler, by Diomed, 3 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Durand's b. c. Johnny, 3 yrs old — 2 2

Capt. Blaggrave's br. m. Proserpine, 5 yrs old 3 3

Mr. Harvey's ch. h. Snake, aged — 6 4

Mr. Pope's ch. f. Pretty Patty, 3 yrs old — 4 5

Mr. Scutt's b. f. by Anvil, 4 yrs old — 5 dr

A Hunters' Sweepstakes, rode by Gentlemen.

Mr. Mirant's b. m. Mrs. Casey — 4 1 1

Mr. Notquiddip's bl. m. 1 4 2

Mr. Durand's b. h. Juggler 2 2 dr

Mr. Cooper's ch. m. 3 3 dr

The Subscription Plate of 50l.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Johnny, by King Fergus, 3 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Harben's b. h. Clericus, 6 yrs old — 2 2

Mr. Scutt's ch. h. 5 yrs old 3 3

Mr. Allen's g. beat Mr. Scutt's g. one mile.

AT NOTTINGHAM.

ON Tuesday, August the 8th, his Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for six yr olds, carrying 12ft.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Sitwell's b. h. Moorcock, by Highflyer — 2 1

D. of Grafton's br. m. Minion 2 dr

Fifty

Fifty Pounds for four yr olds:—
2-mile heats.

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c
Cardinal, by Delpini,
8ft. 7lb. — 2 1 1
Mr. Dawson's b. c. Hip-
popotamus, 8ft. 10lb. 1 2 2

On Wednesday the 9th, 50l. ad-
ded to a Subscription of 5gs each,
for three yr old colts, 8ft. 2lb. and
fillies, 8ft.—heats, the last mile and
an half.

Mr. G. Crompton's b. c.
Lounger, by Drone, out
of Miss Judy 4 1 1
Mr. Martin's ch. f. Creep-
ing Ceres — 1 2 2
Sir W. Gerard's ch. c.
Little Humphrey, by
King Fergus 3 4 3
Sir R. Winn's gr. f. by
Delpini — 2 5 4
Mr. Green's br. c. Osber-
ton, by Drone 5 3 dr

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hun-
ters, carrying 12ft.—four miles.
(15 Subscribers.)

Mr. Savile's b. m. Thespis 1
Mr. J. Hall's b. h. Contest 2
Mr. Hall's ch. h. Hap-hazard 3

On Thursday the 10th, 50l. for
all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Tatton's b. h. Patriot, by
Rockingham, aged, 8ft.
11lb. — 1 1
Mr. Martin's Creeping Ceres,
3 yrs old, a feather 2 dr

AT WORCESTER.

ON Wednesday the 2d of Au-
gust, a subscription of 5gs
each, for all ages.

Mr. W. Benton's b. g. brother
to Felix, by Mercury, 5 yrs
old — 1 1

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Mr. J. Paine's b. m. Harriet,
by Fearnought, 5 yrs old 2 2
Mr. Berwick's br. F. Phophe-
tess, by Critic, 3 yrs old 3 3
Mr. J. Goulder's b. c. Plough-
boy, by Fortunio, 3 yrs old,
ran out of the Course dis

Fifty Pounds for horses, &c.
which had not won or received for-
feit before the 1st of May last; four
yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft.
2lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. and aged,
9ft. Mares allowed 3lb.—4-mile
heats.

Sir J. Leicester's b. c. by
Jupiter, 4 yrs old 3 1 1
Mr. R. Knight's br. m.
by Highflyer, out of
Nutcracker, 5 yrs old 1 2 3
Mr. W. Benton's b. c. by
Rockingham, 4 yrs old 2 3 2

On Thursday the 3d, 50l. for
hunters, bred in the County, the
property of Freeholders, carrying
12ft.

Mr. Wheeler's gr. g. Kyre
Green, by Critic, 6 yrs old 1 1
Mr. J. Paine's b. m. Harriet 2 2
Mr. Izard's ch. m. by Lexicon 3 3

On Friday the 4th, 50l. for horses,
&c. that never won a King's Plate;
four yr olds, 7ft. five yr olds, 8ft.
six yr olds, 8ft. 9lb. and aged, 9ft.
2lb. A winner of one Plate since
the 1st of March last, carrying 3lb.
of two or more, 5lb. extra. Mares
allowed 3lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's Doricles, by
Po18o's, aged 1 1
Mr. W. Benton's Mulespinner,
aged — 2 2
Mr. Ross's brother to Felix,
5 yrs old — 3 dr

AT HEREFORD.

ON Wednesday the 9th of Au-
gust, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile
heats.

g Mr.

Mr. Brereton's b. h.	Mr. Smith Barry's b. c.
King Bladud, by Vis-a-Vis, by High-	flyer, 4 yrs old
Fortunio, 5 yrs old 8 3 1 1	1 2 1
Mr. Ratcliff's ch. c.	Mr. Lockley's b. c. Sir
Cimon, 4 yrs old 7 5 2 2	Isaac Newton, 3 yrs old
On Thursday the 10th, 50l. for	— 6 1 2
three and four yr olds;—2-mile	Mr. Smith's b. g. Slim,
heats.	5 yrs old — 4 6 3
Mr. Dolphin's b. c. Petworth,	Mr. Gorwood's ch. c. 4
by Precipitate, 3 yrs old,	yrs old — 3 3 dr
7ft. 5lb. — 1 1	Mr. Sitwell's ch. c. Com-
Mr. Ratcliff's ch. c. Cimon,	modore, 3 yrs old
4 yrs old, 8ft. 9lb. 4 2	2 4 dr
Mr. Jones's b. c. Ploughboy,	Sir W. W. Wynn's br. h.
3 yrs old, 7ft. — 3 3	Sweet Botheram, 5 yrs old
Mr. Day's b. c. Royal Oak,	— 5 5 dr.
4 yrs old, 8ft. 9lb. 5 4	A Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for
Mr. Brereton's ch. f. Harriet,	hunters, the property of Subscribers,
3 yrs old, 6ft. 11lb. 2 dr	carrying 12ft.—four miles. (18
On Friday the 11th, the City	Subscribers.)
Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile	Sir J. Ramden's b. h. by Jupiter
heats.	1
Mr. Brereton's b. h. King	Mr. Lumley Saville's b. m. Thef-
Bladud, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 5lb. 1 1	pis — — 2
Mr. Dolphin's br. h. Roland,	Mr. Lockley's b. g. 5 yrs old
5 yrs old, 8ft. — 2 2	3
Hunters Sweepstakes of 10gs each;	Mr. J. Hall's Contest, by Jupiter
weight, 12ft.—4-mile heats. (6 Sub-	4
scribers.) The owner of the second	Mr. Hall's ch. h. Hap-hazard
horse to receive back his Stake.	5
Mr. Wakeman's b. m. Paro-	On Wednesday the 16th, 50l. for
quet, by King Fergus 1 1	three yr olds, 6ft. four yr olds, 7ft.
Ld Oxford's b. m. by High-	3lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 3lb. six yr
flyer — 2 2	olds, 8ft. 9lb. and aged, 9ft. The
Mr. Rickett's b. g. Vengeance 4 3	winner of one 50l. this year, carry-
Mr. Croose's gr. g. Nimrod 3 dr	ing 3lb. of two, 5lb. and of three,
7lb. extra.—4-mile heats.	7lb. extra.—4-mile heats.
Mr. Tatton's b. h. Yorkshire	
Bite, by Pot80's, 5 yrs old 1 1	
D. of Grafton's br. m. Mini-	
on, 6 yrs old — 3 2	
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. True	
Blue, 5 yrs old — 2 dr	

AT DERBY.

ON Tuesday, August the 15th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. given by his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, for three yr olds, 7ft. 2lb. four yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged, 9ft. Mares and geldings allowed 2lb.—2-mile heats.

AT CANTERBURY.

ON Tuesday, August the 15th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. 2lb. and fillies, 8ft.—two miles. (8 Subscribers.)

Ld Sondes's b. f. Fugitive, by Escape — 0 1

Sir

Sir J. Honywood's b. f. Louisa	vender Hunt, carrying 12ft.—2-mile heats.
Mr. Hyde's b. c. Calendar, by Goliah	Mr. Hilton's b. m. by Flying Gib
— 3	— 1 1
Sweepstakes of 200gs each, for three and four yr olds;—two miles. (6 Subscribers.)	Mr. Dupp'a's b. h. Sportsman 2 2
Ld Sondes's Doubtful, by Potso's, walked over.	Sir E. Knatchbull's b. h. Sir Thomas — 3 dr
Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for all ages;—2-mile heats. (11 Subscribers.)	On Friday the 18th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.
Ld Sondes's b. f. Doubtful, by Potso's, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 1lb. 1 1	Ld Sondes's Yeoman, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 13lb. 2 1 1
Sir J. Honywood's Louisa, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 11lb. 2 dr	Mr. Crosoer's Fox-hunter, 3 yrs old, 5ft. 2lb. 1 2 2
<hr/>	
AT YORK.	
<hr/>	
<p>ON Saturday, August the 19th, a Sweepstakes of 50gs each, for three yr old fillies, carrying 8ft.—the last mile and an half.</p>	
<p>Mr. Dodsworth's b. f. sister to Symmetry, by Young Marske 1</p>	
<p>Mr. J. Coates's b. f. by Young Marske, out of Omphale 2</p>	
<p>Ld A. Hamilton's ch. f. by King Fergus, out of Young Maiden 3</p>	
<p>Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. by King Fergus, dam by Young Mariske 4</p>	
<p>Mr. J. Bakess's b. f. by the Philippo Arabian, dam by Adamant — 5</p>	
<p>5 to 4 the field agst Mr. Dodsworth.</p>	
<p>Mr. Hutchinson's Benningbrough, by King Fergus, 7ft. 4lb. recd. ft. from Mr. Tatton's Yorkshire Bite, 7ft.—two miles, 200gs, 50 ft.</p>	
<p>On Monday the 21st, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for six yr olds, carrying 12ft.—four miles.</p>	
<p>Mr. Wentworth's ch. h. Trimbush, by Young Morwick 1</p>	
<p>Mr. Spence's Tommy-be-honest, by Jupiter — 2</p>	
<p>7 and 8 to 1 on Trimbush.</p>	
<p>Subscription of 25gs each, for horses the property of Subscribers</p>	
g 2 three	

three months before running; four yr olds 7ft. 7lb. five yr oldt, 8ft. 5lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. and aged, 9ft. Four yr old fillies allowed 4lb.—four miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Wentworth's Harry Rowe, by Pantalon, 4 yrs old 1

Sir C. Turner's Pepper-pot, 4 yrs old 2

Mr. Garforth's gr. h. Brilliant, 6 yrs old 3

Ld A. Hamilton's ch. c by Mercury, 4 yrs old, broke his shoulder.

7 to 4 agst Pepper-pot, 5 to 1 agst Brilliant, 5 to 1 agst Ld A. Hamilton, and 5 to 1 agst Harry Rowe.

The Great Produce Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for four yr olds:—four miles. (22 Subscribers.)

Mr. Dawson's b. c. Hippopotamus, by King Fergus, 8ft. 4lb. 1

Mr. Dawson's b. c. Hyperion, 8ft. 4lb. 2

Ld A. Hamilton's b. c. by Trumper, 8ft. 7lb. 3

Sir F. Starnish's b. c. Didelot, 8ft. 4lb. 4

Ld Fitzwilliam's br. f. by Sir Peter, 8ft. 5lb. 5

7 to 4 agst Hyperion, 5 to 2 agst Didelot, 4 to 1 agst Hippopotamus, and 10 to 1 agst Ld Fitzwilliam.

Produce Sweepstakes of 50gs each; colts, 8ft. 3lb. fillies, 8ft.—two miles. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Bell's f. by Delpini, out of Swordsman's dam, walked over.

On Tuesday, the Give-and-take Plate of 50l. given by the City (with the late Mr. Perrin's 30l. added) for all ages—4-mile heats, was walked over for, by

Mr. Clay's br. g 5 yrs old, 13 hands, 5ft. 10lb.

Sir H. V. Tempest's b. f. by Fidget, recd. from Ld Darlington's ch.

f. by Javelin, 7ft. 7lb. each, the last mile, 50gs.

On Wednesday, 50l. given by the City, added to one-third of the Great Subscription of 25gs each, for five yr olds, the property of Subscribers, carrying 8ft. 7lb. each;—four miles.

Sir H. V. Tempest's Hambletonian, by King Fergus 1

Ld A. Hamilton's gr. h. by Volunteer 2

7 to 1 on Hambletonian.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, h. ft. for four yr olds—three miles. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. Dawson's b. c. Hippopotamus, walked over.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft. for two yr olds, carrying 8ft. from Middlethorpe Corner, in. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Dawson's f. by Weasel, out of Imperatrix 1

Sir C. Turner's f. by Weasel, out of Sincerity 2

3 and 4 to 1 on Mr. Dawson's filly.

Mr. Dodsworth's br. f. by Young Marske, beat Sir C. Turner's ch. f. by Delpini, 8ft. each, the last mile and half, 50gs h. ft.

2 to 1 on Mr. Dodsworth's filly.

On Thursday Fifty Pounds, given by the City, added to one-third of the 25gs Subscription, for six yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. and aged, 9ft.—four miles.

Sir H. V. Tempest's Hambleton, 3 yrs old 1

Mr. Hutchinson's Beningborough, 6 yrs old 2

Mr. Wentworth's Trimbush, 6 yrs old 3

Mr. Garforth's Brilliant, 6 yrs old 4

Even betting Hambletonian agst the field, and 6 to 4 he beat Beningbrough.

On Friday, Fifty Pounds, given by the City, added to one-third of the

the 25gs Subscription, for four yr old colts, 8ft. 7lb. and fillies, 8ft. 4lb.—four miles.

Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Harry Rowe, by Pantalon 1

Col. Hamilton's b. c. by Phœnomenon — 2

Mr. Peirce's b. c. Rosolio 3

Sir C. Turner's ch. c. Pepper-pot 4

5 to 4 on Harry Rowe, 7 to 4 agst Rosolio, 4 to 1 agst Pepper-pot, and 20 to 1 agst Col. Hamilton.

On Saturday, the Ladies Plate, for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 5lb. six yr olds and aged, 8ft. 12lb. Fillies allowed 3lb.—four miles.

Mr. Cookson's b. h. Diamond, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old 1

Ld A. Hamilton's gr. h. by Volunteer, 5 yrs old — 2

3 and 4 to 1 on Diamond.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. 2lb.—two miles. (3 Subscribers).

Mr. Milbank's br. c. Honest John, by Sir Peter — 1

Mr. G. Crompton's Telegraph 2
2 and 3 to 1 on Honest John.

Mr. Marshall's b. f. Dairy Maid, by Royal Slave, beat Mr. Eedeson's f. Linnet, by Delpini, two miles, for 50gs.
5 to 4 on Dairy Maid.

On Monday the 28th, Mr. Dawson's Hyperion or Hippopotamus, recd. ft. from Mr. Peirce's Rosolio, 8ft. 7lb. each, four miles, 200gs. h. ft.

AT BARNET.

ON Tuesday, August the 22d, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7ft. 2lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 5lb.—2-mile heats.—With this

condition, that the winner was to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Henwood's b. c. Young Partner, by Snip, 4 yrs old 1 1

Mr. Bott's c. by Vertumnus, 3 yrs old — 3 2

Mr. Emden's Play-fair, 3 yrs old — 2 3

On Wednesday the 23d, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.—The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Golding's bl. h. brother to Minos, by Justice, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 12lb. — 1 1

Mr. Sutton's b. c. Dispute, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 12lb. — 2 2

Mr. Marshall's Post-boy, aged dif

AT MONTROSE, SCOTLAND.

ON Tuesday the 8th of August, a Plate of 50l.

Mr. Kincaid's c. Rolliker, by Aurelius, 4 yrs old 3 1 1

Ld Darlington's b. c. Tally-ho! 4 yrs old — 2 2 dr

Mr. F. Sitwell's br. h. Thereabouts, 5 yrs old 1 dif

On Wednesday the 9th, a 50l. Plate.

Sir H. Williamson's Hambleton, by Dungannon, walked over.

On Thursday the 10th, the Ladies' Purse of 50l.

Mr. Kincaid's Rolliker, 4 yrs old — 1 1

Mr. Maule's Scorpion, aged 2 2

Major Pierpoint's Trimmer, aged — 4 3

Col. Hamilton's gr. c. 4 yrs old — 3 dr

On Friday the 11th, a Subscription Purse of 50l.

Sir H. Williamson's Hambleton walked over.

AT

AT READING.

ON Tuesday, August the 29th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

No race, for want of horses.

On Wednesday the 30th, 50l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 11lb. and five yr olds, 8ft 7lb. the winner of a Plate this year, carrying 3lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Dolphin's b. h. Roland, by Postboy's, 5 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot, 4 yrs old — 2 2

On Thursday the 31st, 50l. for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 11lb. the winner of one Plate this year, carrying 3lb. of two or more, 4lb. extra.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Whip, by Saltram — 1 1
Mr. Dolphin's b. c. Hickwell, by Woodpecker — 5 2
Mr. Smith's b. f. Angelica, by Highflyer — 3 3
Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Wrangler — 2 dr
Mr. Turnor's ch. filly 4 dr
Mr. Lade's gr. c. by Pilot (fell) dif

Mr. Dodsworth's gr. c. by Drone, 3 yrs old 3 4 dr
Mr. Brackenbury's b. f. by Privateer, 4 yrs old (threw her rider) 2 dif

A Sweepstakes of 100gs each, for hunters, carrying 12ft —twice round the Course. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Lockley's b. g. by Sir H. Harpur's Herod, 5 yrs old 1
Mr. Savile's b. m. Thespis 2
Mr. Hall's ch. h. Hap-hazard 3

Mr. H. Sitwell's br. pony, by Weazel, 13 hands, 7ft. 6lb. and an half, beat Mr. Lockley's pony, 12 hands 1 inch and three quarters, 7ft.—two miles, 50gs, h. ft.

On Thursday the 31st, a Gold Cup, value 70l. free for any horse, &c.—Heats, twice round.

Ld G. H. Cavendish's b. h. by Jupiter, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. — 1 1
Mr. Sitwell's b. h. Moorcock, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 12lb. 2 2

Mr. H. Sitwell's br. f. cousin to Beningbrough, beat Mr. Lockley's brother to Sparrowhawk, rode by the owners, two miles.

Mr. Sitwell's Commodore, by Volunteer, beat Mr. Lockley's Sir Isaac Newton, 8ft. each, two miles, 50gs, h. ft.

On Friday, September 1st. 50l. for horses, &c. that never won a Plate of greater value.—4-mile heats.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. by Sir Peter Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 9lb. — 7 1 1
Mr. Sitwell's ch. c. Commodore, 3 yrs old, 5ft. 12lb. — 1 5 6
Mr. Denham's b. g. Honest Tom, by Jupiter, dam by Herod, 6 yrs old, 8ft. 4lb. — 5 3 2
Mr. Lord's b. m. Mule-spinner, aged, 9ft. 2lb. 2 7 3 Ld

AT CHESTERFIELD.

ON Wednesday, August the 30th, a Maiden Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7ft. 2lb. and four yr olds, 8ft. 4lb. Fillies allowed 2lb.—Heats, once round.

Mr. Lockley's b. c. Sir Isaac Newton, by Meteor, 3 yrs old 4 1 1
Mr. Gorwood's ch. c. by Phenomenon, 4 yrs old 1 2 2
Mr. Knight's gr. c. Little Jack, by Delpini, dam by Matchem, 3 yrs old 5 3 3

Ld G. H. Cavendish's b.				
h. by Jupiter, 5 yrs old,				
8ft. 10lb. —	3	2	4	
Mr. Dodsworth's gr. c by				
Drone, 3 yrs old, 6ft.				
3lb. —	4	4	7	
Mr. Brackenbury's b. f.				
by Privateer, 4 yrs old,				
7ft. 3lb. —	6	6	5	

Mr. Smith's b. g. Slim, 5 yrs old, 10ft. beat Mr. H. Sitwell's br. m. by Glancer, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 7lb.—two miles, 50gs, h. ft.

AT EGHAM.

ON Tuesday, September the 5th, the Magna Charter Stakes of 20gs. each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. 3lb. and fillies, 8ft.—the new mile. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. Rose, by				
Young Eclipse —	1			
Mr. Durand's b. c. Whip	2			
5 to 2, and 3 to 1, on Whip.				

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each—four miles. (3 Subscribers.)

Col. Harcourt's b. g. Staghunter,				
by Glancer, aged, 10ft. 3lb.	1			
Mr. Corrie's ch. m. Margaretta,				
5 yrs old, 10ft. —	2			

3 to 1 on Staghunter.

Fifty Pounds for all ages—4-mile heats, with condition that the winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Johnny,				
by King Fergus, 3 yrs old,				
5ft. 8lb. —	1	1		

Sir F. Poole's b. m. Keren-				
happuch, aged, 8ft. 11lb.	2	2		
Mr. Lade's b. c. by Pilot, 4				

yrs old, 7ft. 7lb.	3	3		
Col. Cowell's br. h. Beau Gar-				

Col. Cowell's br. h. Beau Gar-				
con, five yrs old, 7ft. 13lb.	4	dis-		

2 to 1 on Keren-happuch, and after

the heat, 2 to 1 agst her, and 6 to 4 on Johnny.

For the match b. tween Mr. Knight's bl. m. Sweetwort, by King Fergus, and Mr. Bell's ch. h. Nossey, 8ft. each, four miles, 100gs, the winner to have both horses, the former walked over.

On Wednesday a Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 11lb. the winner of the Woodcot Stakes carrying 4lb. extra.—the last half mile. (9 Subscribers.)

Ld Egremont's b. f. by Wood-pecker, out of Camilla (4lb. extra) —

Mr. Cookson's b. c. Weaver, brother to Shuttle —

Mr. Durand's b. c. Pickpocket, by Saltram —

Mr. Broadhurst's b. c. by Dungannon, out of Plaistow's dam

4 Even betting on the filly, 5 to 2 agst Weaver, 3 to 1 agst Pickpocket, and 10 to 1 agst Mr. Broadhurst.

Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for all ages—three-miles (3 Subscribers.)

Ld Egremont's b. h. Gohanna, by Mercury, aged, walked over.

The Ladies Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds—2-mile heats. (None but three yr olds entered.)

Mr. Broadhurst's b. f. Rose, by Young Eclipse, 7ft. 11lb. —

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Wrangler, 7ft. 4lb. —

Mr. Lade's gr. c. by Pilot, 6ft. 10lb. —

Sir F. Evelyn's ch. c. by Buzzago, 7ft. 11lb. —

Mr. Harris's b. c. Squirrel, 6ft. 12lb. —

Ld Egremont's b. f. Bugle, by Trumpator, 7ft. 11lb. —

Mr. Ladbrooke's br. c. Hermit, (late Coiner) 7ft. 8lb. —

2 to

2 to 1 agst Rose, 3 to 1 agst Wrangler, 3 to 1 agst Hermit; after the heat, 6 to 4 on Rose.

On Thursday, Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each,—four miles, (6 Subscribers.)

Col. Harcourt's b. g. Staghunter, aged, 10ft. 3lb.

Mr. Corrie's ch. m. Margaretta, 5 yrs old, 9ft. 7lb.

Mr. Esdale's b. h. by Wood-pecker, 5 yrs old, 9ft. 9lb.

Margaretta the favourite.

Fifty Pounds for all ages;—2-mile heats:—with this condition that the winner was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Durand's b. c. Johnny, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 12lb.

Ld Egremont's br. h. Ragged Jack, six yrs old, 9ft. 3lb.

Mr. Dilly's b. f. by Anvil, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 1lb.

Mr. Baxter's b. c. Farmer, 3 yrs old, 6ft. 10lb.

Mr. Lade's gr. f. by Pilot, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 9lb.

Johnny the favorite.

AT WARWICK.

ON Tuesday, September the 5th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for six yr olds, carrying 12ft.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Durand's m. Hermione, by Sir Peter Teazle 2 0 1 1

Mr. Beyley's ro. h. Confederacy 1 0 2 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for all ages, two yr olds carrying a feather; three yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. four yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 9ft. 5lb. six yr olds, 9ft. 8lb. and aged, 9ft. 10lb. Winner once, carrying 3lb. extra. twice, 5lb. thrice, 7lb. extra.—heats,

the last mile. The winner to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c. (12 Subscribers.)

Mr. G. Villiers's b. f. Granadilla, by Fidget, 3 yrs old 5 1 1

Mr. Dolphin's ch. f. by Volunteer, 4 yrs old 1 5 2

Ld Sondes's c. Edgar, 4 yrs old — 2 2 3

Ld Clarendon's b. m. Janette, six yrs old 3 3 4

Mr. Day's b. f. Fury, 3 yrs old — 4 4 dr

Fifty Pounds for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's b. h. King Bladud, by Fortunio, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 10lb. — 1 1

Mr. Forty's br. m. Mermaid, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. 2 dr

On Wednesday, the Members' Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Tatton's b. h. Patriot, by Rockingham, aged, 8ft. 12lb. — 1 1

Mr. Brereton's ch. h. Dericles, aged, 9ft. 2lb. 2 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for two and three yr olds. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. G. Villiers's Granadilla, 3 yrs old, walked over.

The Town Purse of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Tatton's b. h. Yorkshire Bite, by Pot8o's, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 8lb. 2 1 1

Mr. G. Villiers's b. h. Frederick, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. — 1 2 2

Mr. Edwardes's b. h. Halbert, aged 3 3 dr

AT RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

ON Tuesday, September the 5th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added by the Corporation, for

for all ages;—3-mile heats. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. J. Hutchinson's gr. c.
Little Scot, by Delpini,
dam by King Fergus, 3 yrs
old, a feather — 1 1

Mr. T. Hutchinson's f. *Æthe*,
4 yrs old, 7ft. 10lb. 2 2

Mr. Cookson's Diamond, 5 yrs
old, 8ft. 6lb. (ran off the
Course) — dif

Mr. Walton's b. m. Farewell, by
Slope, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 3lb. beat
Mr. Hutton's b. f. Bellona, 4 yrs
old, 7ft. 7lb.—four miles, 100gs.

On Wednesday, his Majesty's
Plate of 100gs. for five yr old
mares, carrying 10ft.—four miles.

Mr. Walton's Farewell, by Slope 1

Mr. Lockley's Queen Charlotte 2

Mr. Stapleton's Susannah 3

Ld Caffillis's Clementina, 4 yrs
old — 4

Col. Hamilton's b. f. 4 yrs old 5

Mr. Grove's roan mare 6

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for
three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies,
7ft. 12lb.—once round. (6 Sub-
scribers.)

Mr. Milbank's br. c. Honest
John, by Sir Peter 1

Sir H. V. Tempest's b. c. by
Alexander, out of Cat 2

Sir T. Gascoign's b. c. by Del-
pini, out of Cora — 3

Mr. Morritt's b. c. brother to Ro-
folio — 4

The Cup, free for any horse, &c.
that did not win a great Subscrip-
tion at York this year; three yr
olds, 5ft. 10lb. four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb.
five yr olds, 8ft. 3lb. six yr olds, 8ft.
10lb. and aged, 9ft. Fillies allowed
2lb.—Four miles.

Sir W. Gerrard's Garswood, by
King Fergus, 3 yrs old 1

Mr. J. Hutchinson's Little Scot,
3 yrs old — 2

Mr. Cookson's Diamond, 5 yrs
old — 3

Mr. Milbank's Honest John, 3
yrs old — 4

Mr. Pearse's b. c. Sofolio, 4 yrs
old — 5

Mr. T. Hutchinson's Hipswell, 3
yrs old, ran off the Course.

On Thursday, Fifty Pounds for
three and four yr olds—2 mile
heats.

Sir W. Gerrard's Garswood, 3 yrs
old, received the appointed pre-
mium—the other three that were
entered, being drawn.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for 3
yr old fillies, carrying 7ft. 7lb.—
once round. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Caermarthen's b. f. by Young
Mariske, dam by Herod 1

Mr. Robinson's b. f. by King Fer-
gus, out of Fanny 2

AT LINCOLN.

ON Wednesday, September the
6th, his Majesty's Plate of
100gs. for four and five yr old mares,
wt. for age and qualifications—2-
mile heats.

Sir T Gascoigne's ch. f.
Golden Locks, by Del-
pini, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 11lb. 3 1 1

Ld Clermont's br. f. Horn-
pipe, 4 yrs old, 8ft.
1lb. — 1 2 2

Mr. Bettison's b. f. Little
Pickle, by Adamant, 4
yrs old, 7ft. 8lb. 4 3 3

Dr. J. Willis's b. m. by
Telemachus, 5 yrs old,
8ft. 7lb. — 2 dr

Hornpipe the favourite.

Mr. R. Heathcote's ch. m. Pe-
titte, by Bourdeaux, aged, 8ft. 3lb.
beat Dr. J. Willis's bl. c. Char-
h coal,

coal, 4 yrs old, 7ft.—two miles, for 100gs.

On Thursday, the 7th, 30l. for all ages—2 mile heats.

Mr. Wentworth's b. c. Cardinal, by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 1lb. — 1 1

Sir C. Turner's ch. f. by Delpini, 3 yrs old, 6ft. — 2 2

Col. Dunlop's b. g. by Posthumous, aged, 8ft. 4lb. — 4 3

Ld W. Beauclerk's b. g. Wildgoose, by Highflyer, 4 yrs old, 7ft. 3lb. — 3 4

Cardinal the Favourite.

On Friday the 8th, 70gs. for all ages; 2-mile heats.

Mr. Wentworth's br. c. Harry Rowe, by Pantalon, 4 yrs old, 8ft. — 1 1

Ld Clermont's br. f. Hornpipe, 4 yrs old, 8ft. 4lb. — 4 2

Sir C. Turner's ch. c. Pepperpot, 4 yrs old, 8ft. — 2 3

Dr. J. Willis's b. m. by Telemachus, 5 yrs old, 8ft. 6lb. — 3 4

In running the second heat, Pepperpot was thrown down by a person on foot crossing the Course near the end, when leading, and supposed to be winning the heat.

AT BEDFORD.

ON Wednesday the 6th of September, the Woburn Stakes of 100gs each, for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 9ft. and aged, 9ft. 3lb. Mares allowed 2lb.—four miles. With a condition, that the winner was to be sold for 100gs, if demanded, &c. (10 Subscribers.)

Ld Sondes's gr. h. Maximus, by Highflyer, 5 yrs old — 1

Ld Clarendon's br. c. Cannons, 4 yrs old — 2

D. of Grafton's br. f. Rattle, yrs old —

Mr. Day's b. h. Fanlight, 5 yrs old —

Hunters Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for four yr olds, carrying 8ft. five yr olds, 9ft. six yr olds, 9ft. 7lb. aged, 9ft. 10lb. Mares allowed 2lb.—2 mile heats. The winner to be sold for 50gs, if demanded, &c.

D. of Bedford's b. g. by Highflyer, out of Fidget's dam, 4 yrs old — 3 0

Mr. Stirling's ch. f. Smallhopes, 4 yr old — 1 0

Mr. Chambers's ch. gelding — 4 4

Mr. Corrie's br. m. Tiney — 2 3

Fifty Pounds, given by his Grace the Duke of Bedford, for three yr olds;—heats, once round the Course.

D. of Bedford's b. c. by Mustif of Bufy, walked over.

On Thursday the 7th, 30l. for four yr olds, 7ft. 7lb. five yr olds, 8ft. 7lb. six yr olds, 8ft. 12lb. aged, 9ft. The winner of one this year, carrying 3lb. of two more, 6lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Howorth's gr. h. Maximus, 5 yrs old

D. of Grafton's b. m. Drab, 6 yrs old —

Ld Darlington's b. h. St. George, aged

Mr. Dilly's ch. f. Small-hopes, 4 yrs old —

AT NORTHAMPTON.

ON Monday, September the 5th, 30l. for three yr old colts, 2lb. and fillies, 8ft. having once since the 25th of March, carrying 3lb. if twice, 5lb. a

more, 7lb. extra—heats, about a mile and an half.

Ld Stamford's bl. f. Pretina, by Sir Peter Teazle — 6 1 1

Mr. Martin's ch. f. Creeping Ceres 2 3 3

Mr. Lord's b. c. Jack Andrews — 5 4 2

Mr. Golding's b. f. — 1 2 dr

Sir G. Heathcote's ch. f. Laurentina — 3 dr

Mr. Brereton's b. f. Almira — 4 dr

On Tuesday the 12th, the Town Purse of 50l. for all ages.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Brereton's Doricles, by Potso's, aged, 9st, 7lb. — 1 1

D. of Grafton's Minion, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. — 4 2

Mr. G. Villiers's b. h. Frederick, five yrs old, 8st. 4lb. — 2 3

Mr. Howorth's gr. h. Marble (late Maximus) 5 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — 3 dr

Mr. Mewburn's b. h. Rustic, 6 yrs old, 9st. 4lb. — dif

AT ABERDEEN.

ON Tuesday, September the 5th, 50l. given by the Northern Shooting Club; weight for age;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Kincaid's Rolliker, by Aurielius, walked over.

A Sweepstakes of 100s each;—two miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Major Pierrepont's bl. h. Juba 1
Col. Nevil's Quicksilver 2

Wednesday, the Ladies' Subscription Purse of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Maule's Scorpion, by Il mio, aged — 1 1

Mr. Kincaid's b. m. Trifle, 5 yrs old — 5 2
Major Pierrepont's ch. h. Trimmer, aged 2 3
Mr. Sitwell's Thereabouts, 5 yrs old, (fell lame) 3 dr
Mr. Barton's Buckram 4 dif

Thursday a Maiden Plate of 50l. for home-bred horses;—3-mile heats.

Mr. Campbell's Charlotte 1 1
Mr. Craik's Young Paymaster 2 2
Mr. Perry's gr. m. 3 dr

Mr. Bird's Tall-boy, beat Mr. Jordan's Rinaldo, two miles, for 50l.

Friday, Hunters Plate of 50l.—4-mile heats.

D. of Gordon's Potso's 3 1 1
Mr. Kincaid's Why not? 1 2 2
Mr. Palmer's Pilmer 2 dif
Mr. Pointer's 4 dif

Saturday, the Town and County Purse of 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Maule's Scorpion, by Il mio, aged — 1 1
Major Pierrepont's Trimmer, aged — 2 2
Mr. Kincaid's b. m. Trifle, 5 yrs old — 3 dr
Mr. Hay's Russian (broke down) — dif

AT LITCHFIELD.

ON Tuesday, September the 12th, His Majesty's Plate of 100s, for five yr olds, carrying 8st. 7lb.—3-mile heats.

Sir W. Afton's ch. h. King John, by Prentender — 4 1 1
Mr. Brereton's b. h. King Bladud — 1 3 3
Ld A. Hamilton's gr. h. by Volunteer 2 4 2
Mr.

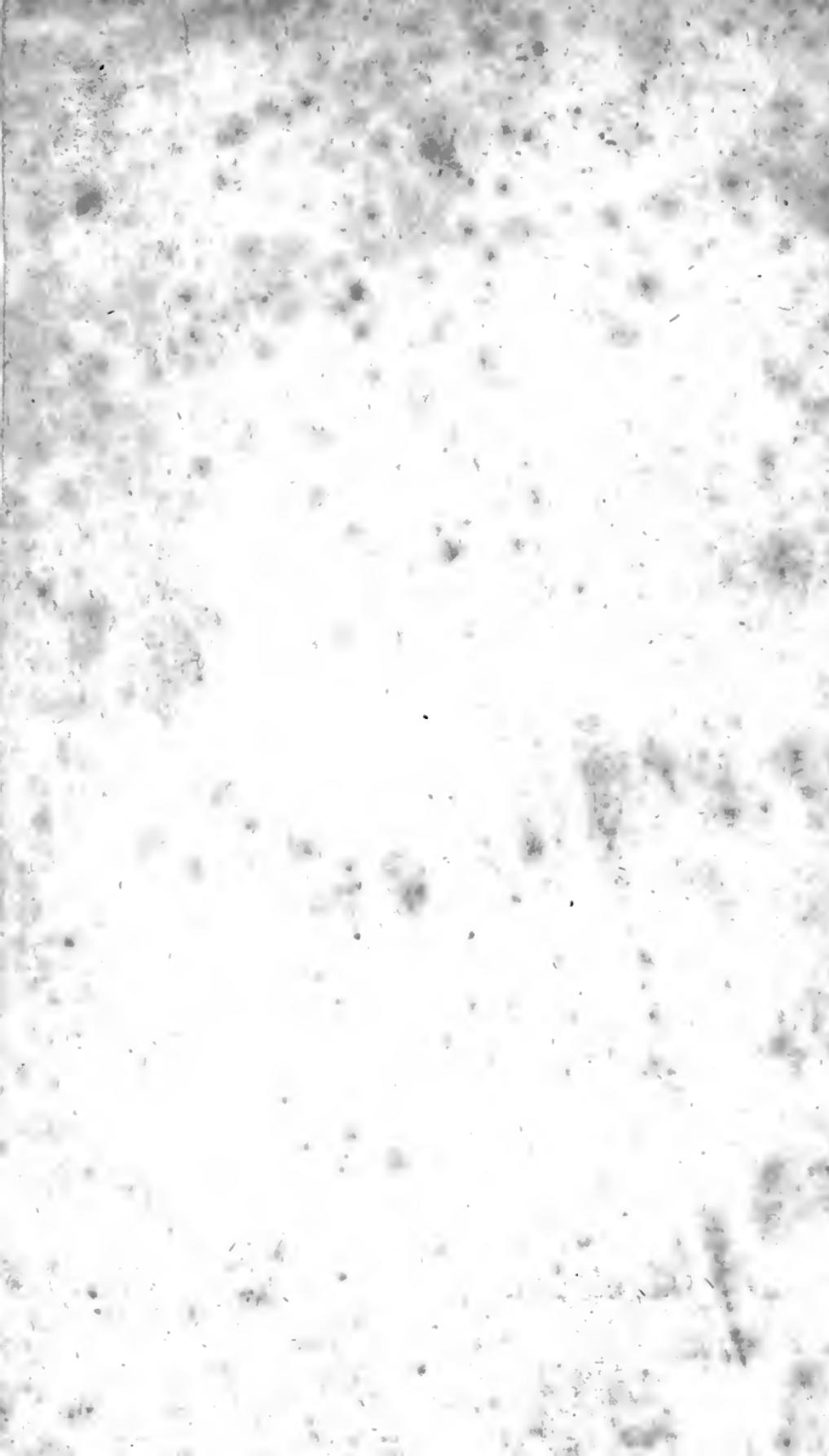
R A C I N G C A L E N D A R.

Mr. Tatton's b. h. York-shire Bite	—	3	2	dr	Mr. Bell's Lloyd br. m. Scarcity	5
King Bladud the favourite; and after the second heat, 6 and 7 to 4 on King John.					Pony Sweepstakes of 10gs each. (4 Subscribers.)	
Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for three yr old colts, 8ft. and fillies, 7ft. 1lb.—two miles. (5 Subscribers.)					Mr. Richardson's b. p. All-steel, walked over.	
Ld Talbot's ch. c. by Young Mariske, out of Gentle Kitty	1				Mr. Smith's b. h. and Mr. Keene's br. h. both aged, 10ft. each, ran a dead heat.	
Mr. Lockley's ch. f. Miss Hot upon't	—	2			On Thursday the 14th, 50l. for horses of different qualifications and ages;—4-mile heats.	
On Wednesday the 13th, 50l. for four yr olds;—2-mile heats.					Ld A. Hamilton's gr. h. by Volunteer, 5 yrs old, 7ft. 1lb.	1
Mr. Beate's br. c. Belle Vue, by Weasel, 8ft. 9lb.	1	1			Mr. Denham's b. h. Honest Tom, 6 yrs old, 7ft. 11lb.	3
Mr. Smith Barry's b. c. Vis-a-Vis, 8ft. 6lb.	—	3	2		Mr. Barlow's b. c. Roderick, 4 yrs old, 6ft. 8lb.	4
Sir J. Leicester's b. c. by Jupiter, 8ft. 9lb.	—	2	3		Sir W. Aston's b. m. Hyale, 5 yrs old, 7ft. 2lb.	2
Mr. Lord's b. c. by Rockingham, 8ft. 6lb.	4	4			Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for three yr olds, 7ft. four yr olds, 8ft. five yr olds, 8ft. 10lb. six yr olds and aged, 9ft. 4lb.—two miles. (5 Subscribers.)	
Hunters Sweepstakes of 20gs each; weight, 12ft.—four miles. (7 Subscribers.)					Mr. Brooke's b. h. Kilton, by Delpini, 6 yrs old	1
Mr. Lumley Savile's b. m. Thespis	—	1			Mr. Tatton's b. c. Delamere, 4 yrs old	2
Capt. Pigott's b. h. Score	2				Mr. Richardson's b. h. by Young Mariske, 5 yrs old	3
Mr. Cholmondeley's bl. g. by Marquis	—	3			Ld Stamford's ch. c. George, 4 yrs old	4
Mr. Mason's b. h. Warwickshire Wag	—	4				

















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